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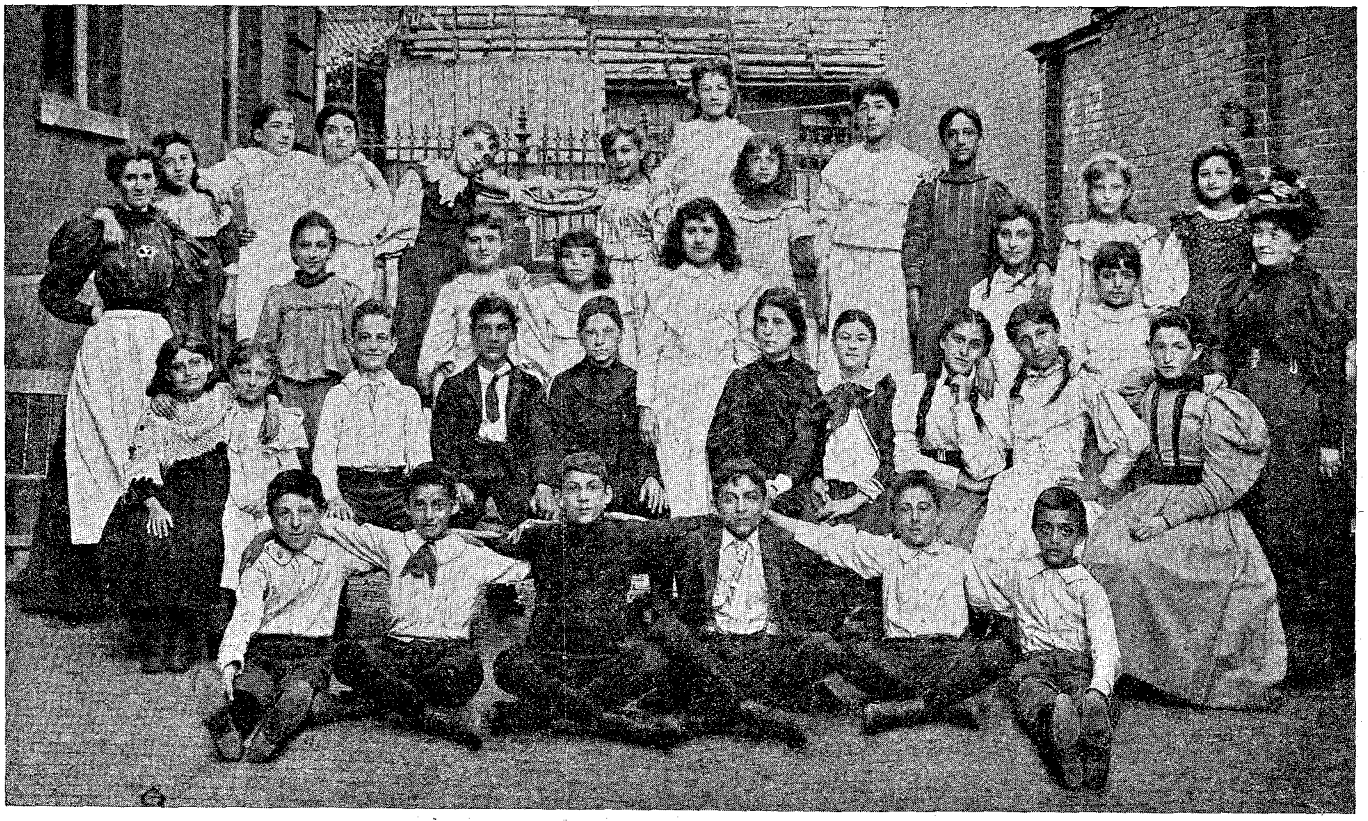

CHORAL CLASS—NORTH-END UNION, BOSTON

Illustrating "THE HIGHER LIFE OF BOSTON," by Edward Everett Hale

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
13 ASTOR PLACE NEW YORK

Nutritive Value of Meats

PROF. CHARLES D. WOODS, of the Storrs (Conn.) Experiment Station, taking the edible portion of the various meats given below, finds their relative value as follows:

	Fuel value per lb. in Calorics or units of energy.	Water-free substance, Per cent.	Fat, Per cent.
Ham, canned, deviled,	1.740	54.7	32.9
Pork, loin,	1.590	48.0	30.3
Beef, ribs,	1.445	44.4	26.8
Tongue, canned, whole,	1.380	78.7	23.2
Turkey,	1.350	44.5	22.9
Beef, corned rump,	1.270	41.9	23.3
Beef, canned,	1.120	46.9	14.0
Bologna Sausage,	1.115	40.5	18.2
Mutton,	1.100	37.2	18.0
Salmon, Columbia,	1.080	36.4	17.9
Lamb, hind leg,	1.040	36.1	16.5
Veal Cutlets,	.805	31.7	9.9
Mackerel,	.640	26.6	7.1
Chicken,	.500	25.8	1.9

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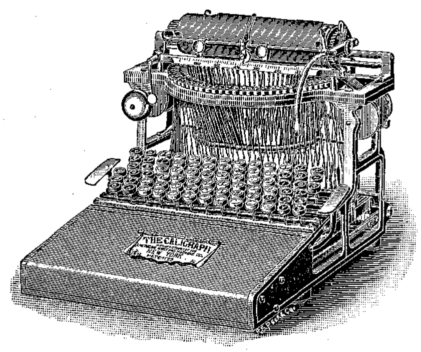

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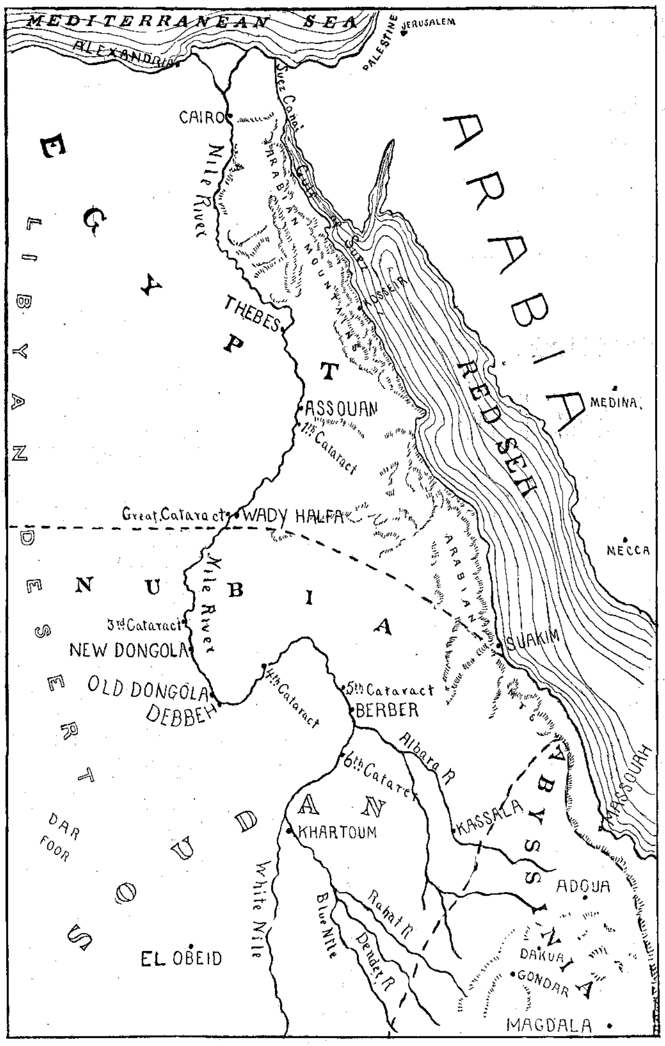
The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 28 March, 1896 Number 13

THE determination of the English Government to send an army to Upper Egypt was the occasion of a flurry in diplomatic circles. The Egyptian fund has a surplus of £2,500,000. The English Ministry proposed to draw upon this surplus for £500,000, on the ground that the expedition against the dervishes will protect, as it unquestionably will, Egypt from invasion, and, therefore, the holders of Egyptian bonds from depression and loss. To this all the Governments interested have acceded except Russia, which remains passive, and France, which has refused its consent. It is not easy to gather from the conflicting dispatches precisely what action France took, but a remonstrance in some form appears to have been forwarded to the English Government. The French, who are desirous that England shall evacuate Egypt, are naturally unwilling that she should take any step which should either prolong her stay or give it the appearance of greater permanency. As unanimous consent of all the Powers interested would have been necessary for a direct gift of £500,000, the English Government will not receive that aid from the reserve fund, but a majority is sufficient to authorize the temporary use of this amount, and the English will probably borrow from the fund to this extent. The bankers in all the capitals are naturally with the English Ministry in this matter. They are looking rather to the money market than to the political side of the question. The suspicion prevails in some quarters that the Ministry has not revealed its entire purpose, and that it has ulterior designs which will be developed only by events in the Soudan itself. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that the proposed expedition, by creating a diversion by supporting Italy and thus indirectly the Triple Alliance, has much relieved the tension between Germany and England, has awakened Italian enthusiasm, and has given a new direction to diplomatic interest in Europe.


MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALEXANDRIA
JERUSALEM
PALESTINE
Suez Canal
CAIRO
Nile River
EGYPT
LIBYAN DESERT
ARABIA
ARABIAN MOUNTAINS
Gulf of Suez
KOSSEIR
THEBES
ASSOUAN
1st Cataract
RED SEA
MEDINA
Great Cataract
WADY HALFA
MECCA
NUBIA
Nile River
ARABIAN
3rd Cataract
NEW DONGOLA
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OLD DONGOLA
DEBBEH
4th Cataract
5th Cataract
BERBER
Albara R
MASSOUAH
6th Cataract
SOUDAN
KHARTOUM
KASSALA
ABYSSINIA
DAR FOOR
ADOUA
White Nile
Blue Nile
Rahat R
Dender R
EL OBEID
DAKUA
GONDAR
MAGDALA

Egypt and the Soudan

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Whether the object of the Anglo-Egyptian advance be to create a diversion in favor of the Italians at Kassala, to meet a threatened incursion northwest of the Mahdists, or to begin a new attempt to occupy the Soudan, is not quite certain. Probably the two first-mentioned objects are both in mind. The report of this week that Kassala had been abandoned by the Italian forces has been promptly contradicted and was improbable on its face. Kassala is well situated for defense, and will not be given up without a struggle. It is near the borders of Abyssinia, and before the rise of the Mahdists was an important commercial center. Within the last ten years it has dwindled in population from 15,000 to 3,000. England has strong reasons for aiding Italy to maintain this post, which threatens the flank of the Soudanese should they move toward Egypt. There is good reason to suppose that such a movement has been apprehended for at least a year, and that preparations have long been under way to meet it. Large bodies of Mahdists are known to be concentrated about Dongola, and last week a report was published that a holy war against Egypt had been proclaimed, and that the dervishes were using every device of fanaticism to urge their followers to enter into an aggressive campaign. The English officials speak of the proposed advance as being directed only to a town in the direction of Dongola, but there is little doubt that Dongola itself is the ultimate object, and if that place is occupied operations may be begun against Berber. The advance will be up the Nile. Of the army of 15,000 men only one-eighth will be British soldiers, and although much is expected of the improved *morale* of the Egyptian troops under their long British drill, pessimists point to the failure of General Wolseley's attempt to relieve Gordon with a larger force as evidence that the present army is not adequate to defeat the fierce Soudanese. It is probable that a force from India will be landed at Suakim to co-operate with General Kitchener's command. The expedition will move from Wady Halfa in midsummer. New Dongola is some 250 miles up the Nile from Wady Halfa, now the Egyptian outpost, and Old Dongola is some seventy miles further upstream on the opposite or eastern bank. General Wolseley's advance in 1884 was by this same route—Wady Halfa, Old Dongola, New Dongola, and thence to Korti, from which place he sent out his forces toward Khartoum with only the most disastrous and futile results. The denials of the British authorities that a new attempt to gain Khartoum is now planned are supported by the fact that the expedition is in strength quite inadequate for that purpose. To gain and hold Dongola and to there make a stand against the Mahdist forces would in itself be a sufficient object. Dongola is the center of a fertile district, and has long been a center of supplies for the followers of the dervishes.

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Austria, which for four years has been borrowing gold in order to resume specie payments in that metal, last week betrayed the first sign of hesitancy in pushing forward its costly experiment. The Reichsrath on Monday adopted a resolution to the effect that the Government lend active support to efforts which may be initiated by other governments with the object of fixing the value of gold and silver by international agreement. The day following, the English House of Commons discussed the same question, but here the outcome was distinctly disappointing to bimetallists. The resolution adopted by the House merely expressed the opinion that the instability of the relative value of gold and silver since 1873 had proven injurious to the best interests of the country, and urged the Government to do everything possible to secure by international agreement a stable monetary power of exchange between gold and silver. The point touched upon in this "bimetallist" resolution was the most trivial one in the entire discussion. Fixity of value for silver affects only a few dealers in exports and imports. The great economic and moral evil coming from the demonetization of silver—the gradual doubling in the value of money—was not referred to. This fault of omission, however, was not the real disappointment contained in the action of the House. This was found in the declaration of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Government was "willing to enter into negotiations with the Powers for a conference, but on the understanding that it was not prepared to abandon the gold standard in the United Kingdom." "Some of his colleagues," the cablegram reports him as saying, "were pronounced bimetallists, but all agreed in thinking that they would not be justified in departing from a gold standard in the United Kingdom. There was no doubt, if the Powers could agree regarding the use of silver, that the Indian Government would reconsider the question of reopening its mints." The administration would, however, go no further. "All the leading English monetary experts held that the wealth of the country had been built up on a gold standard, and that its permanence and prosperity were dependent on the existing system. In view of that opinion, no responsible government would propose to change the present conditions."

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If the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been accurately reported, his speech must have been a profound disappointment to the manufacturers in the North of England who left the Liberal party because its financial policy was controlled by the classes which have been enriched by the fall in prices, instead of by the business men and farmers who have been injured and sometimes bankrupted by these changes. The declaration that "all the monetary experts" hold that the wealth of the country has been built on a gold standard seems equivalent to a declaration that the most disinterested students of the question are not to be classed as "experts." Nearly every professor of political economy in the United Kingdom, as we have before shown, favors bimetallism. The only respect in which these men would admit that the gold standard is at all essential to the prosperity of England consists in the fact that a small class of Englishmen have immense sums invested in foreign bonds and mortgages. The total amount of these investments is approximately six billion dollars. Through the fall in prices during the last five or six years these six billions will now purchase as much property as would seven billions before the recent change in the value of gold. In this way foreign property worth as much as all the real estate in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida has been added to the wealth of Englishmen. It is perhaps too much to expect that the English nation will join in changing a system which transfers the property of foreign borrowers to some of her own citizens, even though the great mass of her citizens—manufacturers, merchants, and workmen—have suffered as much as foreign nations from the increased weight of public and private indebtedness. Nevertheless it has been so confidently predicted by trustworthy men that the administration to which Mr. Balfour belongs would support an international agreement restoring silver to the currency of the world that disappointment among bimetallists is naturally the result of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's declaration last week.

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The movement for a permanent tribunal for the settlement of all questions between England and America is evidently gaining strength on both sides of the Atlantic. At the recent demonstration in Queen's Hall, London, in favor of this principle, a memorial was adopted from which we quote the following paragraph:

> "Without expressing any opinion upon pending controversies, we would earnestly press the advisability of promptly concluding some treaty arrangement by which all disputes between Great Britain and the United States could be referred for adjudication to some permanent tribunal representing both nations and uniting them in the common interest of justice and peace."

In acknowledging the receipt of this memorial, Lord Salisbury declares that "proposals in the direction indicated by the memorial are now before the Government of the United States." It would, therefore, appear that the responsibility for accelerating or delaying this movement now rests primarily upon the people of the United States. It is fortunate, therefore, that a call has been issued for a National conference to be attended by delegates appointed from different parts of the country, to be held in the city of Washington on Wednesday and Thursday, April 22 and 23, to consider this subject, and to urge the establishment between these two countries of a permanent system of arbitration. Since there is a good deal of ignorance and some deliberate misrepresentation, it is proper to reaffirm that the question raised is not at all what either England or this country ought to do representing the Venezuelan problem; nor whether the two countries should from time to time arbitrate difficulties which may arise between them. The proposition is the establishment of a permanent tribunal to which, as a matter of course, all issues arising between the two countries, or possibly all issues with certain well-defined exceptions, should be referred for settlement, exactly as questions arising between the States in this Union.

are referred to the Supreme Court. It is proposed at first to make this tribunal simply an Anglo-American one, but the promoters of this movement hope that the time will come when other nations will enter into such fraternal relations with England and America that the tribunal will grow to be one of Christendom. The present time is seized to press this movement upon the people and upon the Government because recent events have forced upon the attention of both the perils which come from even rumors of war. Correspondence may be addressed to the Hon. C. P. Daly, care American Geographical Society, 11 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

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The Cuban insurrection is illustrating theoretically and practically not a few important principles of international law. When, for instance, one read last week that the vessel Bermuda sailed from New York with a cargo of arms intended for the insurgents, and that the United States authorities offered no opposition, and when it was also remembered that a week ago or more this same ship was seized by the United States for attempting to carry arms and men to the aid of the Cubans, there was an evident necessity of finding a principle to account for the two apparently inconsistent acts. The principle is really simple. It is perfectly lawful in times of peace to send or carry arms or ammunition anywhere, and it is likewise lawful for unarmed men to embark for any country. What is unlawful is to fit out or convey a military expedition aimed against a country with which the United States is at peace. This principle was settled some years ago in the case of the Itata, when an opinion of the United States Attorney-General was given that "no law or regulation forbids any person or government from purchasing arms from the citizens of the United States and shipping them at the risk of the purchaser." In the case of the Horsa, whose officers have just been convicted in Philadelphia, the charge was that a military expedition was being conveyed to Spain. The debate on the Cuban question has continued in the Senate in a desultory way; on Monday of this week Senator Sherman moved to send the whole subject back again to a conference committee of the two Houses, and that action was taken. The supposed object is to eliminate the third of the original House resolutions which were agreed upon by the former conference—namely, the resolution threatening intervention.

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The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections—Senators Chandler and Gray alone dissenting—has reported favorably on the proposed Constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. The Committee naturally defends the present representative character of the Senate, but recognizes and urges that the growing disposition to deny the body this character would be greatly lessened if the Senators were elected by the voters instead of the legislators. The Committee realizes that it is an anomaly for Senators still to be chosen by the legislators when all the Governors and the President are now chosen by the people; and it believes that conformity with the democratic principle will not only be far more satisfactory to the voters, but add to the authority of the Senate. It does not review the legislative scandals that have been the outcome of the purchase of Senatorships, nor does it intimate that the prestige of legislatures has suffered since the adoption of the Constitution, but it shows clearly how much the business of electing Senators interferes with the regular work of legislative assemblies. In this connection it refers to the recent protracted contests in Delaware, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Kentucky. It also calls attention to the difficulties occasioned in the selection of State legislators through the frequent necessity of dismissing every consideration except that of how the candidate will vote on the question of the Senatorship. "The candidate's qualifications for the business of general legislation, or the views he entertains with reference to the great material interests of the State, are lost sight of." To our minds, this last reason for the proposed change is perhaps the most important of all.

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We have already expressed the opinion that Mr. Bayard committed a serious mistake in attacking before an English audience the policy of protection, believed in and defended by a large portion of the American people. The Ambassador of a country is the representative of the country, not of the party which happens to be in power, and it is a diplomatic blunder for him to criticise before a foreign audience the policy of the party to which he does not belong. But, for a similar reason, it was inexpedient and undiplomatic for the House of Representatives to pass a resolution censuring him for his utterance. In its dealings with other nationalities America should be one. Within its own boundaries criticism may be freely indulged in, so long as it is just and not venomous. It is, for example, perfectly legitimate for the press to criticise the President's Venezuelan message and the action of Congress thereon; but it would be quite a different matter for any American, and still more for one acting in a representative capacity, to criticise that action in a speech to an English audience; and it is for the same reason malapropos for the country to issue a public criticism upon the action of its Ambassador abroad—a criticism which, though not in form, is in effect addressed to, or at least uttered in the hearing of, that country. If we may be allowed a familiar illustration borrowed from the household, no lady will criticise her servants before her guests. If Congressmen thought, as we think, that the utterance of Mr. Bayard was malapropos, their proper course would have been to urge their views privately upon the Secretary of State, and urge him quietly to counsel the Ambassador to refrain from such utterances in the future. Our domestic differences ought not to be projected into the horizon of other nationalities.

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On April 21 Louisiana will hold its quadrennial State election, and the campaign now going on is a most exciting one. In its strange confusion of issues it is typical of the political situation throughout the country. Three-fourths or perhaps five-sixths of the Democrats of Louisiana are reported to be in favor of the free coinage of silver. In the Fourth Congressional District, where a direct vote on this question was taken at the Democratic primaries, the majority in favor of free silver stood ten to one. Only the city of New Orleans and the French parishes are indifferent or hostile to silver. Nevertheless Governor Foster, who, as an opponent of the Lottery, was elected to his office by the votes of the free-coinage parishes, is himself a resident of one of the French parishes and opposes free coinage. His administration has been so satisfactory that a renomination could not be refused him. Thus it has come about that the free-coinage Democratic party has an anti-silver candidate. The Republican party, on the other hand, has been hostile to free coinage, but this year the white Republicans, including the great sugar-planters who left the Democratic party on the tariff issue, have formed an alliance with the Populists. They have nominated for Governor a prominent Prohibitionist who is an ardent advocate of the free coinage of silver. Some of the Populists, however, have refused to support the fusion ticket and have nominated a straight ticket of their own. The negro Republicans may support the fusion ticket, and may not. The white Republicans, especially the aristocratic element composed of the sugar-planters, are as disdainful of the negroes as are the Democrats. Captain Pharr, the fusion candidate for Governor, has recently denounced in public a most influential manager of the old negro Republican machine, and it is believed that the machine will retaliate. The Democrats, feeling that the election is in danger, have in one parish after another thrown overboard the constitutional amendment proposed by their Legislature disfranchising illiterates who do not pay taxes on three hundred dollars' worth of property. In the last Congressional election in North Louisiana, it was chiefly through negro votes that the Populist candidate was defeated. This year it is believed that negro votes throughout the State will be relied upon to secure the same result.

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The friends of school reform in the State of New York were greatly encouraged by the message of Governor Morton to the Senate, on March 20, urging the passage of the compromise bill for the reform of the school administration in the city of New York. This bill is the culmination of years of effort to eliminate politics from the public schools of the city, and the reconstruction of the school system along the lines of educational progress. The need of reform in the school system is conceded even by the opponents of the bill. The radical feature of the bill, as already reported in these columns, is the abolition of the trustee system, and the appointment of a superintendent and assistant superintendents, who are to have entire charge of the teachers and of the system of studies. That is, the measure provides that the system of education in the city of New York shall be in charge of a board of paid experts. The construction and care of the buildings are also to be under the care of a recognized expert and assistants. The bill provides for the division of the city into fifteen districts, "as nearly as may be of equal population." In each of these districts five inspectors are to be appointed by the Mayor. These inspectors, who serve without pay, are to examine into the record of attendance of teachers and pupils, the cleanliness and safety of the buildings, the studies and progress and discipline of the pupils, the fidelity and competence of the teachers. The bill protects the teachers fully. No teacher can be discharged without a majority vote of the board of superintendents and of the school inspectors of the district in which the teacher is serving. The Board of Education is appointed, as at present, by the Mayor. It is in this bill given absolute control over the school property, and the right of selection of site and decision on construction and alteration of buildings, and is authorized to employ an expert and such assistants as are necessary. The bill gives authority to the Board to redistrict the city when the change in population demands it; and authorizes the appointment by the Mayor of the inspectors in such new districts. The superintendents of schools serve for six years; inspectors for five years. Politics has such a hold on the public-school system of New York City that this measure aroused the petty politicians to a state of rage that manifested itself at the hearings of the bill. The independence of Governor Morton in sending a message to the Senate urging the passage of the bill has aroused the admiration and gratitude of the friends of reform.

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For some time there has been a systematic attempt on the part of some of the less reputable New York newspapers to induce the belief that crime has been on the increase in this city under the present police administration. This has been done by sensational treatment of the crimes which have actually taken place, by innuendo, and by direct assertion. In point of fact, the records show that while under the old administration (from December 1, 1894, to January 20, 1895) there were 1,083 felonies committed and 732 arrests made, under the present administration (December 1, 1895, to January 20, 1896) there were only 911 felonies reported and 847 arrests were made. These facts—which amount to a decrease of 16 per cent. in serious crimes and an increase of 15 per cent. in arrests—are pointed out by President Theodore Roosevelt, of the Police Commissioners, in an open letter. So long as only general assertions were made, the false and slanderous imputation could be met only by appealing to the recorded facts; but Mr. Roosevelt has found in the columns of the New York "World" attempts to sustain the slander with proof, and he has thought it worth while to call the attention of the public to the way in which these "catalogues of crime" have been manufactured. Taking up one by one forty-five cases which had been put forward as proving the prevalence of unpunished crime, Mr. Roosevelt shows that exactly four were genuine—"a little less than nine per cent. of truth." Even this percentage of truth, however, is large compared with that of another sensational article in the same paper which gave an account of "twenty-six great criminals now at large in this city." Of these Mr. Roosevelt tells us eight were dead, one was dying, seven were in jail in Europe, three had reformed and were leading reputable lives, and of the remaining seven not a single one, so far as could be found out, was in New York. It is not surprising that the Police Commissioners say, "We shall not hereafter take the trouble to deny any unsupported statement whatever that may appear in the 'World.'" In thus calling attention to these disgraceful and mendacious newspaper methods Mr. Roosevelt has performed a public service of importance.

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In "Tom Brown at Rugby" there is a beautiful description of the feeling of Tom when the news of the death of Dr. Arnold reached him in Scotland. Some such feeling came to thousands of men when they read the announcement on Monday of this week that Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," had gone to his rest. The vitality and manliness of that book made its author seem perpetually young in the thought of those who loved it, but he had reached, after a very busy and useful life, the ripe age of seventy-three. Entering Rugby in 1833, under Dr. Arnold, he took his degree of B.A. at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1845. Three years later he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1865 he entered Parliament. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in 1882 Judge of one of the County Courts, a position which he held at the time of his death. His interest in the welfare of the working classes, his strong advocacy of co-operation, his attempt to realize a better order of things in the Rugby Colony, are all well known. To the English working people he was a consistent and life-long friend; for this country also his friendship had been persistent and hearty. During the days of the Civil War he did much to enlighten England as to the real significance of that great struggle and to change English opinion. He had a thorough knowledge of American literature, and was especially a lover of Lowell, whose "Bigelow Papers" he knew by heart. It is, however, as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" that Mr. Hughes will be long remembered. These books belong to the classics of young manhood; they combine in the most healthful way the manliness of youth with its idealism and its aspiration, and they will preserve to future generations the charm of one of the most famous schools of the world under its most famous teacher, and of student life in one of the most delightful and beautiful of university towns.

Hints to Some Contributors

To those who are just setting out on the difficult career of writing as a profession, a few suggestions, born of some knowledge of existing conditions and some experience with literary aspirants, may be of practical value. There are, for new contributors to magazines and newspapers especially, a few basal inferences or assumptions which are stepping-stones to immediate success and to future eminence. In the first place, every such person ought to firmly lay hold of the elementary truth that good writing comes by nature and not by practice. In order to make shoes that have shape and will hold together, or chairs that will stand alone, one must go through an apprenticeship; but in order to write "Hamlet," "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "Vanity Fair," "The Scarlet Letter," or "In Memoriam," one has only to feel the impulse and to purchase the necessary ink and paper; nature will do the rest. When Flaubert put four hundred hours of work on a short story, he showed how ignorant he was of the principles of art. Nothing is easier than writing; it is only putting words together, and "the Sweet Singer of Michigan," speaking in familiar language about familiar things, can do that quite as well as Tennyson, who is believed to have spent much time in reflecting on the selection and arrangement of words, not only with reference to clear expression of meaning, but with reference to such silly matters as the sequence of vowel sounds, the nice adjustment of quantities, the mysteries of assonance, and other like foolishness. Dante thought so long and profoundly about his famous poem that it made him lean for many a year; George Eliot declared that the writing of "Romola" made her old; several well-known writers are reported to have recast and rewritten several times works which have become famous. This fastidiousness is greatly to be regretted; it stands in the way of that continuous and exuberant productiveness which keeps the presses going and makes reading cheap in every sense of the word. It is well at the start, therefore, to rid one's self of the idea that one must work, observe, think, practice, live, before one can write with ease, clearness, and power. Trust to nature; do not waste time on construction, grammar, or style; say what you have to say in the first words that occur to you; believe implicitly in yourself; and if your manuscript comes back to you, assume at once that your failure is due to lack of personal influence, to the jealousy of the literary coterie, and to the ignorance and indifference of editors.

The latter suggestion brings into view with great clearness another article in the creed which a newcomer in the field of letters ought to hold: Believe firmly that editors care only for names and not at all for the intrinsic interest of the articles submitted to them, that they never read manuscripts which come from new writers, that they detest unknown names, and are entirely under the control of an organized, powerful, and unscrupulous ring of persons who have, by various devices, gotten access to the periodical literature of the country. Editors dislike nothing so much as a fresh note, a new talent, a novel force; they love to read and print the same things again and again. They are eager to avoid the attention which a touch of genius always attracts; they shrink from the discovery of new talent. Freshness, variety, and force they study to exclude from their columns. Ignorant readers of The Outlook may imagine that Mr. Burroughs, Dr. Hale, and Ian Maclaren, to take the first names that come to hand, are frequent contributors to its columns because the editors think they have something to say and know how to say it; but better-informed readers know that these gentlemen are invited to write simply because they are widely known. It is a great sorrow to a publisher to discover a Kipling, a Crawford, or a Wilkins; it is a great sorrow to an editor to come upon a new and thrilling note in the mass of manuscript through which he wades, not "knee-deep in June," alas! but knee-deep in crudity and commonplace.

Do not take the trouble, therefore, to lay little snares for the editor, such as pasting pages together and scattering marks through your manuscript; quietly assume that if your name is unknown your article will not be read. Do not permit yourself to think for a moment, if these various detective devices tell a sad story of neglect, that the reading of a few pages of your manuscript may have supplied the editor with all the information he needed in order to form a judgment. When the introductory sentence of an unpublished story reads after this fashion, it is evidently impossible for the editor to form an impression of the writer's quality until he has finished the last page:

> The rolling orbs of heaven, awesomely aflame or sullenly smoldering in the passionate fires of fading desire, blazed over the sultry night. The hot earth panted and sobbed, and its tears dropped on sodden leaf and insensate stone. Darkness hung thick, black, multitudinous in streets that moaned in the low, long-drawn wails of the wind of the night, the awful symbol of the nowhere from which we come and the nothing to which we go. A bank of noisome fog sprang at the moon and swallowed it, and the sweat of fear came out on the faces of the planets. Despair seemed to issue from the invisible fissures of the universe. At this moment, a door opened on a porch hung with vines that were somber and smitten in the dim obscurity, and a beautiful woman, her head bent, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, her figure tense, sprang wildly into the universal blackness.

One other article of faith ought to be held by the new aspirant for literary success: All the successful writers are secretly banded together to keep the field to themselves. There is a clandestine agreement among them to bar the way against all newcomers. This will surprise those who are not well informed. It is known, for instance, that Mr. Warner, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Page, Mr. Hutton, and other well-known writers are constantly appealed to by unknown men and women for criticism, suggestion, introduction, and general help. It is also well known that, although these gentlemen and gentlewomen are often at their wits' ends for time and strength in which to do their own work, they cheerfully write hundreds of letters, examine countless manuscripts, interview publishers, and perform many similar services on behalf of these unknown and untried fellow-workers. Indeed, some of these distinguished men of letters have practically become literary agents for and advisers of young and unknown writers, always without salary and sometimes without thanks. This has given some people the idea that Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, and their compeers are an exceptionally generous and helpful group of persons, anxious to open to talent, industry, and character the field in which they have succeeded. But the public must not be misled by acts of kindness and deeds of brotherliness; this is the fine hypocrisy of a powerful secret organization, an unscrupulous literary trust which exists for the sole purpose of keeping the doors of access to popular favor closed and barred.

To sum up these practical suggestions: Assume that you have genius and do not need practice of any sort; that the return of any manuscript always means editorial ignorance and depravity; that your failure to secure a hearing in magazines and newspapers is due solely to the jealousy of those who are already in the field. Under such circumstances your obvious duty is to comment widely on the fact that genius is always neglected, and that literary cliques are in possession of the field; never, under any circumstances, ask whether anything is amiss with your own work.

The Truth in Agnosticism

The intellectual religious issue of our day is between agnosticism and Christian faith. Agnosticism declares that the spiritual truths on which Christian faith rests cannot be demonstrated. We can hope, but we cannot know. Christian philosophy has attempted to meet this declaration by offering scientific demonstration of the reality and trustworthiness of its convictions. It is a question whether there is not a fundamental truth underlying agnosticism—whether Christian philosophy has not erred whenever it has attempted to afford a scientific demonstration of spiritual faith.

Science has to do with that which *is*. Religion has to do with that which *is to be*. The function of science is to analyze and test that which is, and which therefore can be examined. The function of religion is to lead us on from that which has been to that which cannot be scientifically examined, because it lies in the future. It is not the chief, certainly not the sole, function of religion to teach us how we are to live with one another. That is the function of ethics. Nor does religion merely present ideals. The presentation of ideals is poetry or prophecy. It is the function of religion to realize ideals, to take that which imagination or faith presents to us and convert it into actuality. Religion always, therefore, marches with its face towards the future. Whatever calls itself religion and is facing the other way is not religion. It is not the function of religion to keep things as they are, but always to make the world or the individual better, to lead us from what has been to what is to be. By its very nature, therefore, religion deals with the unknown, or, to be more accurate, with the undemonstrated.

When a great structure like the Brooklyn Bridge is built, there must be architects to devise it. But it cannot be tested while it is only a plan in the architect's brain. Only when the structure becomes a reality can it be put to the test to see if it will fulfill the purpose for which it was conceived. Imagination—or faith, which is spiritual imagination—presents the ideals of life; will converts the ideals into realities; not till the realities are presented can science test them. When the scientist proposes to test our religious ideals, we legitimately reply, You cannot test what does not exist. Our ideals lie in the future; when they are accomplished they can be tested; but what is not now, but only is to be, cannot be tested. It must be accepted as an ideal or not accepted at all.

To illustrate:

Religion may be regarded as a matter of personal salvation. What does that mean? The man is emerging from the animal condition. He is the bird pecking his way out of the egg. He is the butterfly disentangling himself from the chrysalis. Salvation is emancipation. It is deliverance from the bonds of the animal condition. Now, while that process is going on, we can measure scientifically only so much as has been achieved in the process. The plant cannot comprehend the animal; nor the lower animal the higher animal; nor the higher animal the man; nor the lower man the higher man. The little child cannot comprehend father or mother. He is not satisfied always to be a boy—he desires to be a man. He is not content to drive a goat—he wishes to drive a horse; nor she to play with paper dolls—she wishes a child of her own to mother one of these days. Nevertheless, the child does not know what life has in store for him, and cannot know. He is always misled by his own aspirations. To-day he means to be a preacher; to-morrow to be a stage-driver; and he will be neither preacher nor stage-driver. He does not know, he cannot know, the experiences of the man. He must press forward to the unknown or remain a child.

But man is not only emerging from a lower condition. He has fallen. He has gone back—back into the egg from which he had partially emerged; back into the chrysalis from which he was partially emancipated. And the higher experiences which lie before him when he is emancipated from the self-imposed bonds, he cannot know except as he enters into those experiences. They summon him, he hears their call, he follows on to know them, but he cannot know them until they are his own experiences. Religion is penitence and faith. What are they? Penitence is dissatisfaction with the present and the past; faith is reaching out towards something higher and better, as yet unknown. They are summed up in Tennyson's prayer, "O for a man to arise in me, that the man that I am may cease to be!" We know the man that we are, but the man that is to arise in us we do not know, and cannot know, until he has arisen. John B. Gough, the drunken actor, cannot know what will be the experience of John B. Gough, the orator, fêted, caressed, honored on two continents. He can know that he is ashamed of this degradation in which he is living, he can know that there is something that calls him higher, but that is all he can know. He is saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope. He presses forward to an unknown life, and he presses forward because it is unknown.

Or, again, let us say that religion is knowing God. The agnostic assures us that we cannot know God. And what the agnostic means is true. God is always in the present tense, but he is, also, always in the future tense, and the future tense of God we cannot conjugate. God always lies beyond our knowing. We do not know one another. The child is always surprising the mother. He is a succession of surprises. God unknowable! Every man is unknowable. Christ is unknowable. There are as many lives of Christ as there are writers, because each man sees one glimpse of Christ and tells what he has seen. Strauss tells us a little, Renan a little more, Edersheim and Geikie and Farrar more, Brooks and Beecher and Bushnell still more. And yet the life of Christ is not written. However numerous are the lives, there is always something beyond. If this be true of God come down to the earth for the very purpose of making himself known to us, how much more of the Infinite and Eternal! We know just so much of God as we have experience of him. So much we can demonstrate to ourselves; what lies beyond our experience we cannot demonstrate, because to us it is not, it only is to be. To Professor Clifford and Haeckel and Frederic Harrison, Great Pan is dead. They may take counsel of their aspirations and seek to enter the life of other men, but till they do enter that life, to them God cannot be demonstrated. Herbert Spencer makes reverent study of the universe, and discovers in it a perpetual Presence, "an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Matthew Arnold makes reverent study of history and literature, and discovers in them the evidence of "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Tennyson looks into his own soul, and finds there

One—" closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." But Tennyson cannot demonstrate his vision to Matthew Arnold, nor Arnold his to Herbert Spencer, nor Spencer his to Frederic Harrison. Neither can test what he has not. In each successive stage of life the soul has advanced into what is still an unknown land to those he has left behind him.

Immortality cannot be demonstrated—cannot be, because it is future, and science can test only the present. If immortality means only that there are unseen existences surrounding us, that as a present fact might be demonstrated by rappings, and table-tippings, and materialized ghosts, and slate messages. But if immortality means that there is on the other side of the grave a larger, nobler, diviner life than any we have experienced here—that cannot be demonstrated. It lies beyond our experience, and science can test only what lies within our experience. He who asks that immortality shall be demonstrated asks the impossible. He asks that a future experience shall be made a present experience. Then it would no longer be future, it would be present. Hope that is seen is not hope.

So with the processes of social development. Practical men, so called, ask the prophet to demonstrate the practicability of his ideals. But this the prophet cannot do. Ideals cannot be demonstrated. When they are realized, then they can be tested—but not till then. The disciples of Christ had no conception of what the Christianity of the nineteenth century would be. They were saved by hope, pressed forward toward a world they did not know, followed a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night toward a promised land, the boundaries of which they could not comprehend. Luther did not know what the Reformation meant. Cromwell did not know what Puritanism meant. Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton did not know what free America meant. They were saved by hope, by believing in an undemonstrated ideal, and pressing forward to convert their vision into a reality. This is still true. The prophets believe what they cannot demonstrate. So long as there is unrest in human lives because injustice in human society, so long the prophets will trust the hopes of a better order which do not permit them to be at peace till the highest ideals of human society are realized in a Brotherhood of man without a social schism, a Republic of God without a disloyal subject.

Is no faith to be put in the witness of prophets who have seen what we have not seen, and have reached experiences not yet reached by us? Shall the child not trust the testimony of his father? Must he wait until he has a man's experience before he can know what manhood is? Or may he have faith in his own aspirations, verified by the witness of a soul more fully grown, more richly endowed? Shall he whose heart does not respond to music think that there is no beauty in it, and he whose soul does not answer to art believe that art is not? We accept the testimony of a Spencer, a Huxley, a Tyndall—men who have studied the visible world and told us what it is; shall we not also accept the testimony of a Tennyson, a Browning, a Whittier, of a Maurice, a Bushnell, a Beecher, a Brooks?—men who have seen resplendent ideals and lived in the invisible, and have then turned back and beckoned to us, saying, "Come, see what we have discovered." "What?" "That we cannot tell, for eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what the Father hath prepared for those who love him; but it is here." We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen is not hope. For what we see, why do we yet hope for? But if we hope for it, then with patience—patience with our doubts, our fears, our infirmities, our narrow vision, and patience with the doubts, the infirmities, the fears, the narrow vision of others—we wait to receive it.

Call Out the Reserves

One of our Senators at Albany, in a recent conversation with Dr. Parkhurst, said that whenever a Senator is considering a bill, the first question that he asks himself is, How will my attitude toward this bill affect my political prospects? He said that this was his habit, and he believed it was the habit of his senatorial colleagues. The new thing about this is the audacious challenge which so open and shameless an avowal of a disgraceful fact, hitherto decorously concealed, gives to whatever moral sense is yet alive in the community. A public servant is neither ashamed nor afraid to tell the people that his first concern in public business is not the public interest, but his own. The unblushing, hard effrontery of it brings to mind robber Tweed's impudent question, "What are you going to do about it?"

Both press and pulpit, so far as our observation goes, remain silent. One might well be struck dumb for a while by this portentous revelation of rottenness in the highest functions of the State. Can it be that the dumbness is that of moral insensibility, the result of a century of dishonor under the spoils system in politics? The seriousness of the case is not that the Senator defies public sentiment, but that he assumes that there is no public sentiment to be defied by his naïve confession of immorality. In 1780 a man of the Senator's way of thinking went up the North River to a post of great honor and trust at West Point—Albany then offering nothing so good. Being a patriot of the kind who considers, first, what he can make out of his country, he bargained away his fortress to the enemy for a sum of money and a generalship, though he was prevented from delivering the goods. The Senator may not yet be a traitor, but he is ruled by the very spirit that made Benedict Arnold a name of infamy—the subordination of a public trust to a private interest.

Bad as this is, a much worse thing is the moral apathy in the community which ignores or condones it. This is the real danger-signal, as heart disease is more alarming than a boil. If religious men are disposed to tolerate such Senators, they need the revival preaching which Isaiah addressed to the religionists of Jerusalem:

"*How is the faithful city become an harlot! Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards.*"

Among the signs of the overthrow of republicanism by Cæsarism—of which bossism is the incipient form—the Roman poet mentioned as most ominous, *Venalis curia patrum*—"venal is the venerable Senate." We have gone far that way when a Senator thinks it safe for himself and his confederates in the abuse of trust to avow the fact of venality, disdaining even by decorous hypocrisy to pay the formal homage of vice to virtue. Between the venal fellow who sells his vote at the polls and the venal Senator whose attitude to a bill is determined by a view to his political prospects the only real difference is in their profits.

It now urgently concerns the churches, and whatever successors of the prophets or the Apostles are with us still, to call out all the slumbering moral reserves, to be instant for a revival of social righteousness, to rouse the public conscience to insist on that political morality without which no patriotism worth professing, and no religion worthy of the name, can long survive.

"Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime
We need the hearts of fire, the souls of that old time."

The Spectator in New Orleans

There are born Spectators and Spectators who are made; those who have a genius for seeing things and those who train themselves to see things. Now, a born Spectator feels things quite as definitely as he sees them; and to feel a thing one must put himself in sympathy with it. One must forsake the traditional attitude of the looker-on, and enter into the life which he observes; for no one ever sees anything who simply observes it. These reflections came to the Spectator with fresh meaning one bright morning, not many weeks ago, when he found himself standing in front of the Cathedral of St. Louis at New Orleans. The sky had the softness of May, the air had the mellowness of October. The myrtle, the oleander, the magnolia, the palm, were in full leaf; the sward was green; the rosebuds were showing delicate tinges of color. There was enchantment in the atmosphere, if one chose to feel it. If the Spectator had simply looked at things with the cool, frigid glance of the indifferent mind, he would have seen dirty streets, dilapidated buildings, open sewers, and a general air of careless neglect of sanitation and order. But the Spectator, while not oblivious of these details, which make up the whole picture for so many travelers, felt the charm of one of the most picturesque cities on the continent by putting himself into its atmosphere; and atmosphere is the subtle quality which a place exhales, and which is, in a deep sense, an expression of its soul. It is true the Spectator had been in a measure educated to feel this atmosphere by reading Miss Grace King's charming book—a book in which one finds the soul of the city—but he hopes that he has also a little of that grace of nature which is an open sesame to all that is richest and best in the lives of one's neighbors; that brotherliness which makes one at home at the ends of the earth.

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The two cities which preserve the charm of France in this country are curiously alike, and as curiously different: alike in early tradition and race-feeling, different in historic and climatic conditions. Quebec lies gray and walled in the far north; a fortress, not only against the attacks of possible enemies, but against the assaults of a rigorous climate. It is France in the far north, subdued in tone by cold skies, and hushed by the repression of stone houses and the constant struggle with the elements. New Orleans is France in the far south; the gayety of the French nature evoked by genial conditions and by out-of-doors living. In the old quarter of New Orleans one feels this kindly, friendly, neighborly French *cameraderie;* the fellowship of a people whose social quality has been highly developed. The balconies which overhang the narrow streets suggest leisure, talk, gayety, relaxation. Looking down these streets one feels a warmth of tone which seems to be an exhalation of this genial community temper. The old buildings are not isolated in a kind of prim, cold detachment, as in most American towns; they run together, so to speak; they harmonize with each other; they are parts of a whole, and it is the whole, not the parts, which one always sees. The dull reds and greens of old walls; the faded tracery of balconies, often of delicate design and molding; the glimpses of interior courts set round with palm and cactus; the universal mellowness of time and use—these give the Spectator in New Orleans constant delight. Here is a place that has been lived in, and life has left its touch on the homes that have protected it and the streets which have been its thoroughfares.

OLD SPANISH HOUSE, BATTLE-FIELD

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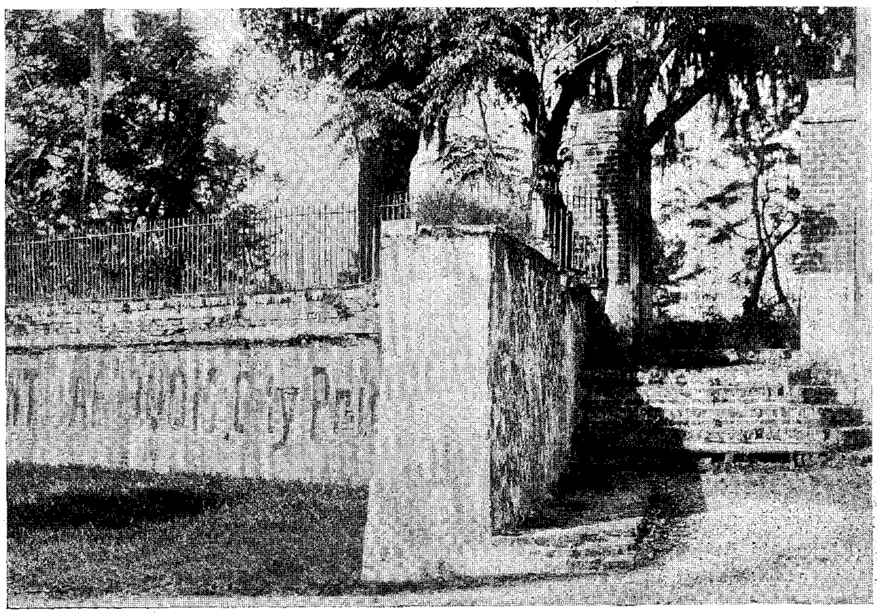
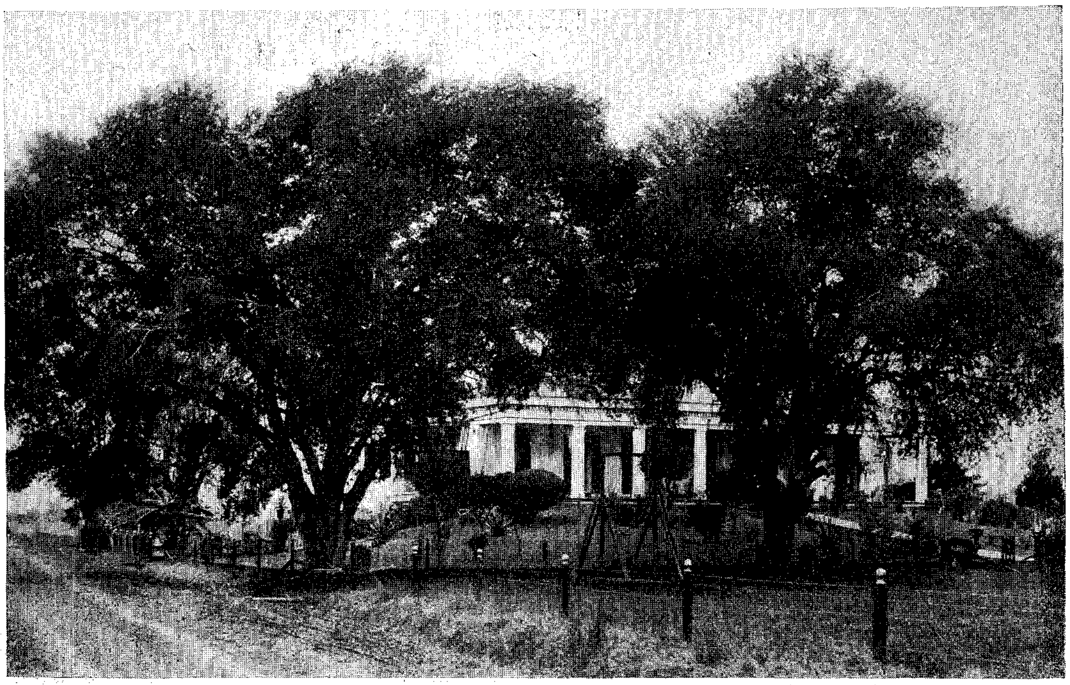
It was Sunday morning, and the Spectator went into the Cathedral, the tumultuous music of whose bells seemed to set the whole air in vibration. The creole face, seen in a crowd, is singularly delicate and sensitive; a face full of mobility, and yet with a suggestion of substantial character beneath the play of expression. The faces of the women are naturally more attractive than those of the men; but they are also expressive of superiority of type and quality. Their delicacy and charm are moral as well as physical. They are full of vitality; a vitality which preserves their grace of manner long after youth, and which gives them variety and freshness in the closest companionship. The great altar is blazing with candles, the church is full of worshipers, and the chancel is filled with priests and acolytes. But here, as elsewhere, that which impresses the Spectator most pleasantly is the air of sociability. There is no irreverence; everybody is quiet, attentive, devout; but there is no stiffness or formality. It is more like family worship than the worship of a great congregation; and the Spectator is glad to find himself as worshipful in mood and spirit as his fellow-worshipers of another race, language, and religion. There is constant movement in the chancel and in the aisles of the church. In the space between the pews and the steps of the chancel there is a throng of children, with candles in their hands which the Archbishop will presently bless. They are standing in easy, unconscious attitudes, without any thought, apparently, of the congregation behind them; intent on the service. Their faces are full of interest; they are evidently as much at home as if they were in their own houses; their worship is as natural as that of their seniors. In the aisles, along the nave, at the chancel steps, men and women are kneeling, as if all places were equally homelike and familiar. This sense of home assails the Spectator through all his Protestant traditions, and gives him a glimpse of that beautiful, reverential fellowship which will come when we are as much at home in the house of God as in those lesser houses which we call our homes.



GATE, SPANISH FORT



A PLANTATION RESIDENCE

This atmosphere of friendliness, the pervasive influence of which the visitor feels the moment he arrives, was doubtless French in its origin, but it has invaded the American quarter of New Orleans, and makes the city the most charming place, socially, in the country. Comparisons of this sort are likely to be odious, but no one who knows New Orleans will deny her this pre-eminence. There are far handsomer, cleaner, richer, and more intellectual cities, but there is none which has so thoroughly developed the resources of social life and so intelligently fostered the social atmosphere. There is no trace of the sepulchral stiffness and formality which makes most cities of the English-speaking races seem so cold and hard. There is none of that elaboration of the mere mechanism of living which fatally chills the social instinct in so many of our rich modern communities. In New Orleans the social traditions are so well established that they are taken for granted and dismissed from attention. Strangers are not kept in social quarantine until their good standing is credibly established. On the contrary, they are received with a hearty cordiality which implies that the host is so well established socially that he trusts his own judgment in such matters, and treats himself as an authority on questions of gentle breeding. The result is that New Orleans is the best-mannered town in the country. It has its faults, and the world has heard much of them; but its courtesy, hospitality, and friendliness would be a revelation to many Northern communities. It cares chiefly, apparently, for gentle breeding, for conversational interest, for courage and simplicity; it is delightfully indifferent to wealth, furniture, and all the other trappings with which the newly rich community so often smothers itself.

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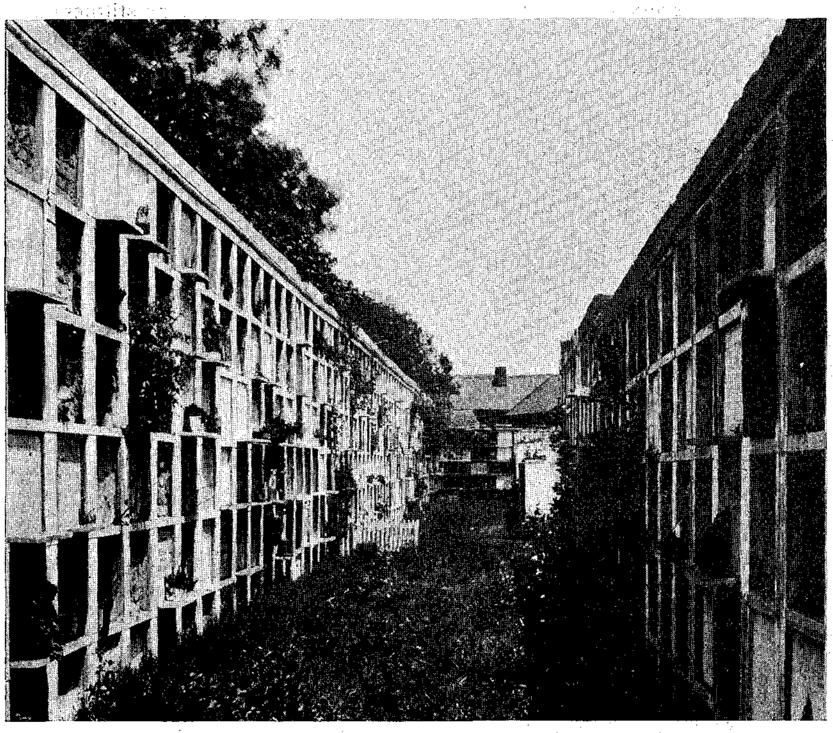
The test of good manners is not the bearing and breeding of the few, but the habit of the many. There are hosts of well-bred individuals in countries which are, as a whole, ill-mannered. A well-bred community is one in which good manners are a common possession. In New Orleans one is as courteously treated in street-cars as in private houses. The conductors do not shout to ladies, "Come now, hurry up;" they do not thrust them violently into cars already overcrowded; they do not take them by the shoulders, seize them by the waist, or do any of those other rough and underbred things which make Spectators with the instincts of gentlemen dread the necessity of using the street-cars. In New Orleans, if you ask the location of a street, you are not only courteously answered, but the offer is often made to show you the way. One is conscious of the absence of haste, and haste is a deadly foe of good manners. An excellent definition of the charm of the old régime is to be found in the statement that the gentleman of the old order was "never afraid and never in haste." He had the independence and spirit born of courage, and he had the finish and delicacy of manner which come from repose. Both these qualities are characteristic of the best type of Southern men and women. The charm of hospitality in those ample, rambling plantation homes, with their spacious piazzas and easy habits of living, lies in the sense of leisure which one feels in the air. There is time for talk, for lounging, for those sweets of human intercourse which are of slow growth and need delicate fostering. The social instinct gets recognition and training; the family, rather than the individual, becomes the unit; the guest is a member of the family. Whatever faults the Southern character has—and, like all other types, it is irregular in its development—it is free from the coldness and indifference which are often accepted in this country and in England as evidences of superior breeding, but which are, in fact, evidences of insular feeling and of a defective sense of courtesy. The essence of good manners is constant and delicate recognition of the men and women with whom one is brought into contact. Our attitude towards them does not involve the question of *their* standing; it involves the question of *our* good breeding; for manners are an expression of our own spirit and training.



SIDE VAULTS, GIROD CEMETERY

Bicycling for Women

Some Hygienic Aspects of Wheeling

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D.

A LARGE part of the injury to women with which the bicycle is charged arises directly from defective teaching and imperfect knowledge, because balance on the wheel, with mounting and dismounting, comprises the sum of the usual training. One needs but to stand at the Park entrance on a fair day to appreciate this. Of ten women who pass, one rides rightly—rarely two. Of the ten objections to wheeling for women eight are based on abuse and not on right use of the wheel. Its advocates acknowledge that bicycling is not a complete means of attaining all-round development, and do not deny that to those who believe that the Creator never intended the hampered sex to enjoy this freedom, this freedom is objectionable. But that it is more alluring, more beneficial, and more general in its action than any single outdoor exercise for women the specialists in her diseases testify, with few dissenting voices. That there are certain abuses against which a warning is necessary they also agree; and the chief of these abuses are ill-adapted saddles, bad postures, and faulty dress, as well as excess with exhaustion from heart-strain or nerve-tension.

Tension and excess are common to all sports, and to this indictment bicycling pleads guilty, because the motion is so easy and the effort required so slight that there is a strong temptation to overdo. Women, lacking athletic experience, have had fewer lessons in muscular strain than men. We all need to remember that panting and palpitation mean that one of the two chambers making up the main pumping power of the heart—namely, that one which has to do with driving the blood through the lungs, and which is robust only in laborers and athletes—is fighting hard under a load which may cause all degrees of overstretching or acute dilatation, from the most momentary embarrassment to a permanently crippled condition. It may be said that the pulse should not range above 100 after a rest, but rules are hard to make. Tire is the test, and reaction. Again and again we see a rider go away from home to the point where tire begins to suggest that he face about, forgetting that he must retrace his steps, and retrace them against increasing fatigue. The dash of it leads us to dare narrow paths, or difficult riding, or some feat for which we are not ready, and the unnoticed tension tells later on the nerves. The woman unused to active exercise must take care not to travel on her excitement. She is to rest often. She will be wise to lie down after a ride of any length. The taking of simple nourishment, such as milk, chocolate, or beef-tea, during a ride is important as a means of recuperation, whether there be hunger or not, while food preceding an early ride is most important. Moreover, before and after a hearty meal a half-hour's rest is desirable. It is highly important, too, that the length of the trip and the difficulties of the effort should be gradually increased. Moderate muscular aching, after the first few attempts, need not prevent one from resuming wheeling at once, but after-pallor and sense of exhaustion are to be carefully heeded, and, if they are produced by moderate effort, call for a medical opinion as to the advisability of further trials.

A common fault of the beginner is irregularity of effort. In the same class as spurting belongs the fitful pace of the early days, which is replaced later by the steady, unremitting swing that keeps up nearly the same amount of effort on levels and on grades. Another kind of spasmodic action is the application of pressure on the down-sweep of the pedal only, in lieu of sustained use of power throughout the revolution. Too high a gear may call for excessive exertion also.

All these points have been insisted on again and again. But the saddle, the position on the wheel, and the question of dress will bear threshing over.

Saddles. Except for the saddle the bicycle may be said to be a perfect machine. Happily, many attempts are being made to answer this burning question. A good saddle embodies anatomical modeling; selection to fit the individual form; stanch construction, that it may not alter in shape with use; and adaptability, that it may be set at any angle, moved forward and back, and made more or less tense. The anatomy of woman is such that her saddle must differ distinctly from the man's. She is also more susceptible to injury than is the man, and it is more difficult to fit her saddle. Although the conformation differs as much in different individuals as the shape of the hand, it still is an absurdly common belief that a single perfect saddle can be constructed to suit all needs. Manifestly, each woman must seek out what is adapted to herself, and, starting with a few general principles, work out her own problem.

Some of the characters in saddles that are to be noted and avoided are these: First, a center ridge. This may occur from mistaken construction or from stretching of the leather. Occasionally it may be due to the bending downward of the outer ends of the cantle or transverse rear iron of the saddle (Fig. 1, A). Secondly, high

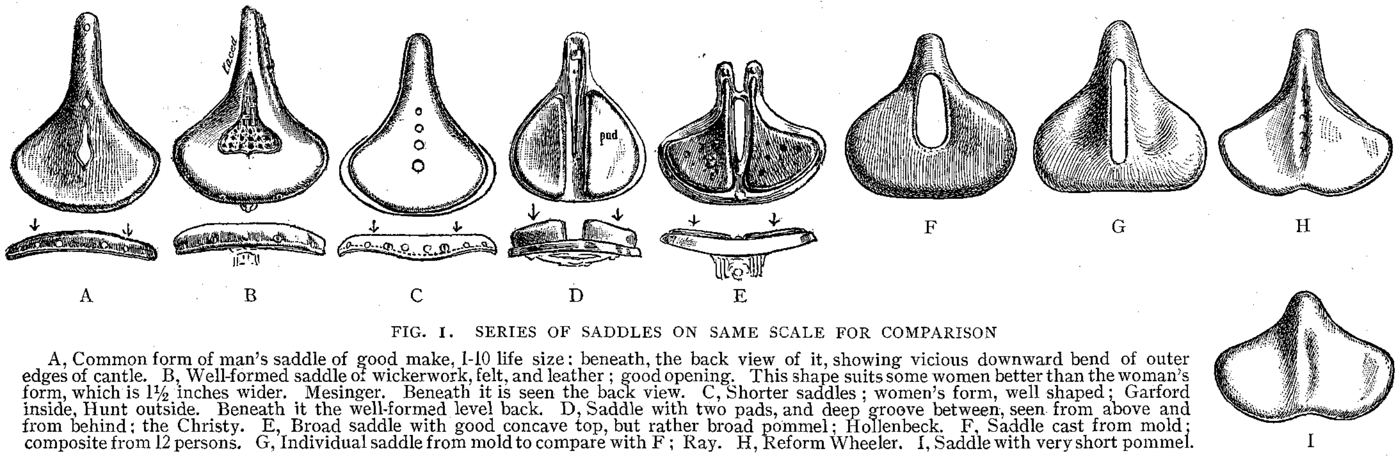


FIG. 1. SERIES OF SADDLES ON SAME SCALE FOR COMPARISON

A, Common form of man's saddle of good make, 1-10 life size: beneath, the back view of it, showing vicious downward bend of outer edges of cantle. B, Well-formed saddle of wickerwork, felt, and leather; good opening. This shape suits some women better than the woman's form, which is 1½ inches wider. Mesinger. Beneath it is seen the back view. C, Shorter saddles; women's form, well shaped; Garford inside, Hunt outside. Beneath it the well-formed level back. D, Saddle with two pads, and deep groove between, seen from above and from behind; the Christy. E, Broad saddle with good concave top, but rather broad pommel; Hollenbeck. F, Saddle cast from mold; composite from 12 persons. G, Individual saddle from mold to compare with F; Ray. H, Reform Wheeler. I, Saddle with very short pommel.

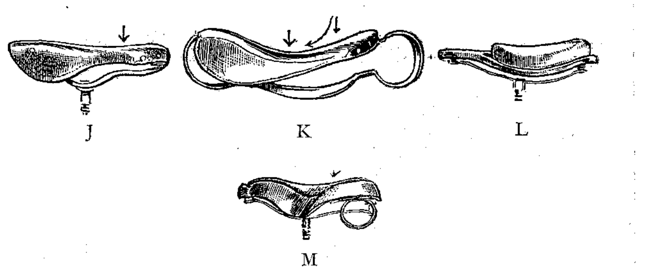


FIG. 2. SADDLES IN PROFILE

J, Good form of short, strong-springed, level saddle; Hunt. K, Older form, with large spring, seen from the side. The weight should be chiefly carried where the smaller arrow points, but often follows the curved arrow's course down to the larger arrow; Kirkpatrick. L, Side of Christy saddle. M, Saddle cut away for thigh.

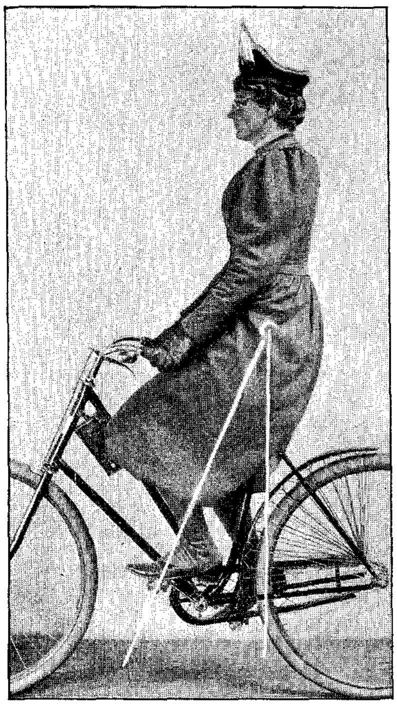


FIG. 3

The rider well over her work, the foot forward at the point where most of the power is applied, showing how short a distance from the perpendicular the pedal sweeps forward. Illustrating a low position of the handle-bars, with an arm that is too straight.

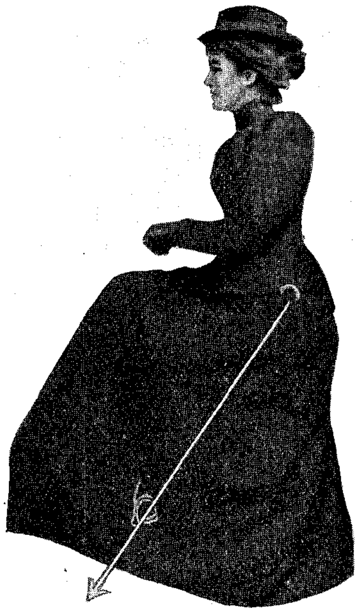


FIG. 4

On the side-saddle the habit masks the striking contortion of the figure. The stirrup is far forward of the hip-joint. Compare with Fig. 3.

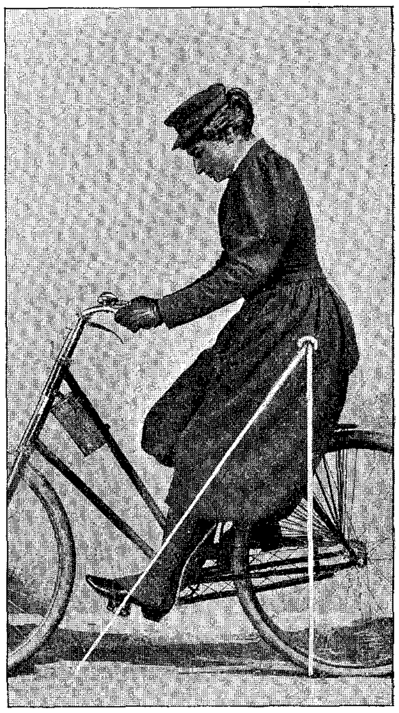


FIG. 5

The commonest fault of position among women. The saddle is too low and too far back. Compare the distance between the pedal and the perpendicular in this and Fig. 3. Allowable only for beginners, to give them ease in mounting, and the sense that the ground is within easy reach.

pommels are objectionable. Saddles are occasionally constructed with a distinct downward sweep in the center. A weak spring will cause this sagging (Fig. 2, K), and many saddles, though level at first, will be found to have a hammock shape after much use, from stretching of the leather. Complex springs were once much used under saddles, but the tendency is away from coil springs toward a stiff flat spring which will prevent the formation of the deep concavity. A set screw, to be found in every good saddle, will allow the slack in the leather to be taken out. Any repairer will correct worse degrees of stretching after fixing the spring in a vise.

Again, narrowness is objectionable, because the greater width of the pelvic bones in woman permits the wide arch to slip down astride a ridge-pole saddle, as it may not happen in the case of man. Lastly, a vicious tilt, such as an elevated front peak or a lowered front pommel, is to be condemned, and merely calls for mention here because some women do not appreciate that a very slight alteration in angle will make a large difference in comfort and in safety.

Of the various available types of saddle we may make a rough classification. There is the most commonly used and most useful of all—the modified man's saddle of the short, broad, flat form, supplied with most wheels on request; it should not be less than eight inches across at the back. As examples are the Mesinger (Fig. 1, B), Garford (Fig. 1, C), Hunt (Fig. 1, C), and the Reform Wheeler (Fig. 1, H). There is the saddle built with a pad on each side to carry the weight, a groove in the center, and without front pommel. Of these the Christy and the Hollenbeck are those most used. They give comfort to many, but the beak and the edge hurt a few people.

Lastly, the very broad saddle with a short, blunt pom-

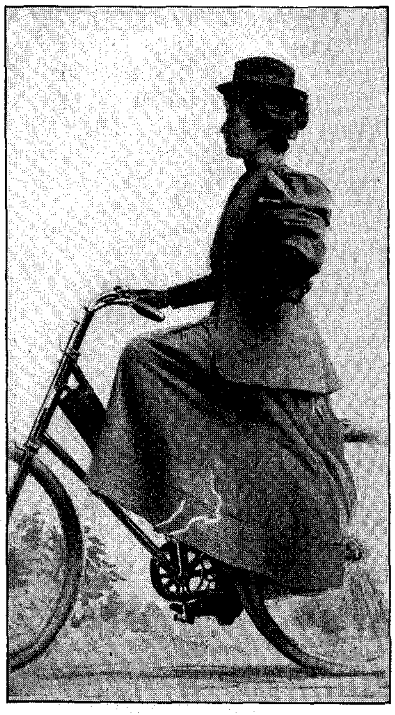


FIG. 6

The "walking-beam action" of the knee, due to faulty ankle-action, or to a saddle too low. The near heel is not held down as it should be, and the far heel is not high enough. The drag on the skirt is also demonstrated.

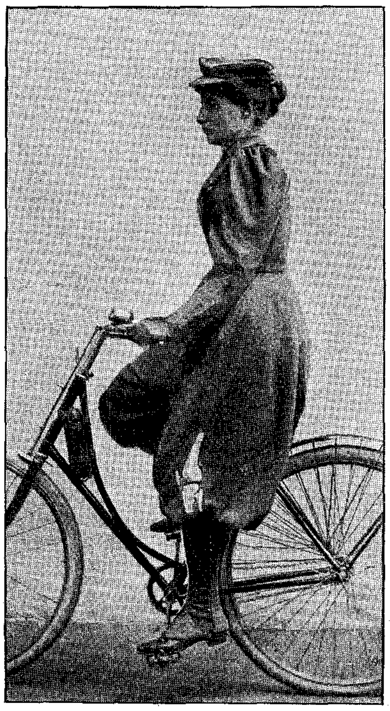


FIG. 7

Correct posture. With the foot at the lowest point, the knee is slightly bent, as shown by the bones of the joint, while the ankle is somewhat straightened, and the elbow and the wrist are both bent. The thigh-bone of the further leg is at a strong slant, whereas in Fig. 6 the raised thigh is nearly level.

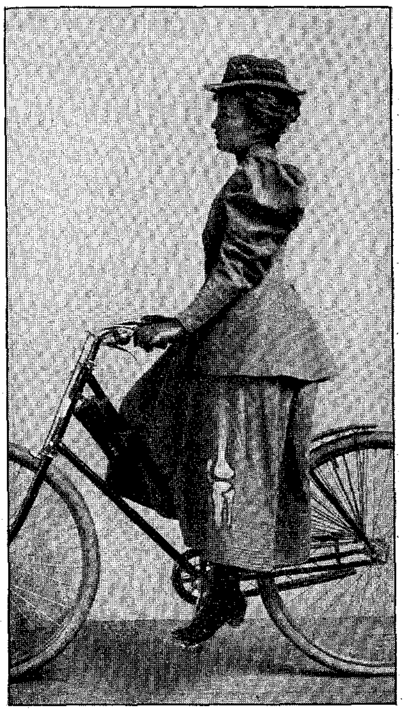


FIG. 8

Over-stretched leg, both at the knee and ankle, with the saddle too high. The outline of the knee-joint may be compared with that in Fig. 7.

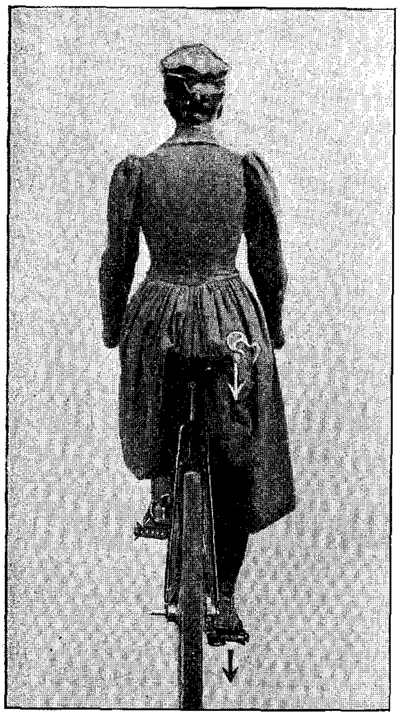


Fig. 9

Rear view, showing that a plumb-line dropped from the hip-socket will strike the center of the pedal.

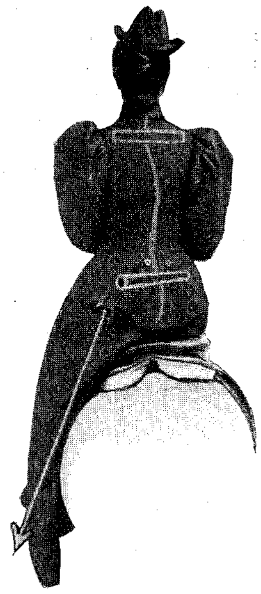


Fig. 10

Horseback posture from the rear. To demonstrate the distance out from beneath the body the foot-support is placed, as compared with the bicyclist's position, in *Fig. 9. The outline of the spine, and bars at the level of the shoulders and the hips, give an idea of the twisted spinal column.*

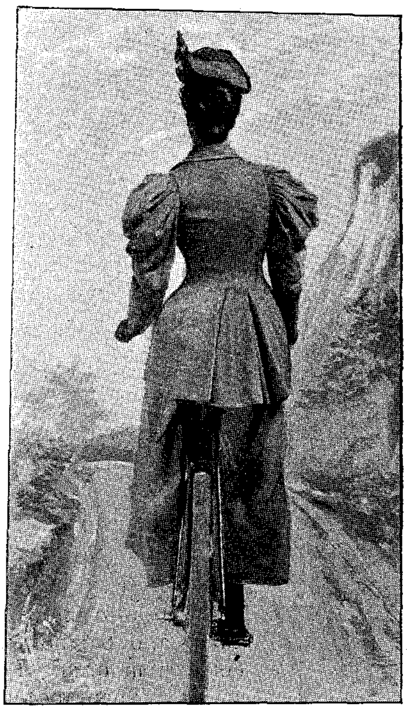


Fig. 11

Rocking or tilting of the hips in straining up hill, or with a saddle too high.

mel in front is coming into use, and is suited to many women. Among these may be mentioned the Empress, 11 inches wide (which has a flat wooden cantle that prevents any bending downward of the sides), the Duplex, and the Common Sense. The last, however, has a well-rounded metal strip running from front pommel out to outer end of the cantle, which is not comfortable to all people. We cannot dispense altogether with the anterior projection of the saddle, for it gives lateral steadiness.

The fault of most pneumatic saddles is that pressure on the rear part forces the air forward, thus raising an objectionable ridge in front. The Sager Pneumatic avoids this difficulty by two separate inflatable cushions, and its lacings permit one to make certain changes in its conformation. The Cutting, with the short peak, works well in many instances. Mr. Ray, of the Rambler Agency in New York City, is doing what we had all hoped to see done, in fitting the saddle to the individual. He allows the customer to sit in a tray of modeling clay fastened on a bicycle like a seat, in such fashion that the wheelman propels the wheel as if he were actually on the road. Following the lines of this result, an aluminum saddle is made, which is covered with felt and leather. A very considerable variation in individuals is noted by him (Fig. 1, F and G).

The directions that physicians should give to intending riders are these: That each woman must be carefully trained by competent instructors as to right posture, right methods of pedaling, correct height of saddle, correct position of saddle over pedals, and, finally, should be told to insist that the man who sells her a wheel must let her make trial until she is suited with a saddle. By testing the machine of one's friends, not for a half-hour but for a considerable ride, and by experimenting with saddles at different heights, positions, angles, and tension, one can arrive at a comfortable result.

Correct Posture. The whole attitude is erect; the weight is so placed that if a perpendicular be dropped from the middle of the hip-socket, it would clear the rear limit of the sweep described by the pedal; the peak of the long saddle is nearly over the crank-hanger. The right height is tested by finding that the heel placed on the pedal can follow it around. At the lowest point in the sweep the knee should be a little bent and the ankle slightly straightened. The elbow, also, should be a little flexed, while the wrist is bent somewhat backward. In this position it will be seen that the rider is almost over her work (Fig. 7). Look at the rider on the wheel, seen from the rear (Fig. 9). A plumb-line dropped from the hip-socket strikes the center of the pedal, and even, easy balance of action on the part of the inner and outer leg muscles is the result—a result strikingly in contrast to the exaggerated work of the inner thigh muscles on horseback (Fig. 10). As seen from the side (Fig. 3), it is noteworthy that the furthest sweep of the center of the pedal away from this plumb-line goes only about 12½ inches. In the horseback posture the distance is 17 inches, and again we see that the foot support is far removed from beneath the weight of the body, and that the position is a strained one during effort or in any emergency or accident.

Faulty Postures. Most of the awkwardness and most of the strain of wasteful effort encountered among women awheel are due to faulty posture. Taken singly, the commonest faults may be given as follows, premising that they are frequently combined:

A very common ungainliness, and an example of waste of effort, is seen when the saddle is placed too far back and too low (Fig. 6). In hill-climbing all the bad points of this attitude show clearest—the exaggerated excursion of the knee, the awkward drag on the handles, the strained expression. The mechanical disadvantage under which the rider labors is graphically shown by comparing the distance between the perpendicular dropped from the hip-socket and the pedal at its forward position in this posture and the same line in the normal attitude. The increase is over five inches, and in some cases is more than this. The cyclist is doing hard muscle work instead of the seven-pound push that is the effort said to be required on the level, and which represents only part of the weight of the leg.

The opposite fault, the saddle at too great a height, is less easily recognized,

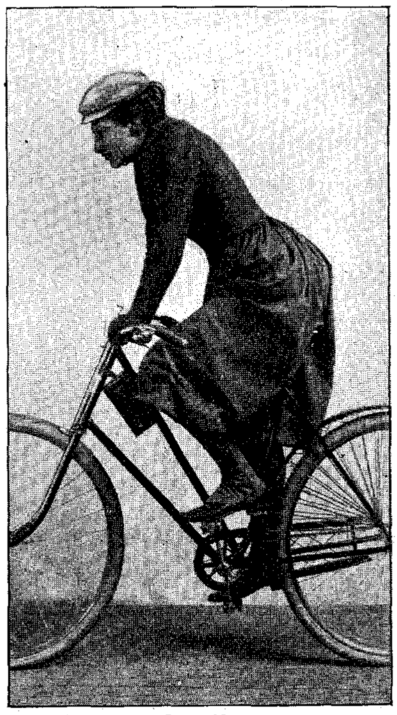


Fig. 12

The scorcher's position, allowable only on a short hill or in a gust of wind.

because less awkward (Fig. 8). It is fatiguing to the rider, and is harmful in two other ways. The knee is over-extended, with strain on its posterior ligaments, as the skeleton knee demonstrates. Then, in the attempt to reach the pedal the hips are likely to be rocked, tilting downward on the side on which the pedal is low, as shown in Fig. 11.

The rocking pelvis is also seen with the right position of the saddle, in riders spurting or urging a wheel up-hill. The reason of the ugliness of the motion is not always apparent, but if a skeleton is photographed in this attitude (as was done with each posture), the extent of the twist of the hip and spine becomes evident.

Concerning stooping postures we need say little. Few women bend forward far, in this country. Any woman may do it momentarily with advantage in order to breast a gust of wind or on a longish hill, but the position is more injurious to women than to men.

Not only should the handles be the width of the shoulders apart, but one must see that a handle-bar be not too high, as it often is placed, from the laudable desire to oblige one's self to sit upright. At the right height the elbow should have a slight bend, to save rigidity and the transmission of vibration to the head, but at a higher level one loses steadiness and balance, and that traction on the handle which helps in mounting a grade or in the dash past an obstruction. Then, too, it is a relief to occasionally rest the weight on all fours.

Howells bases an æsthetic objection to wheeling, for the graceful sex, on what he aptly dubs the walking-beam action of the knee (Fig. 6). Much of this, the most lumbering and conspicuous of the errors of the novice, may be done away with, because it is due either to defective ankle action or to a gearing and length of crank out of all proportion to the height or length of leg. One who has not learned to depress the heel at the top of the stroke, and to bring the toe lower than the heel at the lowest part of the sweep, imparts to her knee an excursion in an up and down direction that amounts to three or four inches more than is necessary, a motion fully emphasized by the drawn folds of the skirt (Fig. 6). A thin woman of five feet eight inches swings a 6½-inch crank with grace, while a short girl on the same machine is a guy. Put the little woman on a 26-inch wheel, with lower gear and shorter crank, which is entirely suited to level roads, and the objectionable pumping motion is gone. What women need is the appearance of less motion on the wheel. Beauty must approach to repose. As in dancing, restraint and apparent ease belong to grace, while excess suggests gymnastic straining.

In a future number the dress question will be taken up.

Loaning Pictures

By Mary S. Cutler

Friends enjoy loaning each other books. Neither the cheapness of the modern book, nor the advent of the public library, nor the occasional untrustworthiness of friends has spoiled this immemorial privilege. We obey the instinct of sharing pleasure with those that are dear to us, and at the same time enrich our lives by variety and fullness not otherwise possible. We like variety in our books, and gain most by suiting the volume not only to the need, but even to the caprice of a passing mood.

Only the friends who really belong to us stand the test of constant association. One would not think of reading over every day for years the same chapters from his favorite authors, expecting to find continual inspiration and suggestion. And yet this is what is demanded of pictures. We pay the penalty of this lack of discrimination, for even our choicest pictures pall upon us. Our gaze rests upon them, but the spiritual meaning ceases to appeal to us.

The Japanese, with their innate sense of simplicity and harmony, recognize this principle and carry it out to its logical conclusion. Mr. E. S. Morse in "Japanese Homes" says: "A Japanese may have a famous collection of pictures, yet these are stowed away, with the exception of the one exposed in the *tokonoma*." The *tokonoma* is a recess planned to show the single picture in its proper light from any point in the room. "If he is a man of taste, he changes the picture from time to time according to the season, the character of his guests, or for special occasions." Instead of stowing our pictures away like the Japanese, why should we not form the habit of loaning them to our friends?

What would be easier, after an evening visit from a friend, than to lend him a picture that pleases him, scarce heavier than the volumes which he is wont to carry home, its place to be filled by a simple readjustment or an exchange? When we go to call on a sick friend, why not carry with us, not only flowers and a cheerful face, but one of the pictures from our wall which we are sure the friend likes? We will hang it for him within easy sight of the bed or the couch, and see if it does not bring fresh thoughts, joy, and relief.

The new thought of philanthropy is the extension of one's circle of friends to include those who have had fewer opportunities for development than ourselves. Suppose we try the experiment of sharing our pictures with these friends, not by giving them the mean and unworthy ones of which we may have become the unwilling owners, but by loaning those which are choice and dear to us, and which for some reason appeal especially to them. To illustrate by an actual case, I number among such friends an Englishwoman, poor and old, and too feeble to leave the house. For years a Sunday afternoon call has been a delight to both of us. A colored photograph of Salisbury Cathedral in a tasteful frame, loaned for a few weeks, proved a real joy and refreshment to the old lady.

This work may be taken up in the same spirit by institutions.

Hull House, one of the most successful social settlements in this country, loans small framed pictures to the people in the neighborhood, and counts the plan one of its most fruitful efforts. The Friendly Aid House, lately opened at 248 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York, began this work January 10, 1896.

A loan exhibition of pictures has long been a feature of settlement, club, and church work. Would not the same exhibit be of more positive service if scattered over the entire year by showing a few pictures at a time?

The Children's Neighborhood Library, a part of the philanthropic work of the Troy (N. Y.) Unitarian church, displays a selection of about twenty pictures from the Century Portfolio (secured through The Outlook offer), one at a time, on the walls of its cheerful little reading-room, the pictures being changed in the same frame once in two weeks. (Any picture-dealer can make a frame which will allow of the change in a few seconds.) Another choice picture is borrowed for a month from some friend of the library. The children are interested in the pictures and watch eagerly for the new ones.

This little library, containing only 676 books, circulated them 7,366 times in 1895 among 1,196 children. One can imagine the homes from which most of these children come, and the need in their lives of the beauty which the pictures suggest.

This idea of loaning pictures, if it approve itself to the judgment of the thoughtful, will admit of an almost infinite variety of application.

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We are not to carry others' burdens that they can carry as well as ourselves. True helpfulness consists in giving comfort; and comfort means giving strength to those who are weary by inspiring them when they hesitate or fail.—*David O. Mears, D.D.*

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass on, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude.*

The poor are our friends, and, according to the Spanish proverb, "When a friend asketh, there is no to-morrow."—*Lady Lindsay.*

The Higher Life of Boston[1]

By Edward E. Hale

IT may be merely a fancy of mine that the destinies of Boston have been largely affected by the establishment here in 1635 of what they called a "Grammar School," and by the loyalty and pride by which that School has always been maintained. But I think this fancy will bear examination. There was then no grammar but Latin grammar, or Greek or Hebrew. So the establishment of a free Grammar School in the little village meant that from that time forward there was a school where every boy might study the Latin and Greek languages.

In another century other schools were added, in which, perhaps for an hour a day, a Boston boy might study some writing and some arithmetic. But practically from 1635 until after the Revolution every well-to-do boy in Boston, as long as he went to any school, was studying Latin and Greek. Not a tenth part of them ever went to the University, or entered what were called the learned professions. But all of them had so much initiation into the career of liberal study, as those two centuries understood it.

BOYLSTON ARCH

From this original arrangement, I suppose, there sprang a certain connection between the men of business, or the men of the mercantile class, and the college-bred men, as the men of law, of medicine, or of theology, such as I have never known in any other city of which I have read.

I have never known any city in which college-bred men went so much as a matter of course into practical business on a large scale; nor, on the other hand, have I ever known any other city where every man of affairs, who holds any position of importance, interests himself as a matter of course in what may be called the Higher Life of the town.

For a good instance, the town of Boston gave birth or education to five signers of the Declaration of Independence. Two of them were lawyers; one of them was a bookseller, one of them was a large importing merchant, and one of them, Ben Franklin, was a printer. All of them had been sent to the Latin Grammar School; four of them had graduated at Harvard College, but of these four, two, Sam Adams and John Hancock, went at once into business life in Boston; Hancock into his uncle's counting-room, and Sam Adams into his father's. I do not believe you will find anything like this, say, in the relations of London to the British Empire.

Or take this for a pretty instance. When the Commercial Club of Boston invited the Commercial Club of Chicago to a banquet where they wanted to provide everything conceivable for the satisfaction of their guests, the first thing they arranged was that the poet Longfellow should sit at their table as the most prominent of their guests. It was a matter of instinct with them that this would interest such guests as nothing else they could arrange could do.

He never spoke on such occasions. He did not speak then. But it was a matter of course that they should ask him, for they were his friends. It was a matter of course that he should accept, for he was theirs. It would not have happened in London, say, that Mr. Samuel Rogers or Mr. Wordsworth should be thought of as the guest who would give most attraction to a merchants' dinner in Guildhall.

I believe that this suggestion is not out of place in a study of the Higher Life of Boston. The enterprises or endeavors which I try to describe in this paper are kept alive by what I may call the loyalty or pride of the Boston man for Boston, quite like that which in Athens maintained the tragic theater, or the other great functions of religion and education.

What we call the Lowell Institute is a system of public lectures open to every one. What our English friends call the "foundation" was a sum of nearly three hundred thousand dollars set aside for this purpose by Mr. John Lowell, Jr. This gentleman was one of a distinguished family, to which Massachusetts, not to say the country, owes much. He had no children, and he left his fortune in trust for the maintenance of courses of lectures in Boston.

The custom, under the will, has been that one trustee should administer the income of this munificent gift, and this trustee has been always a near relative of this Mr. Lowell. His cousin, Mr. John A. Lowell, and this gentleman's son,

Robert Treat Paine
President Associated Charities

Gen. Charles G. Loring
Director Museum of Fine Arts

Prof. William T. Sedgwick
Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Edwin D. Mead
Editor of the "New England Magazine"

Hon. Francis A. Walker
resident Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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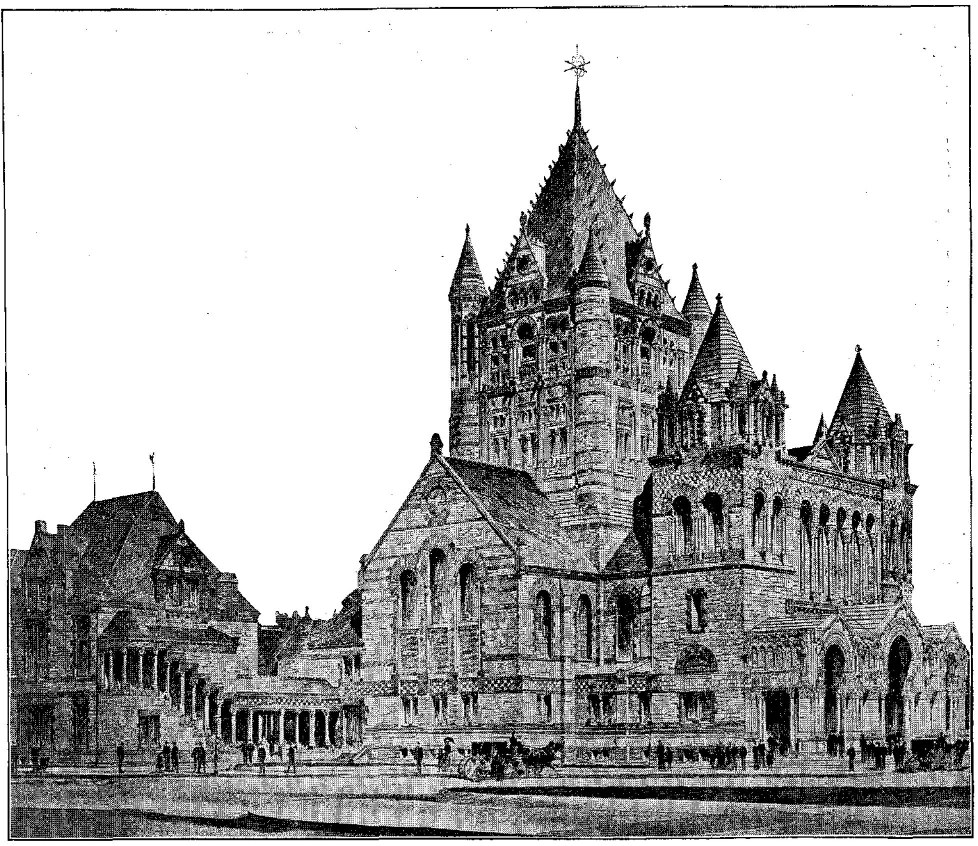
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); and "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22, 1896). Other articles will be on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.



TRINITY CHURCH

Mr. Augustus Lowell, have directed the annual lectures since 1840, when the first course was delivered. Each, in turn, has thus been president, trustee, and overseer of what is a university for the city of Boston—a university free to all comers. I am not aware that any estimate has recently been made of the annual attendance. But some estimate can be made when we remember that from October to May five lectures at least are delivered every week in a hall which seats eight hundred persons, which is almost always full.

Besides these lectures, open to all men and women, the Lowell Institute maintains special lectures to experts in various lines of study, and classes, which become schools, indeed, in some departments. Of these the most important, probably, is the School of Design.

The lectures have been so administered as to raise the standard of such instruction through the whole country. A "popular lecture" in England means a lecture in words of three letters delivered to people who have hardly heard of Noak's ark and never heard of Julius Cæsar. A "popular lecture" in America may be a lecture by Tyndall or Huxley on the most delicate detail of science.

Mr. John A. Lowell began the courses of lectures by engaging some of the college professors of most distinction in that time. Before many years he showed the world what he was about when he "imported Agassiz."[1] The importation of such a man as Agassiz showed to all America that nothing second-rate was to be entertained or tolerated here. The names of the lecturers since show how the reputation has been sustained which was then won. Among them have been Benjamin Silliman, Asa Gray, Louis and Alexander Agassiz, Lyell, Carpenter, Langley, James Walker, James Bryce, O. W. Holmes, and James Russell Lowell, to pick out a few names from many hundreds. And no one who loves the Institute forgets its two curators, Jeffries Wyman and Benjamin E. Cotting. In many notable instances the lecturers have, in these lectures, given the first public announcement of new observations or discoveries.

I do not know whether to call it an advantage, but practically the admirable administration of the "Lowell Lectures" has nearly put an end to almost all other courses

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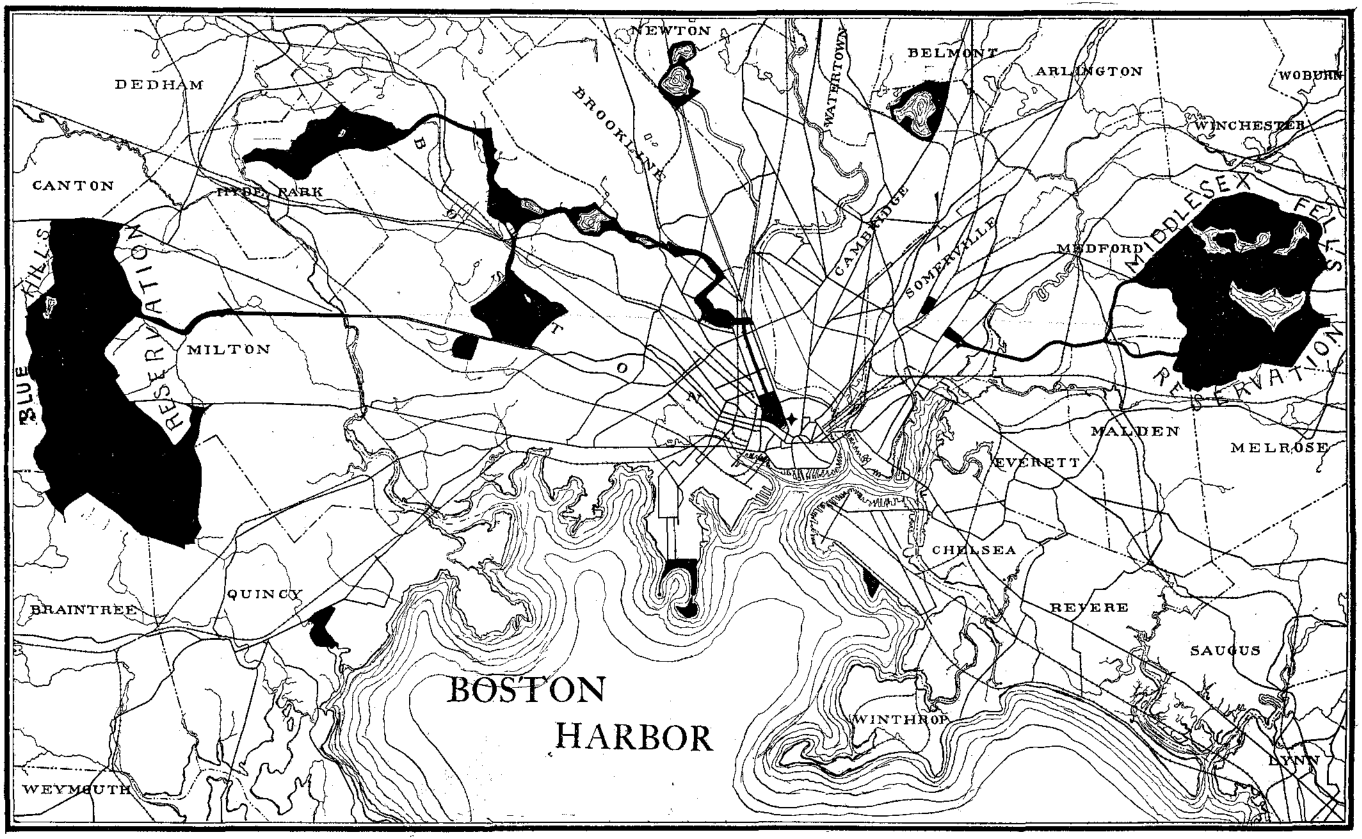
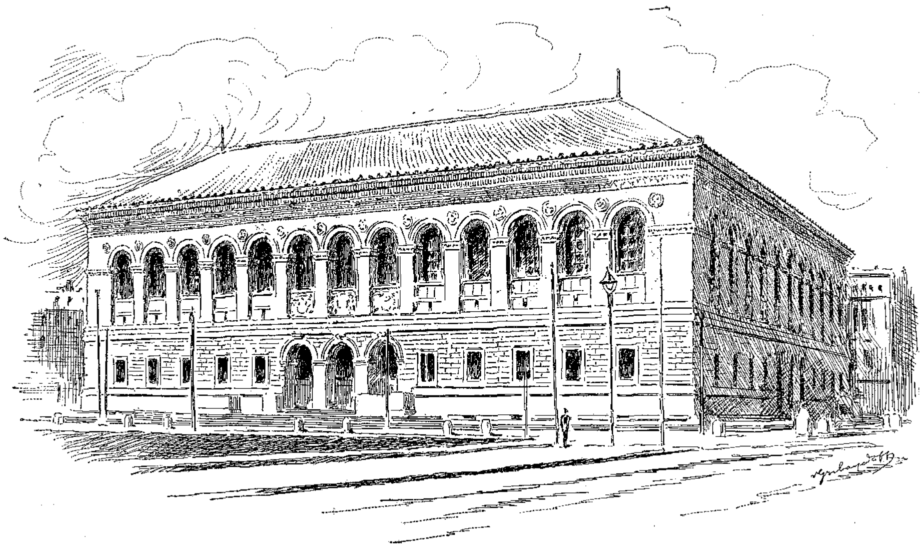
[1] The phrase is Mr. James Russell Lowell's. When he said that Harvard College had trained no truly great educator, he added, "For we imported Agassiz."


DEDHAM
NEWTON
BROOKLINE
WATERTOWN
BELMONT
ARLINGTON
WOBURN
WINCHESTER
CANTON
HYDE PARK
CAMBRIDGE
SOMERVILLE
MEDFORD
MIDDLESEX FELLS RESERVATION
BLUE HILLS RESERVATION
MILTON
MALDEN
MELROSE
EVERETT
CHELSEA
REVERE
SAUGUS
BRAINTREE
QUINCY
BOSTON HARBOR
WINTHROP
LYNN
WEYMOUTH

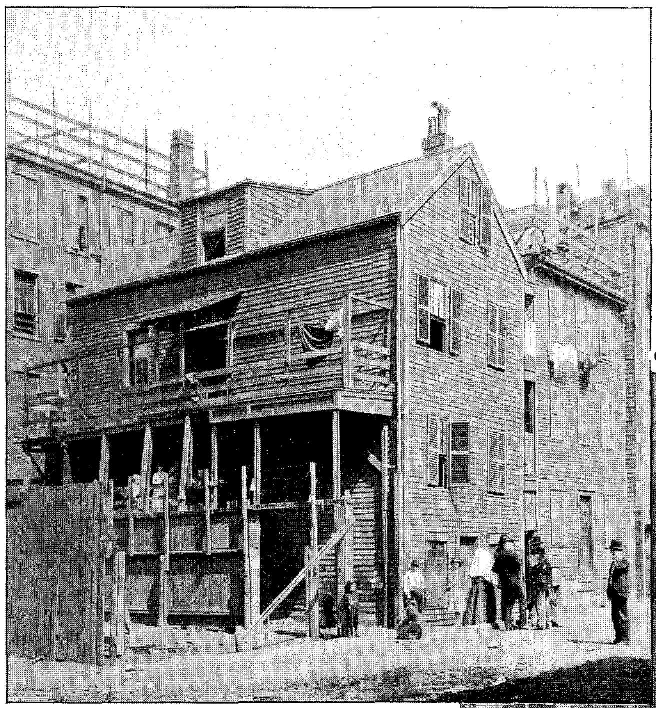
THE PARK SPACES NEAR BOSTON
(The black spots represent the Parks)



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

of lectures in Boston. The average Bostonian does not like to pay for a lecture. He does not like it any more than a New Yorker would like to be stopped by a toll-gate on Broadway. "Why should I pay for a lecture ticket? The Lowell lectures are free, and they are the best of their kind."

The Symphony Concerts furnish through the winter two admirable performances every week of the best music. A first-rate orchestra is maintained for the rendering of the most of this music, but from time to time soloists take a part in these concerts, if they have obtained sufficient distinction in the musical world. The expense and oversight of these Symphony Concerts, as they are called, is not assumed by a society, as in most such cases in our larger towns. It is assumed by one public-spirited citizen. This is Colonel Henry L. Higginson, a distinguished cavalry officer in the war. He is the same who gave the great athletic field to Harvard College. People buy tickets to the concerts, but no one supposes that the cost of the tickets ever pays the expenses. That is assumed by Colonel Higginson, and he never troubles mankind with his balance-sheet.



ONE OF THE HOMES WHERE HOME LIBRARIES ARE PLACED

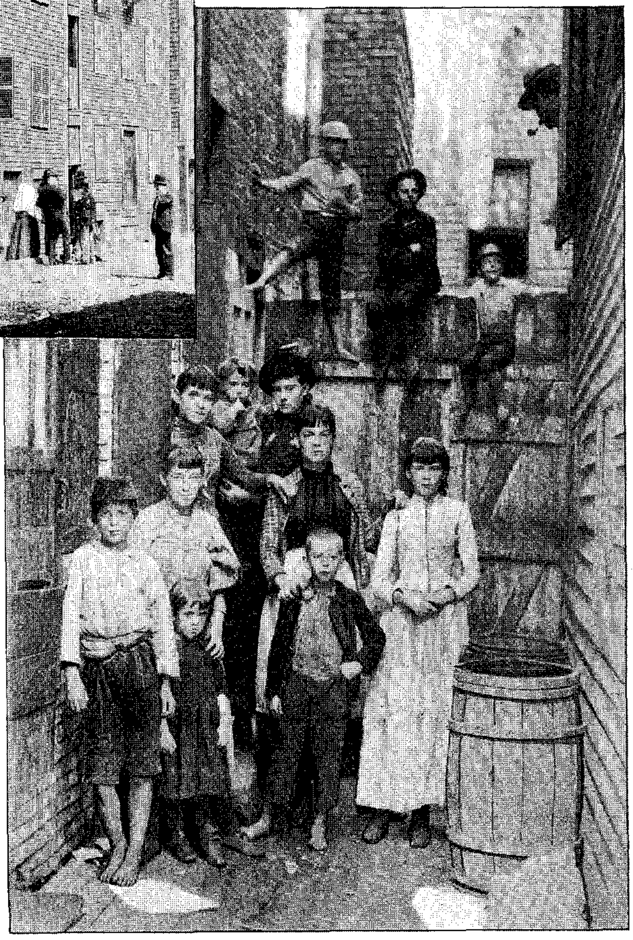
Side by side with lectures, if you really mean study and the Higher Life, come libraries. Boston has and uses the library of Harvard College, the city Public Library, of which the motto is, "Open to all," and the library of the Athenæum, besides many smaller libraries.

The Public Library is one of the large libraries of the world. At the first the library had exactly the fate of such institutions generally. Some contributions of public documents, however valuable in the long run, were not attractive to Tom, Dick, and Harry, who wanted to read. But so soon as Mr. Edward Everett, Mr. George Ticknor, Mr. John Bigelow, were put upon the board, the passion which each of these gentlemen had for public education displayed itself in the measures which they took, which have insured the success of the Public Library. They were fortunate in having the co-operation of Charles Coffin Jewett, to whom the science of library management in this country owes a great deal. Early in the business, a position on the board of trustees came to be considered as an honorable post, and this board has now the services of many competent scholars.

Of all which the result is that the library is thoroughly popular. City governments may cut down other expenses, but they waver a little before they cut down the appropriation here. A few years ago the trustees determined on building the magnificent palace in which the library is now housed, and last February it was opened to the public.

One of the prettiest sights in Boston is the children's reading-room. Here, in one of the finest halls in the building, are seats for one hundred and seventy-five children; and the children's books are arranged round the room in cases, where they themselves can take them from the shelves. They may sit and read them there, from early morning till nine in the evening. Every boy or girl in Boston who is over twelve may have a card by which to take out a book; any boy or girl in the world may go into this children's reading-room and read. A good popular arrangement for the distributing of books to each of the sixty grammar-schools in Boston is now working its way into practice.

In the general reading-room there are seats and tables for four hundred readers. Here also a large miscellaneous library is literally at the hand of every one who wants, so arranged as to be almost its own catalogue. Nineteen out of twenty of the books which the reader of this article would want in the course of a year are on these shelves. He has simply to walk into the building, hang up his hat, and go to



A "HOME LIBRARY" GROUP

the bookcase and take down the book that he needs. If he needs the twentieth book, he writes his name upon a slip, and this is carried off by the mysterious little carts, which travel off fifty rods to the other end of the stack perhaps, and, after due conjurations there on the part of a boy or girl in attendance, the book comes back, it does not know why or how. Here also the service is absolutely free to any member of the human family.

When a lecturer comes to the Lowell Institute, the leading books, even to the number of several hundred, which will illustrate his subject are laid out together, in a special room, for the use of readers. For instance, at the moment when I write, Dr. Weir's lectures on fine art have suggested the arrangement of such books, some of them of great curiosity and value, in a room large enough for the accommodation of the people who wish to follow his references.

I once had a class of a dozen or more bright young women who were reading Shakespeare with me. I made arrangements for one of the private reading-rooms, and they met me twice a week there. Each girl had her own play to work up, and as the winter went by each girl presented her results. It was not till the winter was ended, and the class, that I found that most of those young women had the impression that any bright girl in America, wherever she lived, could handle a copy of the original quarto or could compare the readings of the first folios. These things had been displayed to them so simply and easily that they did not understand that they had enjoyed the privilege which "kings and prophets waited for and died without the sight."

William H. Baldwin
President Boston Young Men's Christian Union

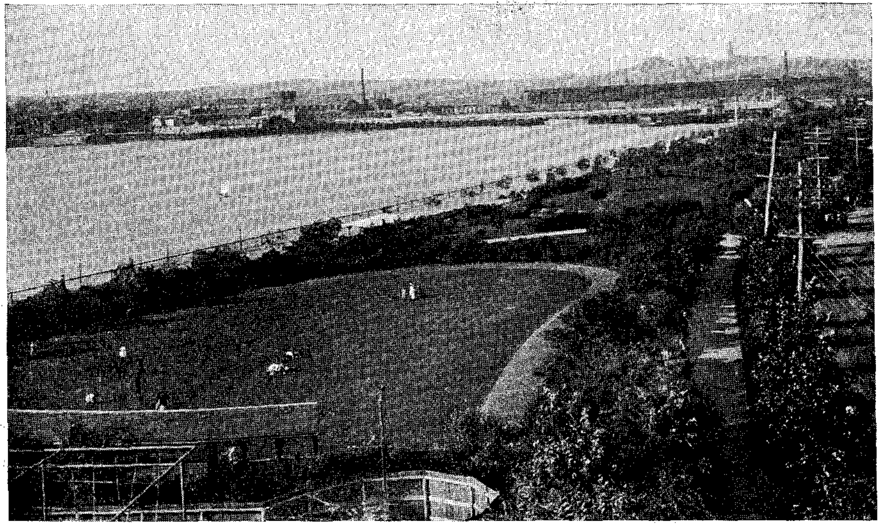
Rev. R. Kidner
St. Andrew's Church

Rev. William T. Warren, D.D.
President Boston University

Rev. F. B. Allen
Episcopal City Mission

The Boston Athenæum maintains a good miscellaneous library and a convenient reading-room. It was established early in the century, by a vigorous effort among the literary men who worked on the "Monthly Anthology" and "North American Review." Mr. Lothrop Motley once said to me that he thought the curious opportunity given to young men in Boston by the Historical Society's library, the Athenæum, and the Ebeling Collection in Cambridge, did much to make what one may almost call the Boston school of historians. It directed the early reading of Sparks, Bancroft, Palfrey, Prescott, Parkman, Motley himself, and now Winsor and Channing and Adams and Fiske.

The Historical Society was founded more than a hundred years ago. Under its new President, Charles Francis Adams, it has a larger career before it than ever. Its elegant Dowse Library is one of the most interesting lions of Boston, and is open to any well-introduced person. The New England Historic-Genealogical Society, much larger in numbers than the older society, maintains an admirable working library of local and family history. This is open as a prairie is, to the millions of people who want to be Colonial Dames or Sons of the Revolution. The staff give the most careful attention to every comer. And any one of higher make-up than a chimpanzee, if, as Dr. Palfrey says, "he be of Anglo-Saxon lineage," can come away, after a morning's lounge there, certain that "the blood of King Egbert runs in his veins."



CHARLESBANK—CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN FOREGROUND

Now we will turn from these mammoth libraries, for people who love books already, to one of the Boston institutions which teaches children to love them. This is the "Home Library."

A Home Library is a set of fifteen good books for children, with a selection of children's magazines, all put up in a neat bookcase. This library is taken to the home of Max Schwartz or Celia Kelley, and Celia or Max becomes librarian, while the neighbor children, to the number of ten, are the patrons. All books are approved by a competent committee, and in each set there are stories of home life, stories of travel or adventure, something for the youngest and something to encourage the older ones toward the reading of grown-ups. Each group of children is placed under the care of some person of sense, who meets them once a week, and spends an hour or two in talk about the books, in playing games, or, in whatever way, in widening the range of life for these children of the tenements. Eighty such libraries are now in use; and when, after two or three months, a set of books has been thoroughly read, they are passed on to another home, and replaced by a set which has been doing duty elsewhere.

Now we must pass from lectures and libraries to schools or colleges where men and women are entered as students, and work daily and regularly. The "Tech," as we call the Institute of Technology, the Boston University, Boston College, the Normal School of Art, the Museum Art School and the private Cowles School, the New England Conservatory of Music and one or two smaller conservatories, are the principal schools which may be called the professional schools of Boston.

The public-school system embraces also six high schools, three Latin schools. There is also an evening high school, to which any person more than sixteen years old may go. It has pupils of all ages—many men and women. The number in all the classes is nearly three thousand. The school building of the High and Latin Schools—also occupied by the Evening High School—is one of the finest school buildings in the country. The library of the Latin School is one of the choicest, and least visited, of the city "lions."

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was opened in 1865. It owes its foundation largely to the earnest purpose of Dr. William Barton Rogers, its first President. It unites schools of chemistry, architecture, civil engineering, steam engineering, topographical engineering, and electrical engineering. It prides itself on its laboratory work.

H. E. Scudder
Editor "Atlantic Monthly."

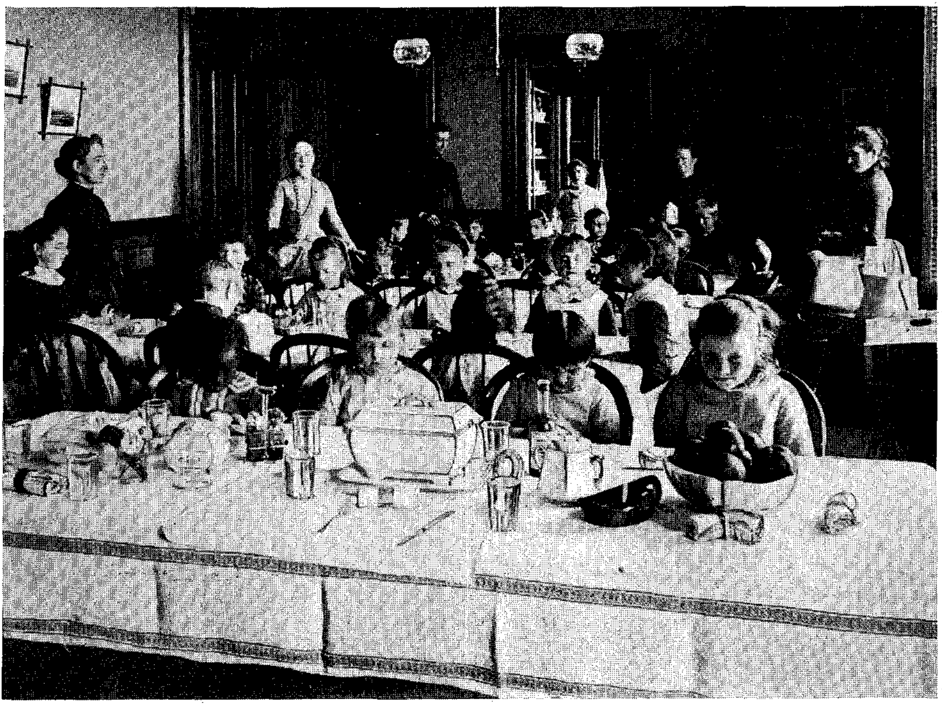
Rev. Timothy Brosnahan
President Boston College

Rev. James De Normandie
Trustee Public Library

Samuel F. Hubbard
North End Union

Mr. Edwin Ginn
President People's Building Association

Its school of biology, at the head of which is Sedgwick, is easily granted to be the first in America. The "Tech." is the largest scientific and technical school in the United States, and one of the largest in the world. Last year's catalogue showed 137 teachers, and 1,183 pupils, from 37 States and 19 foreign countries. Its characteristics, as stated by its own staff, are: (1) The variety of its courses; (2) the unusually large amount of laboratory work; (3) its high standard of scholarship; (4) the requisition of a large amount of general, or what the world calls liberal, studies; (5) the high grade of its thesis work. It occupies six large buildings near Copley Square. In the very heart of the finest part of Boston, it bears daily testimony to the spirit which made Boston. As you meet the crowds of students, with note-books and portfolios, you remember the Latin Quarter of Paris.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT—KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND

Close at hand, fronting Copley Square, is the Art Museum. It occupies three sides of a hollow square, of which the fourth side, completing the Museum, is yet to be built. The collection of casts and statues is excellent, and one is glad always to see students at work there. The collection of pictures is large, and is frequently reinforced by the loan of pictures or collections offered by private owners.

The Museum Art School is maintained in the basement of the same building, and the pupils have all the advantages of study which such a collection can give. The regular course of study covers three years, and the work of the students, as it is occasionally exhibited, is enough to show how high is the standard of the school.

Not far away is the State Normal Art School, founded to prepare teachers who are to take charge of drawing classes in the public schools. More than a thousand pupils have taken the certificates or diplomas here in the last twenty years. Cowles's Art School, a private school, has maintained a high reputation in the eagerness for instruction in fine art which has revealed itself in late years.

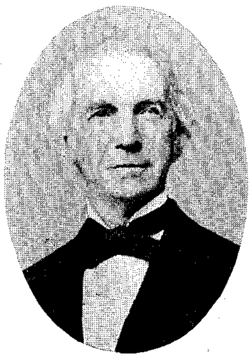
By far the largest school of musical instruction is the New England Conservatory of Music. It was founded by the energy and devotion of the late Dr. Eben Tourgée, who died in 1891. It is now conducted by a Board of Trustees, of which Mr. Richard H. Dana is the head. The extent of its work appears from the treasurer's report, which shows an expense of a quarter of a million dollars annually. In its most prosperous year it received 2,271 pupils. Last year, in the extreme depression of business, it received only 1,500. But this falling off is not due to any lowering of the standard or weakening of the staff. It has the confidence and help of the leaders of the musical resources of Boston. Its full course covers four years.

Besides these great colleges of technology, fine arts, and music, there are the colleges or universities of liberal arts—

Herbert Putnam
Librarian Boston Public Library

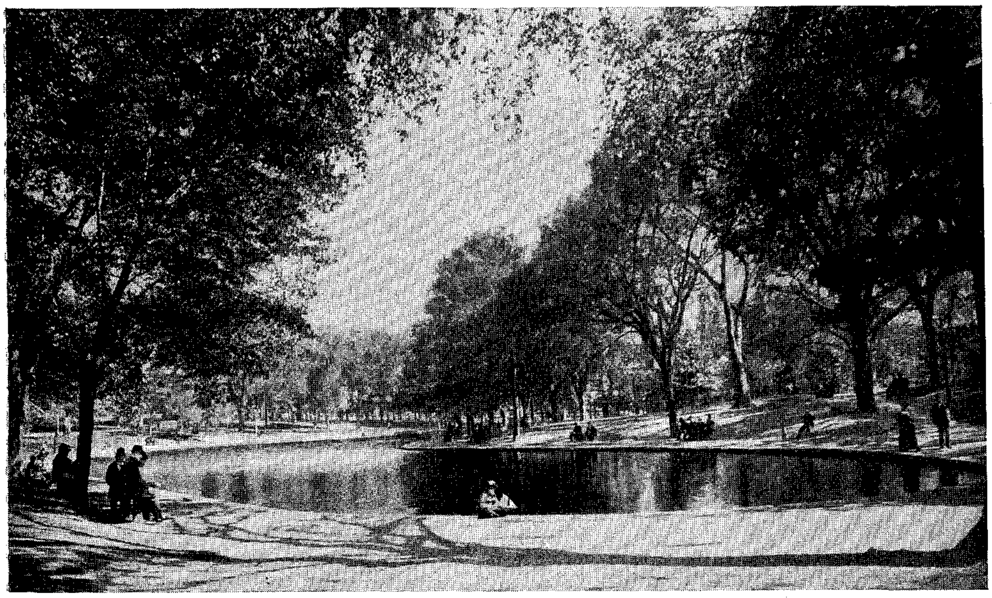
Samuel B. Capen
President Municipal League

Richard H. Dana
President of Trustees, New England Conservatory of Music



Dr. B. E. Cotting
Curator Lowell Institute

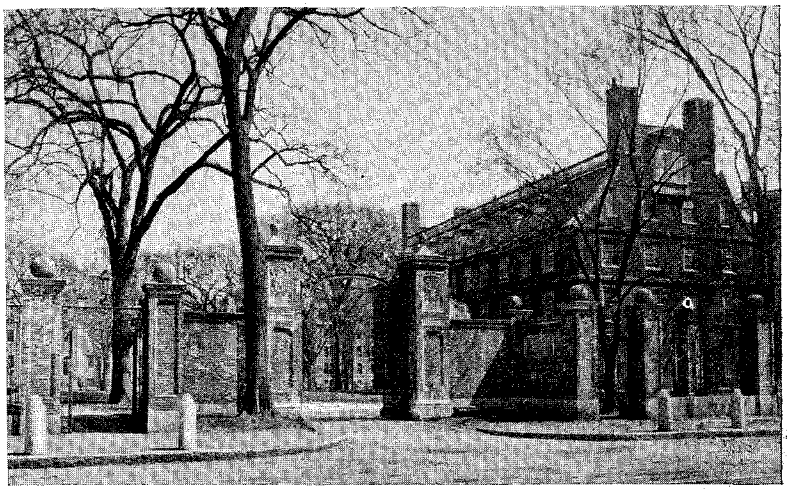
Hon. Charles Francis Adams
President Massachusetts Historical Society



BOSTON COMMON—THE FROG POND

Harvard University, the Boston University, and Boston College. But we must ask The Outlook to give us a separate article for them and their five thousand scholars.

Harvard University is technically spoken of as "at Cambridge." And we old purists, under the lead of Edward Everett when he was President of the University, made a fight to call it by the name "University at Cambridge," by which it is known in the State Constitution. But the young set, which is now growing old, were too much for us. Our name was thrown out of the window, and "Harvard University" is the name by which it wins its well-deserved laurels. This is no matter. For Cambridge proper is but half a mile from Boston proper, and is quite within the larger Boston. Indeed, four of the sixteen schools of the University are in the territorial limits of the municipality of Boston, if any one cares what they are. These four are the Boylston Medical School, the Bussey Institute of Agriculture, the School of Dentistry, and the Veterinary School. The University also maintains an observatory in the Andes. Every year shows some new building, or gateway, or other improvement, in the grounds —only too small—at Cambridge. Within a few years the noble Soldiers' Field for athletes has been added to the University domain, on the Brighton side of Charles River. The Arnold Arboretum of the University makes one of the finest points in the system of Boston parks.



JOHNSTON GATEWAY TO THE QUADRANGLE

(Harvard University)

The Boston University has no dormitories for students; its students, men and women, live where they will. Its principal buildings are near the State House, on the highest ground in Boston. It maintains a Department of Liberal Arts (with 353 students), of which the standard is as high as that of any American college. It has also departments of agriculture, of theology, of law, and of medicine. Its medical school was the first in America to require a four years' course of study for a degree. It receives both sexes to each of its schools. Its students last year came from thirty-six American States and twenty-one foreign countries; in all the branches there are 1,252.

Boston College has a fine building near the New England Conservatory. Its President now is the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, of the Society of Jesus, and the College is under the system of that Society. The pupils are mostly of the Church of Rome. But no student is refused participation in the privileges, honors, or degrees of the College on account of his religious opinions.

With such scanty notice we must pass, for the present, the three colleges which have much to do with our Higher Life.

On a rough estimate, made from this year's catalogues, there are more than nine thousand young men and women, who have come from places outside of Boston for study, in higher grades of study than those of ordinary schools. Of these nine thousand persons, more than two-thirds are men. The Conservatory and art schools have a majority of women. But the three colleges and the Technology have many more men than women. Now probably there belong in Boston twenty-five thousand young men between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. The Young Men's Christian Union alone enrolls in its classes, clubs, and gymnasium five thousand members; the Christian Association more than half as many. To their number is added, every winter, this group of six thousand or more who are engaged in study of some of what we call the higher branches of human interest. When you meet in the street a man of about this age, the chances are one to three that he belongs to the class which once had the "benefit of clergy." They used to say that every eighth man in Rome was a priest. These figures seem to show that every fourth young man in Boston in winter is a student.

Such a condition affects social intercourse, in a certain way. It affects life, as I see it, in the details of the interests of a church. I found, one evening, a little group of three young people talking together in the parlor of our church. One of these was from Oregon, one from South Carolina, and one from New Jersey. Nor was this in the least exceptional. These young people rove from point to point in Boston for their amusement and for their improvement. They know just what is going on. They understand the machinery of the Public Library much better than we old residents do. And they can tell you, by some divine gift of prophecy, whether it is worth your while or not to attend on the proposals of some side-show. In a word, Boston is a university city. But old Boston hardly knows this itself.

Within twenty years past the necessity of providing air, sunshine, and the enjoyment of nature for all has compelled the establishment of public parks for the people of Boston.

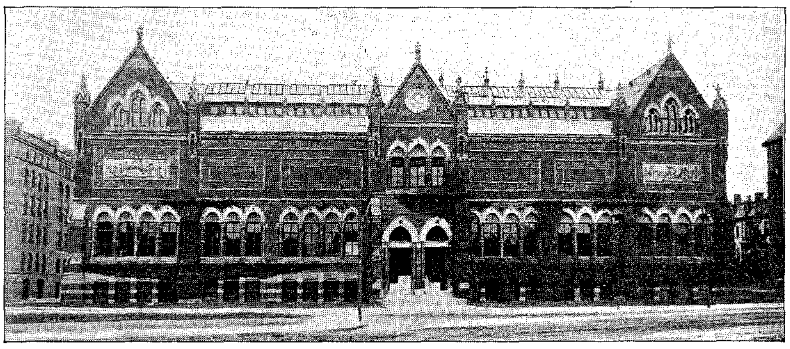
There are now two well equipped and endowed commissions appointed to meet this necessity. The Boston Park Commission has opened to the public a belt of park-spaces which circle the city, centering in Franklin Park, an area of several hundred acres, fortunately situated. This has been rather over-improved, with its curbstones, asphalt, and macadam, and other insults to nature. But time and good sense will correct the work of such audacity; and We the People gain playgrounds, bicycle-grounds, a good chance for driving, and pretty walks, within reach of a five-cent fare.

Seaward, the Commission has succeeded in rescuing a beautiful island, the "Castle Island" of the fathers. This gives to the people a charming summer resort where winds are cool and the ocean beats the shores. The bathing-places make part of the equipment.

It is said that east of the Worcester County hills there is no land in Massachusetts worth a cent an acre for cultivation, except that which can be used for vegetable gardens. However this may be, we have all the better chance for public parks, and our admirable General Park Act has stimulated public action that way. A Metropolitan Park Commission was formed three years ago, which has already, at the public charge, bought the Blue Hills, the Middlesex Fells, and two small reservations of fine scenery, all within ten miles of Boston. These make in all nearly seven thousand acres open to every one. Revere Beach, a beautiful sea-reach on the Atlantic, has been brought under the same admirable dominion.

Please remember that, in Algonkin, Mattachusett means "Great Hill," and that the highest Blue Hill, which thus becomes the property of the State, gives the State its name. One of the smaller holdings, purchased by a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, gives the State the Waverley Oaks, the "finest clump of oaks in New England."

Of all the parks, that which gives the most pleasure and life to the square inch is Charlesbank—right on the edge of the most crowded streets or alleys of Boston. No five-cent fares here between you and God's handiwork! Just the two feet under you which "God and nature" put into the control of most of us. To see the mothers sitting on the benches, while the boys and girls are climbing in the gymnasium, or the babies playing in the sand-gardens—this is what the prophet calls "joy unalloyed."



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

For the benefit of other people, who have to control public breathing-places, I reveal a great discovery.

Call the place a *Forest* from the first, and not a *Park*. If it is a Park, it has to have curbstones and levels. The checkerberry-patches have to be raised eleven inches and a quarter, or lowered nine feet and a half. And the "improvement" of the park costs you a hundred thousand dollars an acre. On the other hand, if you call it a Forest, and talk glibly about the New Forest and Epping Forest, then you can improve it enough for only a thousand dollars an acre, and you will be confirmed in the opinion that the good God is the best of landscape gardeners.

All these enterprises, so far as they succeed, are tokens of good government, from the time when Winthrop and the rest founded the Free Grammar School in 1635. All of them rest on the public spirit of the community and the support it gives to law.

As to the detail of administration, our new Mayor, Josiah Quincy, says that in the improvements made in our city charter in the last quarter-century, it has been made to conform more closely to the standards of the most judicious students of municipal constitutions than that of any other American city.

But forms are nothing without public spirit. Let us say it reverently, this public spirit must be a Holy Spirit, or The Holy Spirit. And while no club, coterie, or society affects to have this Spirit shut up in a casket, as, in the Arabian Nights, Solomon's spirit was locked up, there are many organizations, large or small, public or private, which exist simply to give to It encouragement and to quicken Its growth. Every large church, I think—certainly all in the Protestant communions—regards the good government of the city as a special business of its church clubs. The subjects for discussion at the monthly public meetings of the Baptist and Congregational Unions, of the Episcopal Club and Unitarian Club, often look this way. At my own church the Christian Citizenship Class, of fifty or more members, meets every Sunday noon.

The city owes much in this direction to Samuel B. Capen, President of the Municipal League, and to Edwin D. Mead, President of the Twentieth Century Club, and to these clubs. Mr. Capen had done essential service in the presidency of the School Committee, and Mr. Mead in charge of the Old South Historical Work.

The Municipal League is made up of members chosen from all the societies—religious, mercantile, or literary—which claim as part of their work the good government of Boston. It may not engage in the National Government or its politics, but it does study, and acts upon, the legislation and the elections which bear on the city government or its details. The Twentieth Century Club embodies three hundred members, men and women, for conference, social or public, and interests itself in any themes of moral, spiritual, or social improvement. The membership brings together a large number of the leaders of opinion. It maintains a club-room, and has begun to form a library. The Good Citizenship Society provides lectures and circulates reports bearing on the duties of citizens in whatever relations. The Lyceum League is an alliance of Debating Societies of young men, and young women if they choose, who discuss and study similar questions. The Old South Work, with the Old South Meeting-House as its center, arranges courses of lectures, provides for historical study, and issues the Old South Leaflets, now generally known among political students. Another aid to good government is found in the "better dwellings" societies, which, under the lead of Mr. Paine, Mr. Ginn, and other gentlemen, are doing what can be done to break up the overcrowding of the tenement districts, and to place families in homes outside the city.

The North End Union, under the oversight of Samuel F. Hubbard, maintains a Children's House. The city has established one of the public kindergartens there which meets in the morning, and there is a general good time in the afternoon. The children absolutely flock to the house, and it is curious to note the sort of freemasonry developed among them as "Union" boys and girls. Here is a social home for young men, where care is used in selecting the best reading for them; lectures on the topics of the day are given by the brightest speakers of the city. The more active boys have gymnastics, a drum corps, and a drill club, while the girls have clubs, classes, and gymnasitcs. A public bath is now open for a small fee.

This is one of various enterprises, large and small, which attempt to keep boys and girls off the streets, away from vicious amusements, and to prepare them for life. St. Andrew's, Barnard Memorial, the Institute of Industry, are others.

In such endeavors the "Settlements," so called, furnish ready workmen. Harvard College and the Boston University enroll many students who take classes in these working schools. The South End House (formerly Andover House), Trinity House, Hale House, Lincoln House, the Every-Day House, Denison House, Dorothea House, the Epworth League House, the new Kindergarten House, St. Stephen's, St. Andrew's, are perhaps the best known of these settlements. But all of them have a proper reserve about publishing their plans or their successes.

A Visit to Penzance

By Arthur Reed Kimball

A CORNISH FISHWIFE

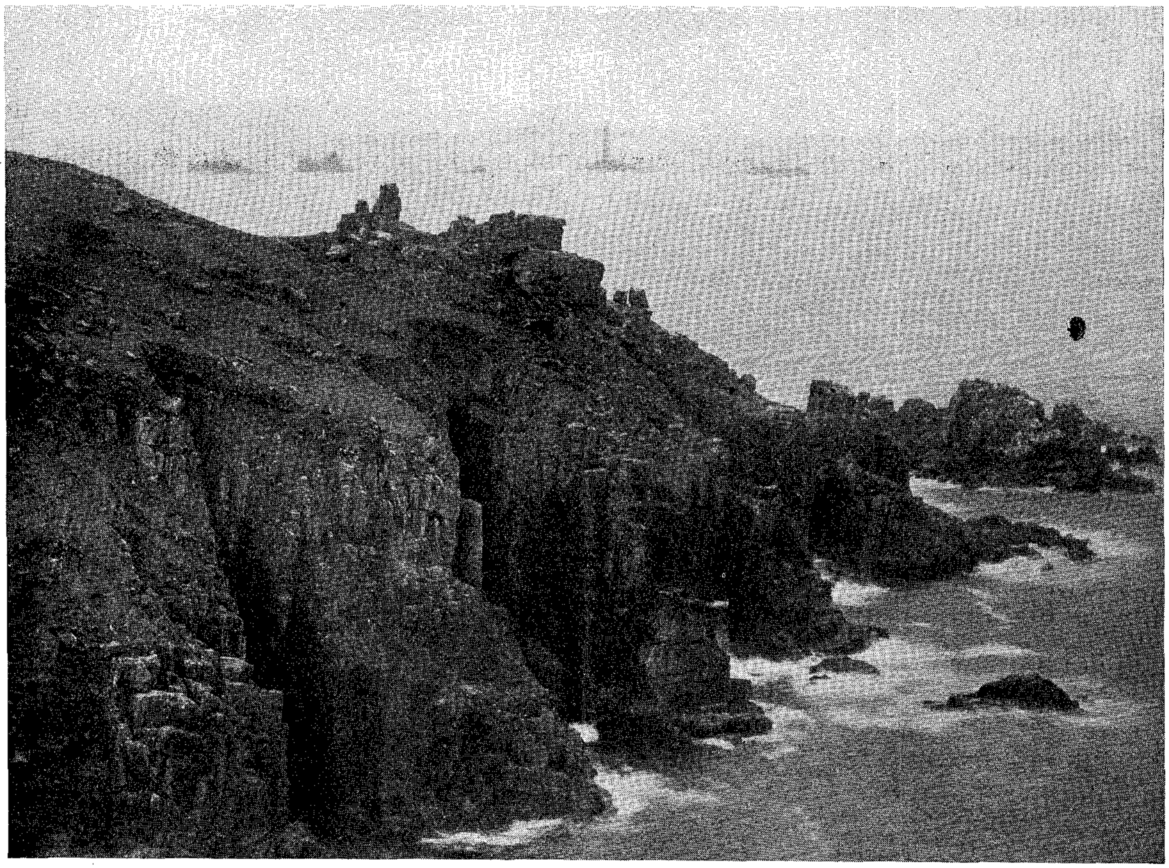
Comparatively few Americans when in England visit the Penzance district. The principal reason is not that its rare picturesqueness is disputed, but because, as the phrase goes, "there are so many other places better worth the seeing." A trip abroad is an event for the great majority of Americans. In deciding on their itinerary they are guided by a travel-conscience, a sense of responsibility for the disposition of their time. It is much the same feeling that one had in visiting the Chicago World's Fair—the feeling that one was in duty bound to see all that there was to see "of importance," because the chance to see it again would never come. In foreign travel this phrase "of importance" covers any historic spot, or famous view, or "preserved ruin" within reaching distance. To break off, then, from the accustomed route of travel for the sake of a remote corner of Cornwall—a district popularly known by name on this side the water through the pirates of Gilbert's opera—seems an almost wicked waste of precious opportunity.

In personal palliation for violating this excellent principle may be pleaded the need of rest after the actual physical weariness of conscientious travel, a desire to see a characteristic bit of England visited only by the occasional American, and a curiosity to discover the peculiar charm of the region for that now famous group of artists known as "the Newlyn School."

Taking up the last first, Newlyn is as much a part of the view, when facing the beautiful Penzance Bay, as St. Michael's Mount itself—a rocky, castle-crowned islet standing out a silent sentinel on the extreme left. On the extreme right is the fishing village of Newlyn, a cluster of small white houses clinging to the hillside, steep of path to reach, set closely together purposely, one imagines, to bolster each other up when the waves leap up from below or the winds sweep down from above. The narrowest of narrow lanes, as crooked as they are narrow, thread the spaces between these crowded houses, as completely walling the visitor in as at Tangiers itself. "Picturesque but stifling" is the visitor's first comment, marveling at the choice of Newlyn by artists, who seem most of all to need roominess. It is in striking contrast with any preconceived idea of an art settlement that an American may bring with him from Mr. Chase's art colony at Shinnecock, where the long stretches of the open reach far out over the dunes. Indeed, this first "shut-in" effect of Newlyn is much the same as that of Barbizon, the home of Millet and Rousseau, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. It is only by entering a Newlyn house and seeing the view from a second-story window that its possibilities can be appreciated.

The contrast between Newlyn and Shinnecock does not stop with first impressions. There is no "Newlyn school," properly speaking. Only a very few pupils, of a single artist, go there at all, and those few receive their instruction in Penzance. Still further, of the score of artists who live in Newlyn, no two are working on exactly the same lines. The fact that most, if not all, of them received their early art-training in Paris is almost the sole ground for classing them, as is popularly done, as a group of "transplanted impressionists." A typical instance of the independence of their work is Frank Bramley, the distinguished Newlynite, who is to-day tending toward sympathy with the Glasgow school, and the stress it lays on a proper attention to values. Stanhope Forbes, the discoverer of Newlyn, put it patly when he said, in repudiating the "school" idea, "We are simply a lot of jolly good fellows, and we live at Newlyn."

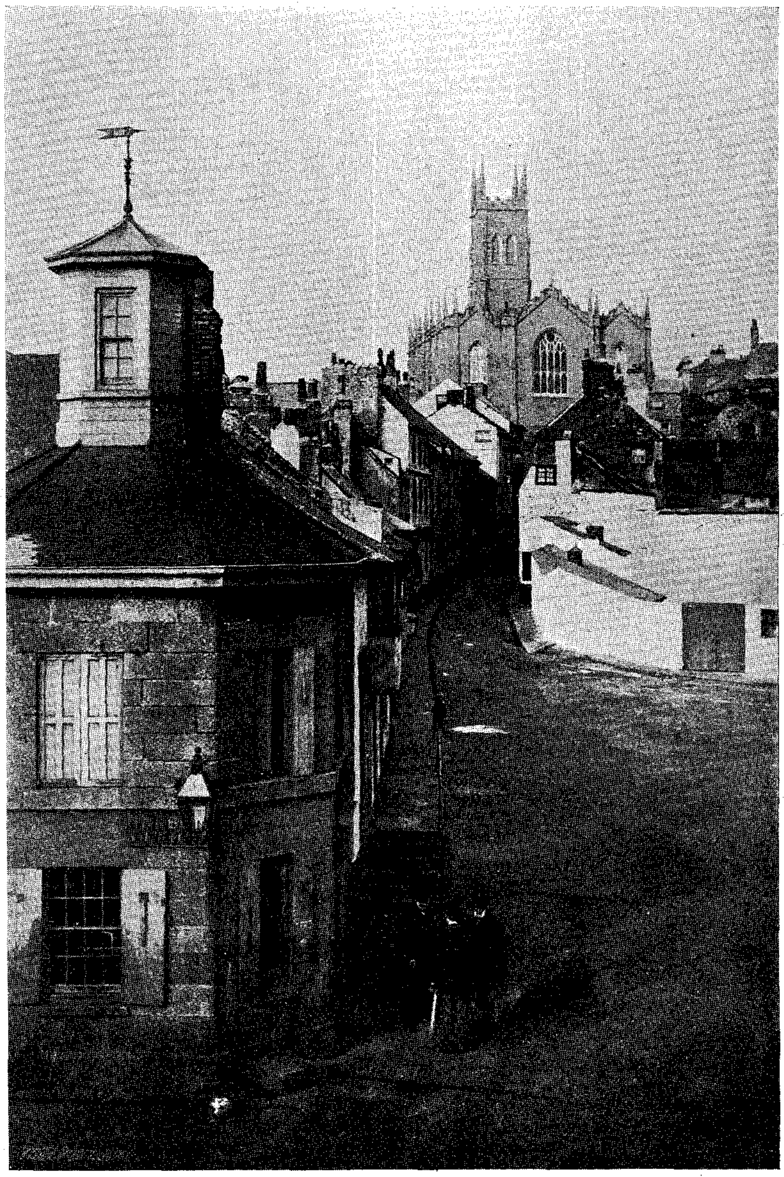
Stranger yet to those who think of art settlements



LAND'S END, SHOWING LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE as summer colonies, summer is the time when most of the Newlyn artists take their vacations. They go up to London to see where their pictures have been hung at the Academy (not from any special respect for Academy judgments, but from a despised commercial necessity), and they run over to Paris and the Continent. This is because, for the most part, the Newlyn artists are figure-painters. Their perch on the hillside affords excellent light for their studios (some of them made of glass) in the short days of fall, winter, and spring; the fisher-folk, especially the fishwives, are the best of models, close at hand and reasonable in price; and living is good and cheap. But for these reasons the Newlyn artists might as advantageously do their work in London.

On the other hand, Newlyn, in addition to its beautiful outlook and its climate, sought by invalids even in winter, offers opportunity for a pleasant and stimulating social intimacy among people of congenial tastes and similar circumstances—an intimacy hardly possible in a large city or a metropolis. "Newlyn evenings" are highly prized by those privileged to be the guests of the artists. These evenings are marked by a truly Bohemian informality. For example, men can attend them in any clothes they care to wear, from conventional evening dress to tennis flannels. Whether the attraction of a given evening be a dance, or a play—Newlyn artists are greatly given to acting—or music, or cards, or simply conversation, matters little. There is always spirit and go and comradeship—the ozone of the atmosphere in which thrives a genuine social life.

Speaking of their fondness for acting recalls a humorous experience at the expense of these Newlyn artist-actors. Some years ago they offered to give a play for the benefit of the hospital in Penzance. Unluckily, no profits resulted for anybody, but instead there was a considerable deficit. Every winter since, the expecting but disappointed donors have felt obliged to give at least one play in an attempt to make that deficit good.


A STREET IN PENZANCE

The visitor knows that he is in Newlyn as soon as he has crossed the bridge at the end of the Penzance esplanade. This is told to him by a little art building, not yet entirely finished. It is the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards, a kind of English Andrew Carnegie, who has given some twenty buildings in all, mostly public libraries, to various places. There is a suggestion of conventionality, and therefore of incongruity, in an art building for Newlyn. It seems unsuited to the simplicity and individuality of its art life. But this is perhaps an ungracious comment better left unmade. No doubt in time the new art building will come to fill a valuable place.

One is tempted to linger unduly on the Newlyn side of Penzance, as if interest clustered in it chiefly because a group of artists have chosen it for a home, have sealed it with the distinction of their æsthetic approval. But Penzance needs no patronage even from an art colony of distinction. It is its own attraction. To the English visitor, indeed, Penzance, the town, is only one of the smaller, quieter summer resorts. This would hardly be a reason for an American to visit it, when Brighton gives so much better chance to see English watering-place life. Rather, to the American, the charm of Penzance is that it is small and quiet—"off the beat" of the American tourist. It affords an unusual opportunity to get close to what is quaint and primitive in a genuine way. There is an entire absence of any suggestion of possible preparation for sightseers—as of posing for tableaux—which is sometimes offensively conspicuous. There is no disillusion in a visit to Penzance. In its simplicity, smacking of the sea, it recalls Nantucket to the American, especially as it too has its town-crier, an active old man of eighty, spry of foot, vigorous of lungs, and equally vigorous in the way he rings his bell.

Indeed, so old-fashioned is Penzance in all its ways that it was almost a shock when attending service at St. Mary's on a Sunday morning to hear the vicar preach a sermon in favor of free pews and on the duty of "reaching the masses." One did not suppose that "the masses" existed in that out-of-the-way corner of Cornwall. Similarly, it was a surprise to find that Mr. George Gould was a much more popular person in Penzance than the Prince of Wales, because he had given £25 to the Penzance yachting regatta, while H. R. H. refused even the use of his name as patron, although he is Duke of Cornwall. It was only human nature, under the circumstances, for the people of Penzance to cheer the Vigilant rather than the Britannia. But it was a disappointment to find simple Cornish loyalty thus corrupted by a sordid worldliness.

Much more in keeping was it with what one naturally expected, and wanted to expect, on driving to Gurnard's Head—one of the wildest sea-views in Penwith—to have for a guide an old woman who had never seen an American before. To find one's self actually a curiosity, instead of a commonplace, was as novel as it was refreshing. When asked whether she had ever been in Devonshire (the next county), she replied slowly: "Once, when I was a little girl. But Devonshire is a long ways off, and [reflectively] America is ever so much farther off than Devonshire!" That old woman of Gurnard's Head is a type. Again and again in driving out from Penzance one sees villages and people such as Mrs. Humphry Ward might sketch in a companion-piece to "Bessie Costrell." Reading that little book at home here in America one can scarcely believe that such villages and people are possible in nineteenth-century England.

One great charm of the Penzance country is its possible variety of scenery in the course of a single drive. For example, in driving from Penzance to St. Ives by way of Gurnard's Head, and home by the direct route, one sees the rich garden greenness of rural England; the bleakness of treeless stretches, accentuated by the smokeless chimneys of abandoned tin-mines; the fierce ruggedness of bluffs rising sheer out of the sea, with here and there among the rocks the house of the coast guard to suggest the nearness of shipwreck and death; the beautiful fishing village of St. Ives, the home of not a few artists, its bay a Mediterranean blue under the summer sun; and, finally, another succession of tree-shaded lanes and verdure-clad fields. As everywhere else in England, there is always present that sense of a historic past so precious to the American—a rock-pile relic of the Cornish kings, an effigy of a Crusader in the churchyard, some reminder of the Spanish torch in the days of the Armada, or the spot where Wesley preached to the throngs of Cornish miners.

Of many noteworthy spots near Penzance, Land's End comes first in interest. The very familiarity of its name piques curiosity. Yet a search of the visitors' register for more than a year back yielded but a beggarly few American names. It may be truthfully said of Land's End that it is satisfying, that it fills the full measure of anticipation as a picture of the final meeting and parting of land and sea. It is a scene eloquently expressive of constant war matched by constant defiance, of encroachment and resistance—great waves forever throwing themselves in vain against a headland of seamed granite. It is no wonder that Wesley, standing on the rock ledge bridging the cavernous chasm where meet the waters of St. George's and the English Channels, was moved to write his solemn hymn,

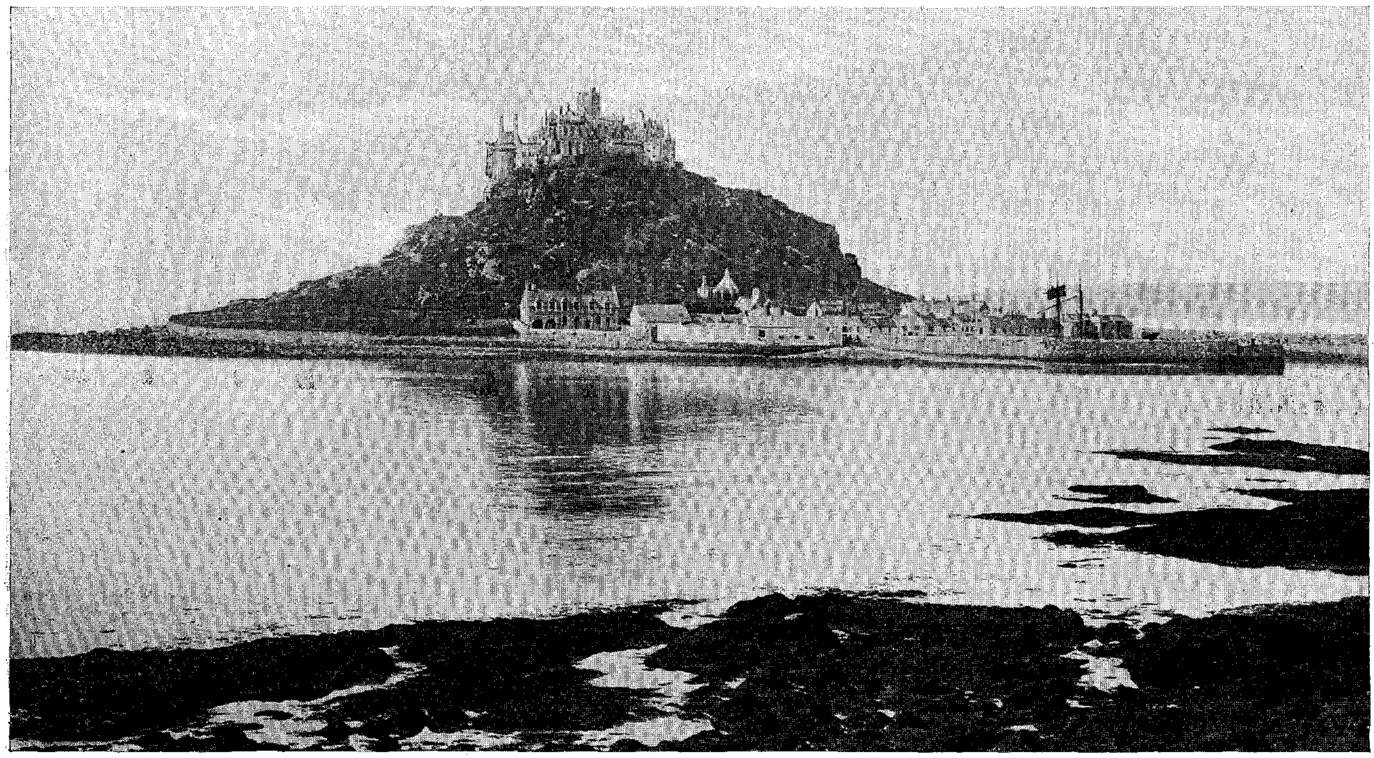
> Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.

Even the most frivolous, standing where Wesley stood, must feel a thrill of the solemnity he felt.

The Longships Lighthouse—its dangerous ledge of rocks barely to be seen above the waves, although apparently a stone's throw or so from shore—adds a typical touch of loneliness to a scene of which, as one looks seaward, the only sign of life is the gull or cormorant. The guide-book tells how "four of its keepers have been washed off the rocks and drowned, one committed suicide, one went mad, and one died in the lighthouse"—an accumulation of horrors easy of belief when the story is read on the spot. The last horror, however, is the only one of which there seemed to be any local knowledge. It had always been the custom, so the sea-folk said, for two keepers to be assigned together to the lighthouse. During a great storm one of these keepers was taken sick and died. It was days before the survivor could signal the shore, or a boat could be sent to him. Meanwhile he was imprisoned in that little sentry-box with the body of his companion, the waves, as they broke over the lighthouse, completely engulfing it. For minutes at a time it was as entirely shut out from view on shore as if it had been washed away. After this ghastly experience three men have been assigned together to Longships Lighthouse, a fourth on shore relieving one of them once a fortnight, and then staying a term of six weeks at the lighthouse.

To such men it is given to understand, perhaps even better than to sailors on a ship, what the fury and turmoil of the sea is after a long-continued storm, as Ruskin describes it, when "there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air—no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left—the heaven is all spray and the ocean all cloud, and you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract."

That must have been the awe-inspiring spectacle of the infuriated ocean as it looked to that lone watcher beside his companion's body in the Longships Lighthouse.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT IN PENZANCE BAY

* * *

Realism

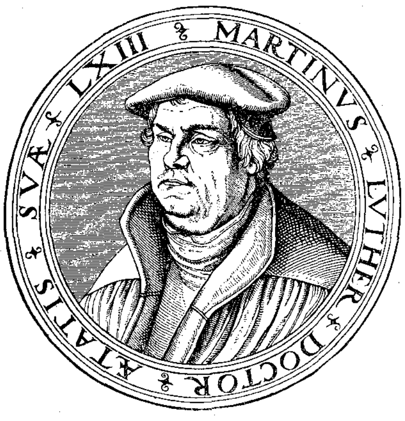
By Priscilla Leonard

The poets reach a deeper life
Than microscope or surgeon's knife.
Groping for facts, we lose the real;
Truth, to be true, must be ideal,
Serenely showing sun and star
To be as real as maggots are.

Martin Luther, the Prophet of the Reformation

Prophets of the Christian Faith Series—VI.[1]

By Adolf Harnack


MARTINVS LUTHER DOCTOR ÆTATIS SVÆ LXIII

LUTHER AT SIXTY-THREE
An old Woodcut of the Cranach school

He came in the fullness of time—when the rule of the Roman Church, which had hitherto educated the peoples, had become a tyranny, when States and nations were beginning to throw off an ecclesiastical yoke and independently to organize themselves in accordance with their own laws.

He came in the fullness of time—when the economic conditions of Europe, both through inner developments and through the discovery of distant lands, had become completely changed, and the method of administration of their estates by the Roman priests and monks was no longer tenable.

He came in the fullness of time—when mediæval churchly science had outlived its usefulness and when the tree of knowledge was producing young, fresh shoots.

ARMS OF THE LUTHER FAMILY

He came in the fullness of time—when the classes and castes of the Middle Ages were disintegrating, and when everywhere the individual, supported by the new culture of the Renaissance, was striving to struggle up to independence. He came when the monastic idea of life had run through all phases of its development, and when man was beginning to esteem an active not less than an ascetic life.

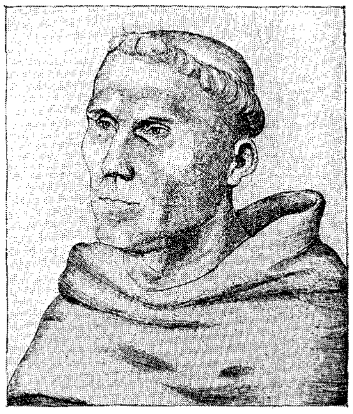
He came in the fullness of time—when laymen were no longer satisfied with priest and sacrament, but were seeking God himself, and were feeling the personal responsibility of their own souls. He came as man was recognizing the precepts of the Church to be but arbitrary laws, and her traditions as only innovations and forgeries.

He was no universal genius, no Plato, no Leibnitz. He did not grasp all the conditions of his time; nay, he did not even know them all. His education was mediocre. He was no sharp and refined thinker, he was no humanist, he was no critic; his vocation was not to rectify theoretical errors just because they were errors. The sphere of science was not his sphere; indeed, he had an instinctive and never entirely conquered suspicion of "reason."

He was no saint, no Francis, who, through the glow of feeling, through the sweetness of his spirit or the power of his sacrifice, swept every one along with him. He was also no agitator, no orator, who, like Savonarola, could move and inflame the masses.

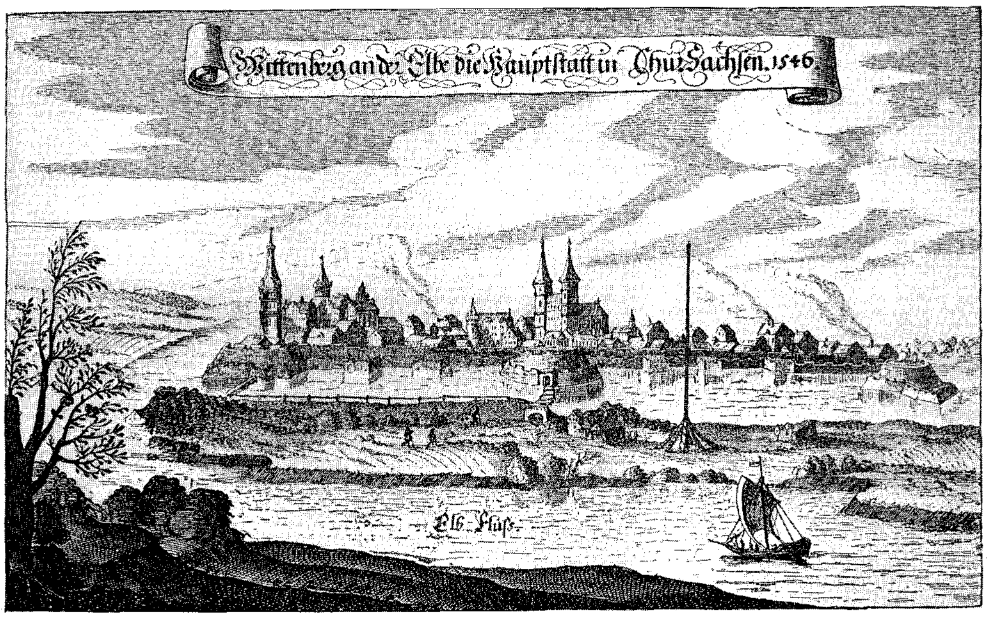
Luther was no cosmopolitan, but a German with the marked characteristics of his nation, a German as monk, as professor, and as reformer. His personality has never been understood by the Romanic races; it has never impressed them; his thoughts alone have been able to take root among them.

How was this man, then, able to become the reformer of the Western Church? How was it that this professor in a little German university, in the midst of an uncultivated environment, could unfetter the great movement by which the new epoch in the history of the world began? How did it happen that, through him, "the time was fulfilled"? He was in only one thing great and mighty, overwhelmingly and irresistibly the master of his time, victoriously overcoming the history of a thousand years in order to force his age into new channels.



LUTHER WHEN A MONK
(Cranach, 1520)

He was great only in the rediscovered knowledge of God in the Gospels. What it means to have a God, what this God is, how he grasps us, and how we can apprehend and hold him—all that he experienced and that he proclaimed. In the midst of the night of his conventual life, as he strove to work out his salvation in fear and trembling, it dawned upon him like the sun: "The just shall live *by faith.*" In the midst of the complex system of what was called "religion," in the midst of unsatisfying consolations and of incomplete penances, he lived *religion itself*, and he led it out into freedom. The living God—not a philosophical or mystic abstraction—the manifest and gracious God, was a God to be reached by every Christian. Unchangeable reliance of the heart upon God, personal confidence of belief in Him who said, "I am thy salvation," that was to Luther the whole sum of religion. Beyond all care and trouble, beyond all arts of the ascetic, beyond all theological precepts, he dared to grasp God himself, and in this deed of faith his whole life won its independent sturdiness. "Mit unser Macht ist Nichts gethan"


Wittenberg an der Elbe die Hauptſtatt in ChurSachſen. 1546
Elb Fluſs

WITTENBERG
(From an old Copperplate)

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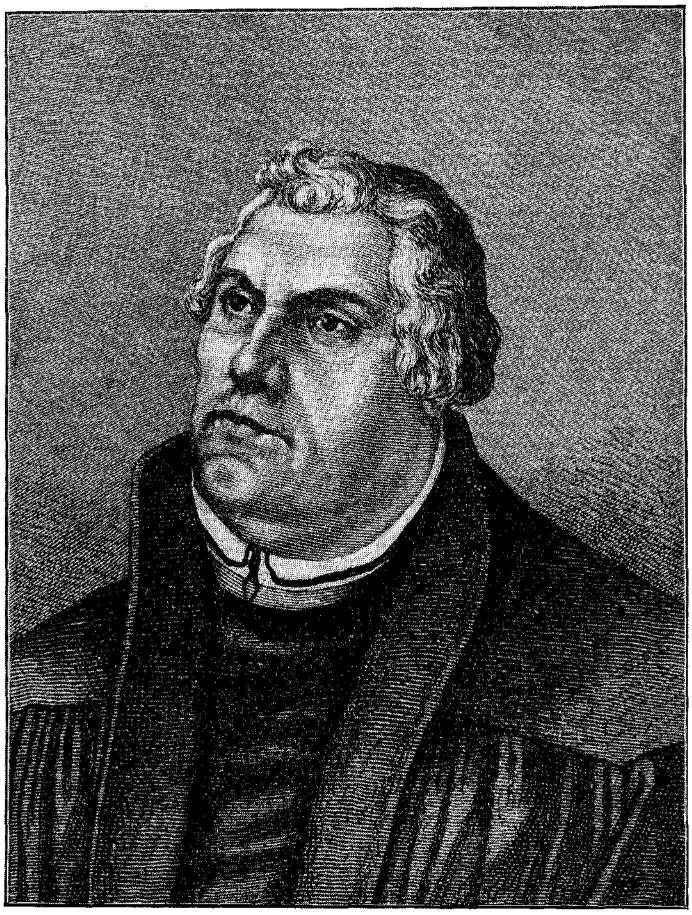
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); and "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14). Following articles in the series will be by Dean Farrar, Principal Fairbairn, the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D., and the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

("With our might is nothing done"). He knew the might which gives to our lives both firmness and freedom; he knew that might, and he called it by its name, Belief. To him that meant no longer an obedient acceptance of ecclesiastical dogmas, it meant no knowledge, no deed, but simply the personal and continual giving of the heart to God, a daily regeneration of man. That was his confession of faith, a living, busy, active thing, a sure trust, making one joyful and eager in the sight of God and man, something which makes us always ready to serve or to suffer. Despite all evil, yes, despite our sin and guilt, our life is hid in God, when we trust him as children trust their father. That was the vital thought and the vital power of Luther's life.

With equal certainty he perceived and experienced the other idea, the idea of "the freedom of a Christian." This freedom was to him no empty emancipation or the license for every whim. Freedom meant to Luther the liberation from every external or human authority in matters of belief and conscience. Christian freedom was to him the feeling of surety that, united with God, he was raised above the world, sin, death, and the devil. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Every soul that has found God, and in him has recognized its refuge, is free—so proclaimed Luther.



MARTIN LUTHER

After Cranach's Portrait (1532) in the Dresden Gallery

> Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
> Ein' gute Wehr und waffen.
>
> (A mighty fortress is our God,
> A bulwark never failing.)

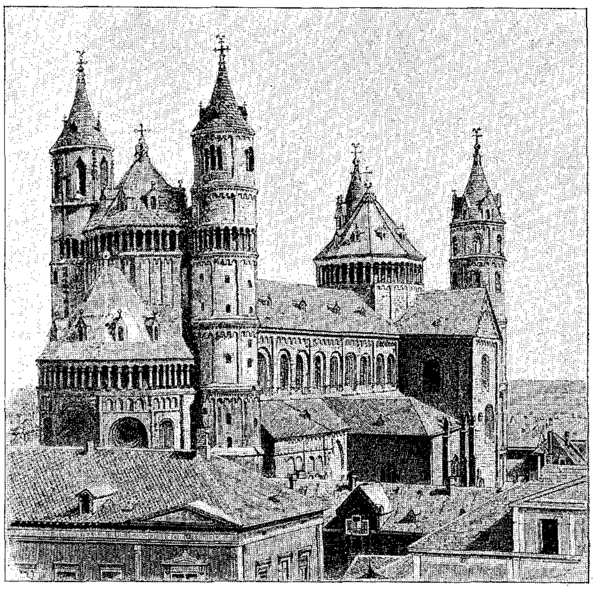
Let it be here remarked that, in the same hymn, Luther asks:

> Fragst du, wer er ist?
> Er heisset Jesus Christ,
> Der Herr Zebaoth,
> Und ist kein and'rer Gott.
>
> (Dost ask who that may be?
> Christ Jesus, it is he,
> His name, Lord Sabaoth;
> Nor is there other God.)

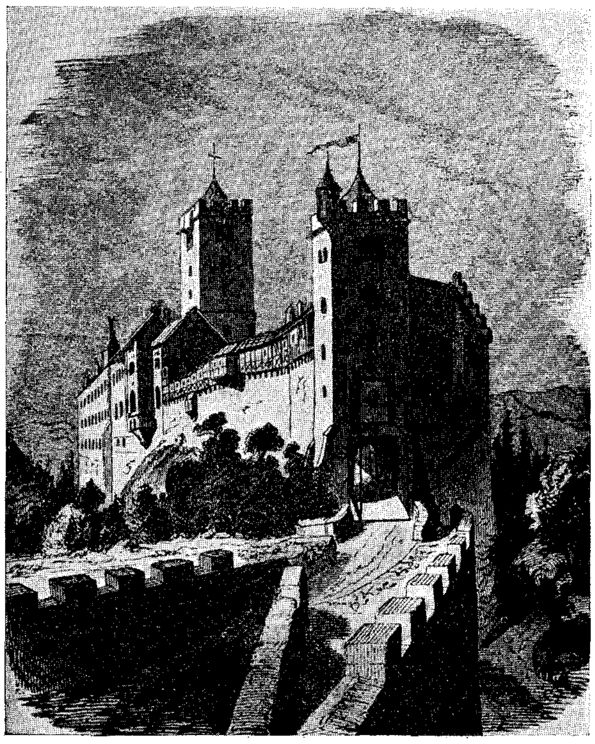
In Jesus Christ alone Luther recognized God. Outside of Christ he saw only a dark, frightful, and enigmatical Force. In Christ alone he saw the gracious God. Luther was no philosopher who would recognize God in the construction of the world; he was no mystic, who could raise God out of his own soul's secret depths. He was a faithful son of the Christian Church, convinced that she was in the right with her commission from Jesus Christ. He was a faithful disciple of Paul, and had learned from him that all knowledge of God lies locked up in the sentence, "God is the father of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was a faithful disciple of Christ himself, who said, "No man knoweth the Father save only the Son, and him to whom the Son will reveal Him."

Not only did Luther win God-knowledge in Jesus Christ, "the mirror of God's paternal heart," but also the fact that Jesus is the Redeemer, who through death has freed us from sin and blame. Paul's Gospel is also Luther's. Before the latter, no one in the Church really understood the Epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians. Just because he was convinced that he was putting the old, dimmed Gospel again in the light, he was far from the thought of adding anything to it. Never had he another plan than that *of restoring the old belief;* never did he think to fight against the Church, but always *for the Church* against a false and soul-dangerous practice; never did he dream that the Gospel had been really lost—no, but it was to be freed from a captivity into which the Pope, the priests, and the theologians had led it.

Great, lasting reformations are made only by conservative men; not those who "destroy," but those who "fulfill," bring about a new era. Luther—at the bottom of his heart the most conservative of men—has broken the mediæval Catholic system in pieces for millions of souls, and thus freed the history of progressive humanity from the shackles of that system. In that he vindicated the new and yet old Gospel, in that he freed the conscience of the individual from priest and statute, he struck deadly blows against the Church of the Middle Ages. For, (1) he overturned her teaching as to salvation—salvation not being a thing brought about by donations and merits, but the free grace of God, which gives us the conviction that we are his children. (2) He overturned the teaching as to Christian perfection—true Christian life does not consist in monasticism, but in an active life of fidelity to a calling, in humility, patience, and the service of love to our neighbor. (3) He overturned the teachings as regards the sacrament—God does not give us individual and different fragments of grace, but he gives us the forgiveness of sins and with it all grace, yes, he gives us himself as the Bread of our lives. (4) He overturned the priestly Church-system—God wills that all his children shall be priests, and he has instituted but one office, the office of proclaiming the Gospel and of



WORMS CATHEDRAL



THE WARTBURG CASTLE

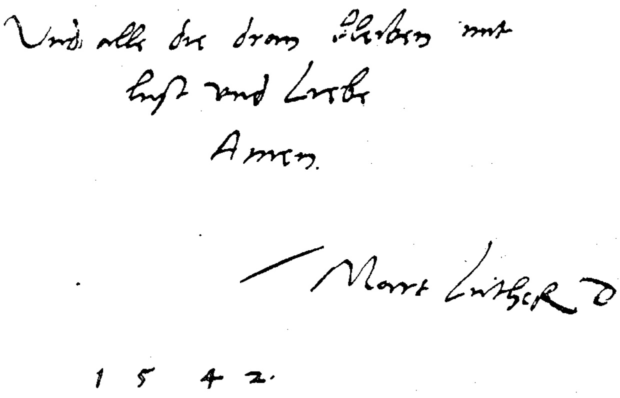
distributing forgiveness. (5) Luther overturned the mediæval church services—God will not be honored by means of ceremonies, masses, oblations, etc., but only through praise and thanksgiving, pleading and prayer. Every church service must be spiritual, and at the same time innately bound with service to one's neighbor. (6) He overturned the false authorities of Roman Catholicism. Not the Pope, nor the Councils, not even the letter of the Bible (yet here, in regard to the Bible, Luther was himself not completely clear), has unerring authority, but only the Gospel, the power and truth of which the soul inwardly knows.

All these points have to do with religion alone. Luther determined to purify religion and to free it from every strange thing which does not belong to it. Besides this he never had another independent interest; he did not care about bettering the world, or the State, or science, for themselves alone. Yet right here is revealed the truth of the saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." In that Luther thought out the Gospel in all its parts, proclaimed and applied it, all else fell into his lap; in that he liberated religion from mixture with that which is foreign to it, *he also liberated the natural life and the natural order of things*. He put everything in its right place, and gave everything freedom and room for development. Everywhere he broke apart unnatural ties, he loosed old chains, he gave air and light.

Theology through him is henceforth to be nothing else than the exposition of the Gospel, of how it has founded the Christian community and still keeps it together. The proof of theology is no longer derived from external authority or strange philosophical speculations, but by the simple fact of Christ's appearance, and by our inward experience.

Philosophy is no longer a feared servant or a seductive mistress of theology, but her independent sister. Languages and history are studied conscientiously and faithfully, in order to ascertain the right meaning of every word.

The State is no longer regarded as a half-sinful product of compulsion and need, and the creature of the Church, but as the God-willed, independent order of public social life.



Vnd alle die dran gleuben mit
lust vnd liebe
Amen.

Mart Luther D

1542.

FACSIMILE OF LUTHER'S WRITING (1542)

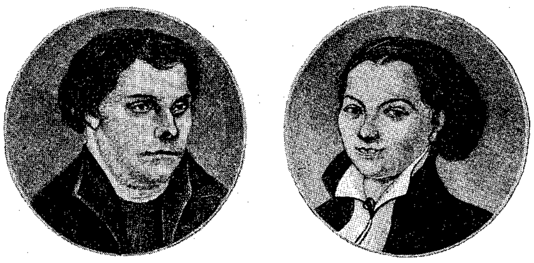
Law does not longer pass as a dangerous middle course, something between the might of the stronger and the virtue of the Christian, but as the independent, God-given rule of intercourse, always maintained by the "powers that be."

Marriage is no longer thought of as a divine concession towards the weak, but as a free bond between the sexes, a bond instituted by God, and free from tutelage on the part of the Church, and as the school of the highest morality.

General benefactions, such as the care of the poor, are not now so much pursued because of any desire to assure one's own salvation; they have become a free service to one's neighbor, the final scope and only reward of which is effective relief.

Above all things, however, in civil (as opposed to ecclesiastical) callings, activity in house and farm, in trade and official position, is no longer looked upon suspiciously as if it led away from our spiritual vocation. Men now know that the one who guides a household well, educates children patiently and faithfully, fulfills the duties of a calling—even though that one be but a poor boy or a lowly maid—stands in the rightful spiritual place and is higher than all monks and nuns.

Over the great period which we call the Middle Ages, over the chaos of non-independent and intricate forms, there soared the spirit of belief, which had recognized its own nature and therefore had also recognized its limits. Under its sway, all things that had a right to free existence now strove towards independent development. Before Luther, no one had ever separated so clearly and distinguishingly the great departments of life, and given to each its own right. Wonderful! this man would not teach the world other than what the being, the power, and the comfort of the Christian religion is; but in that he recognized this most important department in its own individuality, all other departments came to their own. Luther preached that the just man lives by faith, and that a child of God is a free master over all things. In that he so taught he indeed freed men and things, and thus showed that "the time was fulfilled," for he was called that the time should be fulfilled.



LUTHER AND KATHARINE BORA
(Cranach, 1525)

He became *the* reformer. Beside him Zwingli and Calvin can claim but second places; they are dependent on him. Yes, we can even say: *He was the Reformation.* He had experienced the Reformation in his own soul, when he struggled in the cloister with the creed of his Church. Everything which he afterwards said, wrote, and did, in Wittenberg, in Worms, and in Coburg, was only the natural consequence of that experience. Out of his breast, from the bottom of his heart, the Reformation streamed as a brook out of hidden springs in the rock. In one sense he did not give power and endurance to the Reformation: he did not set its bounds and aim, but the Reformation gushed from his spirit like a fruitful stream. "Here I stand; I can do no other," said he, before Emperor and Empire. When the lonely man thus spoke, it was decided that he, through his faith, like Abraham, should become the father of many thousands; it was decided that a great epoch in the history of mankind had finished its course, and a new was advancing.

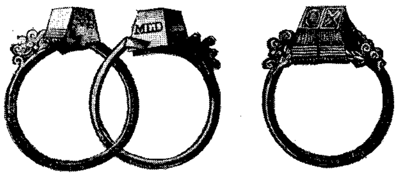
But we must not forget that it was four hundred years ago that Luther taught. The convenient belief that he thought out everything for us, and that we can rest on his teaching, is a foolish one. The greatest hero is always only a *finisher* for the past; as regards the future he is but a *beginner.* He who does not understand Luther so that he learns from him the spirit with which to solve new problems and lessons, and so that he endeavors to continue the Reformer's work, understands him falsely. The prophets have been given to us, not that we should build their graves, but that we should inflame our hearts through their faith and their courage.

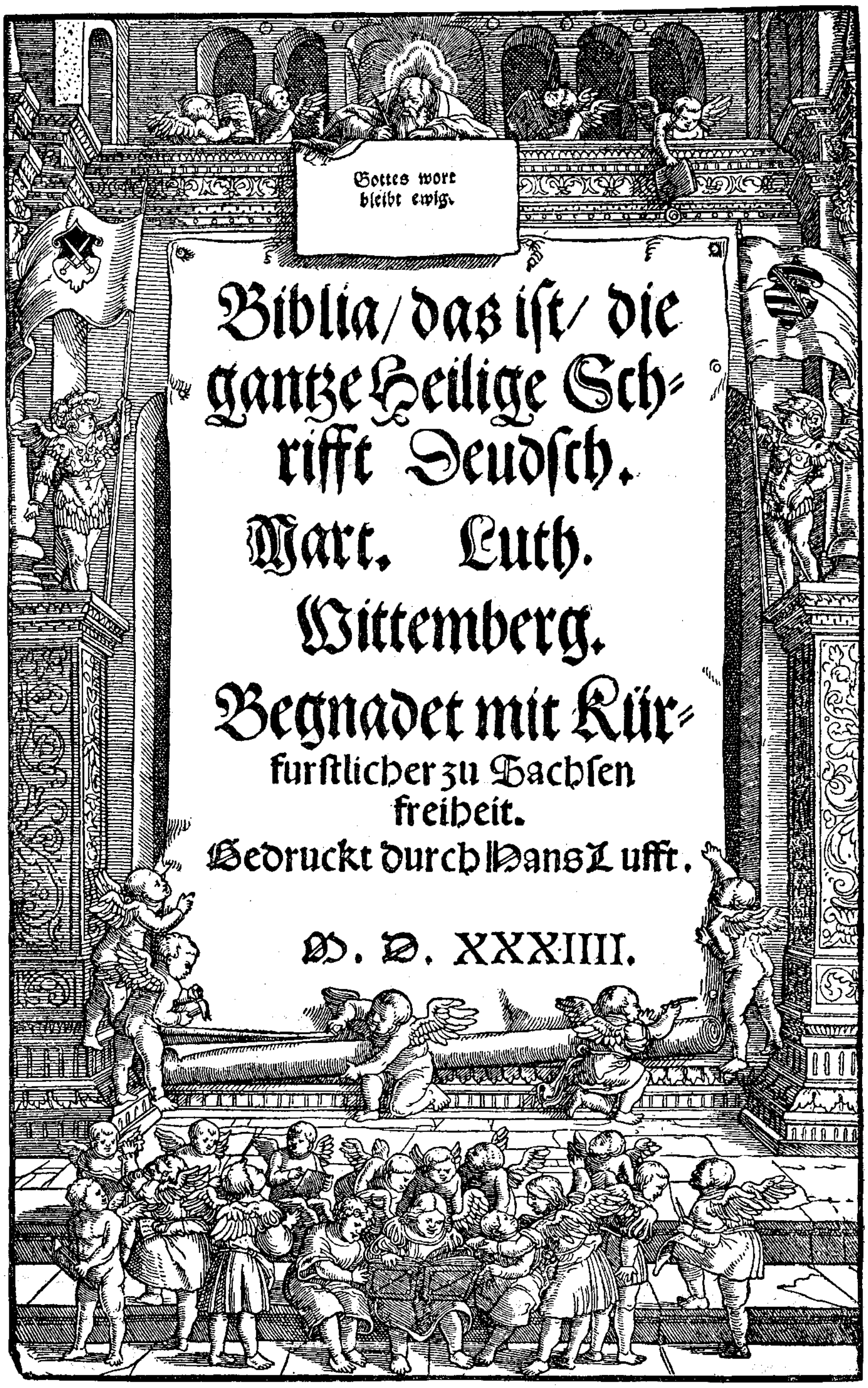
Martin Luther's Life

By the Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph.D.

Martin Luther, the Saxon miner's son, the charity scholar, Bible student, monk, preacher, reformer, church father, theologian, the Elijah of Germany, the Achilles of Protestantism, accomplished far less than he hoped, yet all that was then possible for any one man. His life of sixty-three years moved through three stadia. In the first we see the devout and conscientious son of the Church; in the second, the high-spirited leader and fearless reformer of the Church; in the third, the strenuous but saddened struggler toward a deferred and failing hope.

1. A century before Luther's birth, in 1483, Wyclif had died, "the morning star of the Reformation." In 1415, Hus, Wyclif's disciple, had been burned. Luther early became "a Hussite without knowing it," while supposing himself an obedient son of the Roman Church. Destined by his father for the law, an inward religious crisis determined him to become a monk in the year when he took his master's degree, at the age of twenty-two. In the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt he subjected himself to austere discipline, choosing in humility to take upon him the most menial services. His teachers were the Bible and St. Augustine, and his resort in perplexity was to Tauler and the theology of the fourteenth-century mystics, whose cardinal doctrine was the personal relation of the soul to Christ. Made a university professor in Wittenberg at the age of twenty-five, his lectures on the Bible drew his colleagues to be his hearers, and crowds attended his preaching. His favorite subjects were in the Psalms, Romans, and Galatians, the latter of which he humorously styled his "wife." Three years later, while as yet his conscience had not found unclouded peace in God, he visited Rome. Shocked by the contrast between the profligacy of the papal court and the purity of the evangelical ideal, he came to a clear intuition of the truth which thenceforward inspired his life and embodied itself in the Reformation: "The just shall live by faith." The next year he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity. Presently made district-vicar of his order, when the plague fell upon the city he flinched not from his work; he published editions of the "Theologia Germanica," the mystics' text-book; he was at one with their teaching, that repentance begins in the love of God and his righteousness.


LUTHER'S DOUBLE RING


Gottes wort
bleibt ewig.

Biblia/das iſt/die
gantze Heilige Schrifft
Deudſch.
Mart. Luth.
Wittemberg.
Begnadet mit Kürfurſtlicher zu Sachſen
freiheit.
Gedruckt durch Hans Lufft.
M. D. XXXIIII.

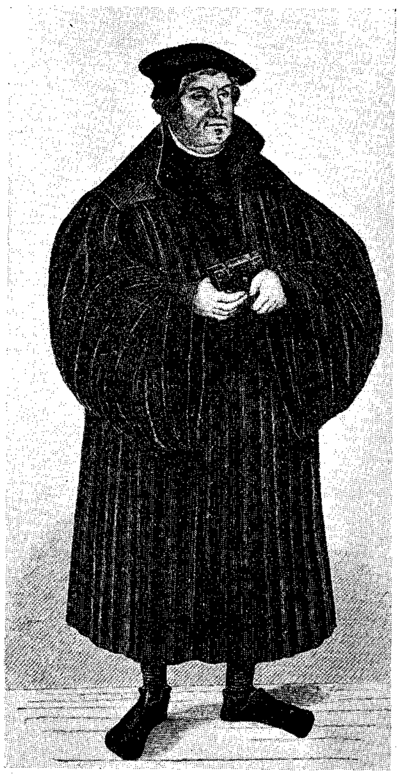
FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE OF LUTHER'S COMPLETE BIBLE

(Wittenberg, 1534)

2. Into this well-seeded field came the enemy sowing tares. The Dominican monk Tetzel, seller of papal indulgences, went flagrantly beyond the Catholic canonists in making the buying of indulgence equivalent to the remission of sin. Luther confronted him with the famous Ninety-five Theses, which he nailed on his church door October 31, 1517, and read from the pulpit next day. The gist of them was that God only can pardon sin, and his pardon depends on the sinner's change of heart. Thus the Reformation began in interest for an ethical theology.

The printing-press, then recently invented, became its serviceable and indispensable handmaid. The theses spread everywhere, awakening discussion and attracting support. There was a general meeting of the Augustinian Order next year at Heidelberg, with a public disputation. Germany was in a ferment. A loud call arose for a general council for the reformation of the Church. Pope Leo X., who at first had belittled the trouble as a quarrel of two monks, now bestirred himself. Luther was cited to Rome, but Augsburg was substituted for Rome at the solicitation of his protector, Frederic, Elector of Saxony. There the Papal representatives effected nothing, except that Luther was induced to write apologetically to the Pope, acknowledging the authority of the Church as supreme, but with the qualifying truth that Christ is Lord of all.

In 1519 Charles V. became Emperor of Germany. The Pope and he at once leagued against Luther, and in 1520 the bull of excommunication, which no man till then had ever successfully defied, was issued. Luther published his defiance in two pamphlets, an "Address to the Nobility of the German Nation" and "The Babylonish Captivity of the Church." Warlike documents were these. Luther told the German people that the civil power, not the spiritual, was supreme; the Pope was a usurper; they must curb him; stop tribute to Rome; there must be fewer pilgrimages, fewer convents; the priests should marry; if Hus was right, join him in resisting Rome. Luther never minced matters. His "words were battles."



LUTHER IN LATER LIFE

(After Cranach's Portrait in Berlin)

Meanwhile the bull arrived in Germany. The Elector Frederic was called on to surrender Luther. He consulted with Erasmus. Said Erasmus, "Luther has committed two crimes: he has hit the Pope on the crown and the monks on the belly." But he advised that Luther should have a fair hearing, and that he should be urged to greater moderation. This was December 5, 1520. Five days later Luther publicly burned the bull at Wittenberg. He had not then the burly look we are used to in his portraits, but was worn quite thin by his close studies.

It was now the Emperor's turn. The Pope called on him to crush the daring heretic. But for this the consent of the German Electors was necessary, and these had many grievances with Rome. The Emperor, therefore, was obliged to grant Luther a hearing, and a safe-conduct to and from. He obeyed the summons, though believing that the safe-conduct would not secure him from death, any more than Hus. So bent, however, was he to make no truce that he left for publication in his absence "a good book for the laity," pictorial illustrations of "the Contrast between Christ and the Pope," ending with the Ascension of the former and the descent of the latter to hell. On his journey he even contravened the conditions of his safe-conduct by preaching. Expecting martyrdom, he faced the Diet at Worms April 17 and 18, 1521, a solitary, steadfast Protestant for the sovereign right of a Bible-taught conscience to judge in matters of religion.

Condemned, of course, his safe-conduct was respected, the princes insisting on it. But to save his life his friend, the Elector Frederic, thought best to conceal him a while in Wartburg Castle. Here, in the dress of a knight, and under the name of "Junker George," he devoted himself for ten months to the translation of the New Testament into German. But he broke away from this safe "Patmos" to save the imperiled cause at Wittenberg. Iconoclastic puritanism would have swept out of the Church all that the Scripture did not enjoin. Luther would retain all that it did not forbid. The so-called Anabaptists, faulty but over-maligned predecessors of modern Congregationalists, were pushing Luther's logic to lengths from which he shrank. To settle things conservatively he redoubled his efforts. In 1522 he published 130 treatises, and 83 in the year after. In 1522 his German New Testament appeared; in 1524 his hymn-book; then his prayer-book, his catechisms for young and old, and his summary of doctrine for the common people. He was also strenuously urging the foundation of schools, primary and secondary. It required longer time to "make the Hebrew prophets speak German." His translated Bible was delayed till 1534.

3. In 1520 he had said, "Let priests marry." In 1525, not having fallen in love, but, as he said, "to please his father, tease the pope, and vex the devil," he wedded Katharine Bora, formerly a nun, and eighteen years his junior. Thus he secured in a genial home the only earthly happiness now possible to him, in a life which events saddened henceforth to the end. His insistence on religious freedom had kindled the passion of cruelly oppressed peasants for the social justice which Christ enjoined, and 100,000 of them perished in the vain struggle to extort it. Luther even felt obliged to urge the authorities to sanguinary measures, lest the Reformation should be fatally compromised as anarchical revolution. For all that, the social disorders caused an anti-Protestant reaction. The Reformation had reached its limit. The only question was, Could it sustain itself there?

At the second Diet of Spires, in 1529, the Emperor felt strong enough to demand that all further toleration should cease; and the Diet so decreed. The Lutheran princes received the name of "Protestants," from their signed protest against this. Luther struck up a pæan in his martial hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." But an invasion by the Turks averted the danger. Next year, at Augsburg, the first Protestant statement of doctrine, "the Augsburg Confession," Luther's own, but drafted by Melanchthon, was presented to the Diet, and the League of Schmalkald formed for its military defense, in disregard of Luther's wish; but hostilities were again prevented by a Turkish invasion. Melanchthon employed the respite with vain endeavors to reconcile the rival theologies. Nor was the effort of 1529 more successful to unite the Swiss and the German Reformers. Different interpretations of the Eucharist sundered Luther and Zwingli, and Luther refused to Zwingli's conscience what he demanded for his own.

Foreboding the civil war which broke out at his death, distressed by the troubles of the time and the wickedness of the world, in which even Wittenberg became to him a "Sodom," the brave but discouraged spirit of Luther found welcome release in the death which came to him in 1546, while on an errand to heal a quarrel. His grave was made in front of the pulpit in the Castle Church of Wittenberg. He says of himself that he was "rough, boisterous, and stormy, born to fight devils and monsters." He showed himself also fond of children, flowers, music, and mirth. His faults were superficial, his virtues central; he abode in God, and God in him.

Adolf Harnack: A Sketch

By Elbert F. Baldwin

It is seven o'clock in the morning in the city of Berlin. For a couple of hours there have been street-sweepers, hucksters, market-women, and early shopkeepers about, but now the early sightseer will observe a few unmistakable students; unmistakable because, even if their eye-glasses and rather intellectual air did not give one the impression that they were students, the little skull-caps and broad sashes of many would remove all doubt. The sightseer may be curious enough to walk behind some of these students toward the great University on the Unter den Linden. He will find, however, that some of the students are not entering the huge main structure, but are going around it to a smaller building in the rear, on Dorotheen Strasse. Into the courtyard of a rather ordinary-looking house the students are entering, and we enter with them. We pass into the corridor of the house, and into a long, low room filled with rows upon rows of benches placed on platforms which rise gradually, thus giving every man a good seat. Many of the men have already taken their seats, and others are coming. At exactly quarter past seven there is a shuffling and stamping of feet—the German greeting to the Professor. The youthful appearance of the Professor is emphasized by his extreme agility. He has taken his seat and has begun to talk—in fact, he began to talk before he took his seat, as soon as he entered the room, so as to lose no time—but after a moment or two of sitting down he jumps up, and, with his hands in his pockets or behind his back, walks up and down, talking earnestly the while, and evidently weighing every word, although for a German his utterance is wonderfully rapid. He warms to his subject and seemingly quite forgets himself, rubbing his hand through his hair, shaking his head vigorously, and now he climbs to his favorite position, which he keeps for the rest of the lecture. We behold him sitting on the top of his desk, dangling his legs, and, with hands clasped over one knee, swaying a bit back and forth as if to give a sort of rhythm to his utterances. The utterances become more and more vivid, epigrammatic, impressive, and we find ourselves listening to Adolf Harnack as we have never listened to any other German. The lecture is finished by eight o'clock, and then, at a quarter past eight, another lecture begins, characterized by the same proceeding as above. If there were a hundred students at the first lecture, there must be three or four hundred at this. At nine o'clock the professor finishes and goes home, his day's work done. His work is done, however, only so far as actual lecturing at the University is concerned; it is only begun so far as his real labors go.

PROFESSOR ADOLF HARNACK

Dr. Harnack is above everything a student. His is the true German professorial idea, as opposed to that so often evident in England and in this country, where a man is simply a teacher. In Germany he is also an investigator; indeed, of the two, the Germans deem the investigating more important than the teaching. Professor Harnack is an investigator in Church History and in the History of Dogma. The results of this investigation are seen in his lectures, which are not mere summaries of other men's views, but his own personal, distinct, original impressions of what he himself has deduced from his severe and far-reaching studies among first-hand documents, and, in a less degree, more modern books of theological science. He who would see these two sides of the German professorial character at their best should attend, not only a public lecture at the University, but also a private *seminar*. It is here, in the intimacy of a smaller number than those who have heard the public lectures, that one sees how a man like Adolf Harnack can be both an original thinker and investigator, and at the same time a splendid summarizer and teacher. There is apparently a double-quick action of thought in the *seminar* experiences, which is as opposed to the ordinary cut-and-dried method of teaching as can well be imagined.

As to Dr. Harnack's special work, it may be said that, more than any other living man, he has popularized Church History. His lectures are given in the early morning, at an hour inconvenient to many; yet his hearers are not only students of theology, but also students of law, medicine, philosophy, fine arts, and many other branches of learning; one may see not only Berliners themselves, but also those who live many miles out in the country. That Adolf Harnack, wishing to give his day's first attention to the duty of teaching, and insisting on beginning that day at a very early hour, should be able to command and keep such audiences as hear him, is indeed a tribute to the man's energizing vitality, originality, and power.

From Atlanta to the Sea

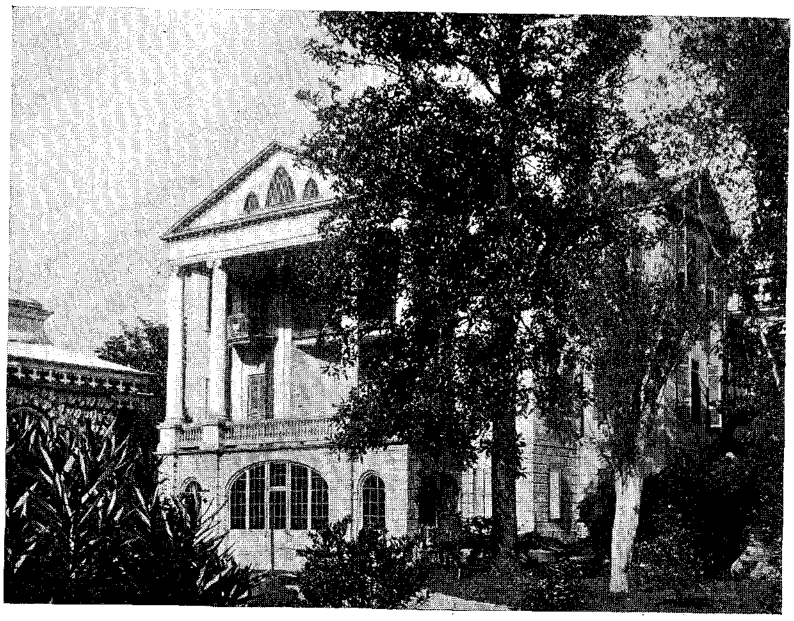
III.—Charleston

By Willis John Abbot

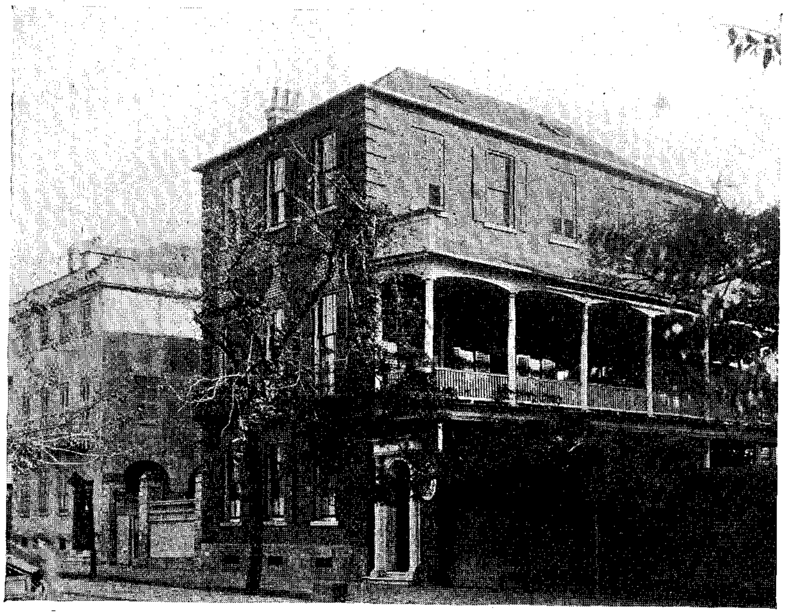
ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH

Time has stood still in Charleston since the days when Sumter fell and the blockading ships of the United States navy tossing on the billows outside the harbor's mouth closed the port more effectually than could any line of submarine torpedoes. In some respects the city to-day is the most antiquated of American towns. Certainly it is the most characteristic. If a man having acquired wealth in Charleston determines to build himself a new house, he builds it in all architectual essentials exactly like the house which the oldest banker then in the city built some one hundred and fifty years ago. In New Orleans—to take a Southern city by way of comparison—the *nouveau riche* would try to build his house as like one in New York or Chicago as might be consistent with necessary concessions to the extremity of the Louisiana climate. But in Charleston the fortunate possessor of new-found wealth makes his house as like those stately structures, each of three stories and two feathery balconies, standing a century and more in Meeting or Legare Street, as may be compatible with luxurious modern notions concerning steam-heat and running water. This loyalty of the Charlestonian of to-day to the Charleston of yesterday gives to the city a certain homogeneousness, a kind of self-content, not to be found in any other historic American city. Boston has its "Back Bay" and its suburbs, New York and Philadelphia have concealed from the eye of the visitor their historic quality under an overwhelming veil of modernity, New Orleans even has let its modern and garish American quarter outgrow and overshadow "Frenchtown." Charleston alone models that which is new in it upon that which is oldest. Nor are the Charlestonians therefore to be accused of lack of progressiveness. So far as domestic architecture is concerned—and there is little architecture in Charleston except domestic and ecclesiastic—the type of domicile in favor a hundred years ago, three-storied and peaked-roofed, the gable end to the street, the rooms of ceremony on the second floor, with a balcony overhanging a garden walled in from the rough publicity of the street—such a type is the fittest for Charleston to-day, and is not without its merit for more northerly cities. It may be doubted, indeed, whether in any town of thrice its size the visitor driving through the residence quarters will be so much impressed with the dignity and the attractiveness of the homes lining the thoroughfares as in Charleston.

Some sixty-five thousand people inhabit the Charleston of to-day—a very slender gain over its ante-war-time population. But to the stranger within its gates the city seems larger. Its topography is not unlike that of New York, filling as it does a long narrow peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. The check thus put on the lateral growth of the city has resulted in making it unusually compact for a Southern city. There are few, if any, spacious gardens about the residences, as in Atlanta, though every house has its narrow garden-plot; the streets are narrow; parks worthy of the name are few. From the point where stands the castellated structure of the Citadel, now occupied as a State military school with discipline rivaling that of West Point, to the water-front at East Battery, a mile and a half away, the houses stand in unbroken rows, each with its little garden and broad balconies on the side that catches the cooling breezes from the ocean. The Charlestonians have been more far-sighted than most American city-builders. They have not turned over the water-front of their city to railways and wharves, but at the lower end of their peninsula have laid out a broad drive, a narrow park, and a sea-wall and esplanade bordering upon the Bay. Here, on the East and South Battery, the most stately mansions of the city are reared, and from their windows one looks out across the placid waters of the Bay to where Fort Sumter, squat and ruinous, rears its head a little above the tide, or to where the clump of white buildings with a distinctively summer-resort air mark the site of Fort Moultrie. The spreading trees which line the East Battery have in their time seen much history made for these United States. British tea was steeped in the waters of Charleston Harbor within a few months after a similar infusion was brewed for an international tea-party in Boston. In Charleston Harbor, too, Sergeant Jasper rescued the colors of Fort Sullivan, carried away by a British shot, and won the undying admiration of American youth, to say nothing of a statue in Battery Park and another in Savannah. When war has come, Charleston has been in the thick of it. Few Southern cities suffered more during the War for the Union. Siege, bombardment, and fire all united to make the stately city feel the weight of calamity which war can bring. In view of the many disasters which it has had to recoup, remembering the expenditure of energy necessary to repair losses from battle, from fire, from flood, and from earthquake shock, the visitor to the city to-day will not deny to the Charlestonians possession of the highest qualities of pluck and perseverance. One has to search minutely to discover now any sign of that great earthquake of 1886, the most destructive ever known in America; yet by that convulsion of nature fully 2,000 buildings were seriously damaged, losses aggregating between five and six millions of dollars sustained, and over one hundred lives sacrificed. The pluck that could so quickly efface the traces of such a disaster is not a quality possessed by people destitute of enterprise.



THE GERMAN CONSULATE



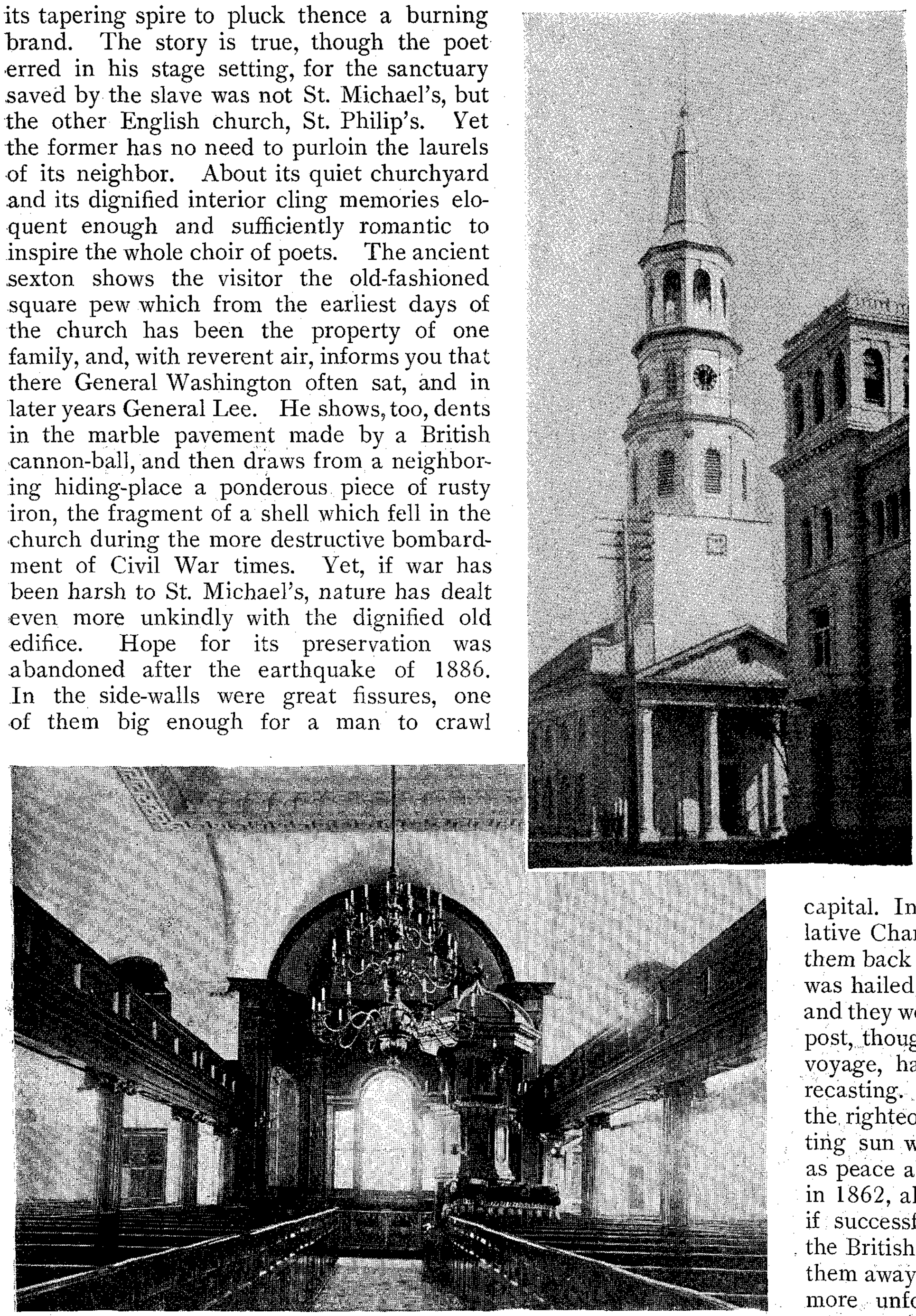
THE BRITISH CONSULATE

Yet the Charlestonian shows on every side that the sort of enterprise which manifests itself in "sky-scrapers," the trolley, and a feverish desire for change has little part in his constitution. Talking one night to a gentleman of wide influence in the city, I commented on the fact that Charleston, alone among the considerable towns of the United States, clings to the antiquated horse-car, bob-tailed and conductorless at that. Eager to confer a benefit on a city which had singularly attracted me, I assured him that it would be the easiest of tasks to enlist the interest of eminent Northern capitalists who would not neglect the opportunity to provide a city of 65,000 people with electric lines, besides possibly instructing the benighted citizens in the mysterious art of managing the Common Council and watering the stock of the company. The suggestion met with scant favor.

"You see, we regard these things from our own standpoint," my host responded, in all seriousness. "We get a good deal of useful service from our cars which you Northerners miss with your cables and trolleys. For example, suppose, just before I start home in the evening, my wife telephones me to stop and fetch a parcel from a store on the way. When the car gets to the store, I speak to the driver, he pulls up, and the car waits until I can get my bundle and get aboard. That is a vast convenience to me, and only delays the other passengers a minute or two. Of course, with your slap-dash trolleys and things, you can't enjoy such accommodation."

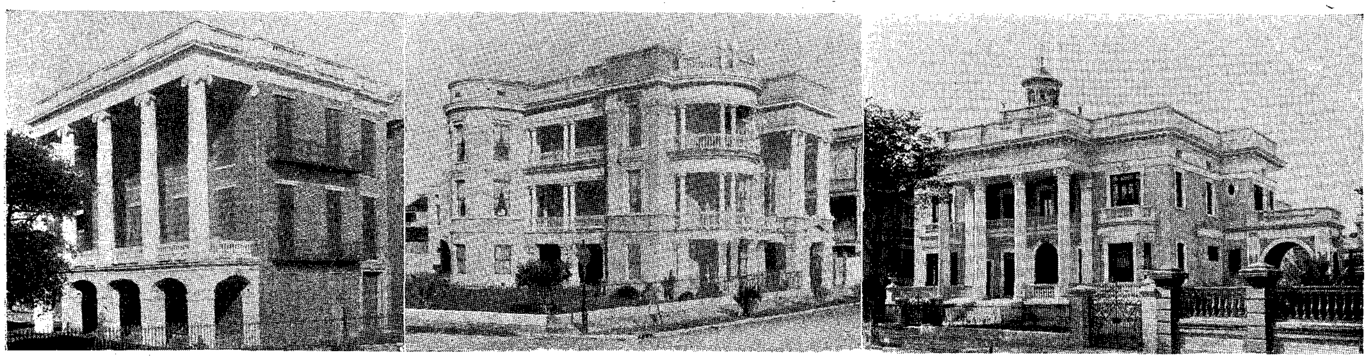
I looked rather expectantly for a twinkle in his eye, but there was no sign that he discerned anything humorous in his picture of the advantage of the bobtailed horse-car. Indeed, later in the evening I enjoyed demonstration of the merits of the system, for, boarding a car which was standing in the middle of a block, I sat two or three minutes waiting for the vehicle to proceed. At last two young men came leisurely from a neighboring drug-store, climbed aboard, and, with a warning clang of the bell, the equipage started, at about the speed of Mark Twain's celebrated glacier. "Hope we didn't delay you, sir," remarked one of the newcomers courteously to me. "There wasn't anybody aboard, and we asked the driver to wait while we bought some cigars."

The number, the beauty, and the antiquity of Charleston's churches are features of the city which immediately engage the attention of the visitor. St. Michael's is the one most widely known, partly because of its place in picturesque history, partly because the youth of the land have long been regaled, in school readers of every grade, with the ballad of how a slave saved St. Michael's by climbing its tapering spire to pluck thence a burning brand. The story is true, though the poet erred in his stage setting, for the sanctuary saved by the slave was not St. Michael's, but the other English church, St. Philip's. Yet the former has no need to purloin the laurels of its neighbor. About its quiet churchyard and its dignified interior cling memories eloquent enough and sufficiently romantic to inspire the whole choir of poets. The ancient sexton shows the visitor the old-fashioned square pew which from the earliest days of the church has been the property of one family, and, with reverent air, informs you that there General Washington often sat, and in later years General Lee. He shows, too, dents in the marble pavement made by a British cannon-ball, and then draws from a neighboring hiding-place a ponderous piece of rusty iron, the fragment of a shell which fell in the church during the more destructive bombardment of Civil War times. Yet, if war has been harsh to St. Michael's, nature has dealt even more unkindly with the dignified old edifice. Hope for its preservation was abandoned after the earthquake of 1886. In the side-walls were great fissures, one of them big enough for a man to crawl through. The marble flooring was racked and broken by the earth-wave, which was estimated to have been at least two feet high. Though the towering steeple was not injured in its structural parts, it sunk eight inches in the heaving ground. To-day no sign of the damage remains, nor any memorial in the church of the dire calamity, beyond a tablet in the vestibule commemorative of the fact that, by the votive offerings of Episcopalians in all parts of the Union, historic St. Michael's was made sound and habitable again. Many are the curious incidents in the history of this place of worship. The year after its completion, in 1762, public-spirited citizens, in and out of the congregation, raised by subscription a fund to purchase a peal of bells for the spacious belfry. The bells came in due time, ordered, of course, from English makers, and were hung in the steeple; but when the British evacuated the city in 1782 they declared the bells lawful spoil and took them back to England—a curious bit of piracy, reminiscent of the Napoleonic device for decorating the French capital. In London they were found by a speculative Charlestonian, who bought and shipped them back to the Carolina city. Their arrival was hailed by the people with public rejoicing, and they were speedily restored to their original post, though two, having suffered in the long voyage, had to be returned to England for recasting. Reunited at last, the eight called the righteous to church and saluted the setting sun with strains of sacred music as long as peace abode with the Charlestonians. But in 1862, alarmed lest the enemy of that day, if successful in taking the city, should, like the British, seize the bells, the citizens shipped them away to Columbia, the State capital. No more unfortunate action could have been taken, for in the disastrous conflagration which attended General Sherman's occupation of the South Carolina capital the bells of old St. Michael's suffered sorely. Their misshapen fragments, rescued from the ruins, were sent again to England to be recast in molds made from the original patterns. This done, and the wanderers returned and lying at the wharf, the Charlestonians discovered that only the payment of $2,200 to a National Government charitably disposed to protect its own bell-makers would give them right of entrance. In that day $2,200 was no meager sum for the people of battle-scarred Charleston to raise for a public purpose, but in the end it was subscribed, and the bells hang again in old St. Michael's, after triumphing over foreign and domestic foes, the forces of nature, and even the custom-house.



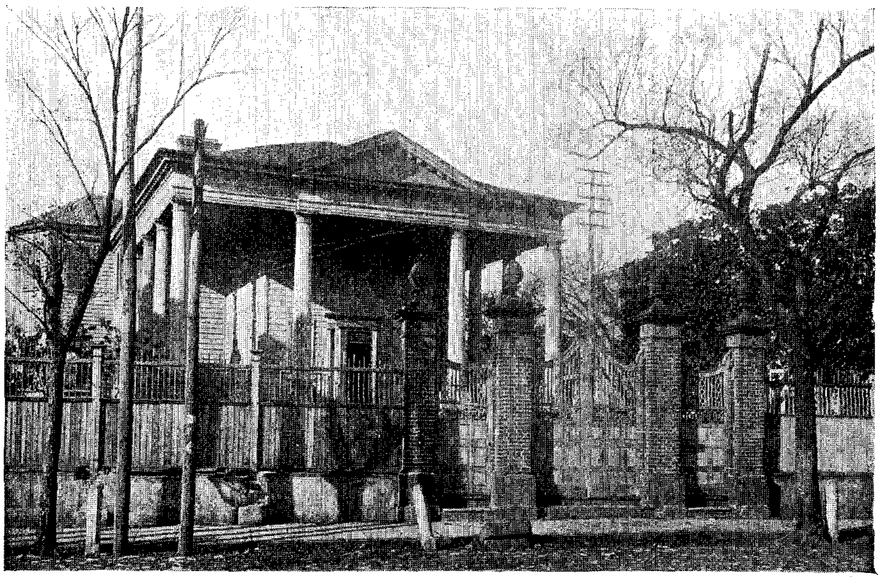
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

The temptation is strong upon any one who visits Charleston, particularly upon one who comes from the more modern, pushing, "hustling" cities of the North, to lay stress upon the town's historic quality, its picturesqueness, its placidity. Such a one finds St. Michael's the most interesting feature of the city, and prowls about its churchyard scanning the quaint gravestones with their quainter epitaphs, and finding his chief entertainment in the curious spectacle of

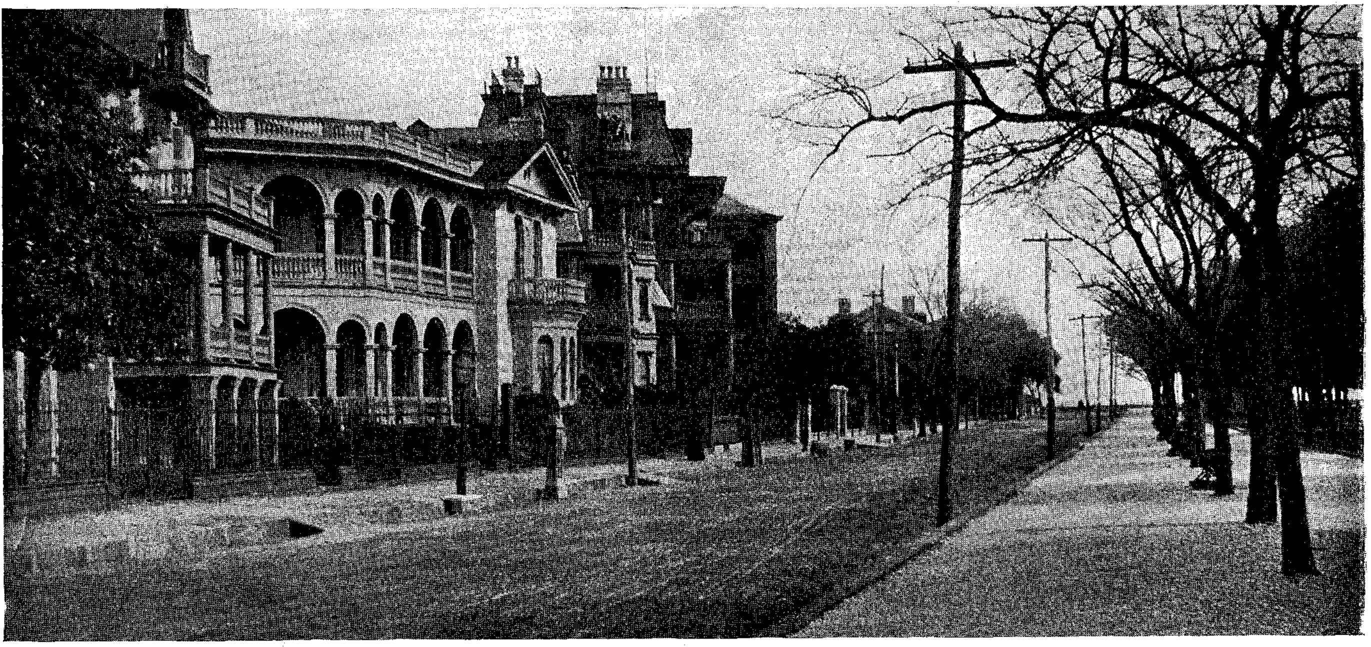


THREE CHARLESTON HOUSES OF TO-DAY

the headboard of an old mahogany bed set up as a headstone for a citizen who departed this life in 1770. The guide invites you to marvel that the board lasted so long exposed to the weather, and, indeed, it does speak well for the equability of the Charleston climate; but most visitors will wonder most at the mind which conceived the notion of thus utilizing a homely bit of household furniture as an enduring monument. Again, the visitor who wants to see the picturesque side only of Charleston will find gratification in the sight of an ancient brick building, of one story, with a peaked roof covered with red tiles, standing back from the street and surrounded by newer edifices, and known as the Powder Magazine. Even in Charleston, where the memory of man runneth back further than in most towns, its date is unknown. But in the local archives is treasured a map, dated 1739, which marks its location and describes it even at that early day as the "old powder magazine." Here is a genuine American antiquity, one worthy the attention of the National society lately organized to protect such from the vandal hand of the progressive person who admires a "sky-scraper" more than a real colonial mansion.


A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME

The searcher after the picturesque and the historic in Charleston will not miss the Huguenot Church, which has a triple claim to attention in the fact that it is beautiful, antique—being founded in 1681, though the present edifice is of comparatively recent origin—and unique in being the only Huguenot church in America. Its liturgy as followed to-day is that published in Neufchatel in 1737. Nor will the sightseeing visitor miss St. Philip's, a stately church whose spire, all but destroyed by the earthquake, now rises impressively over the picturesque city. Indeed, the churches of Charleston and the schools, notably the State Military Academy and the Porter Military Academy, are dominant features of the city.


THE SOUTH BATTERY

Yet in dwelling on the æsthetic qualities of Charleston we must not forget its commercial advantages. Its harbor is spacious and safe, and, since the United States Government completed the jetties at the harbor's mouth, there is thirty-three feet of water over the bar. In the country behind the town, whence must be drawn the support of the latter, are cotton, garden-truck, rice, lumber, and, above all, phosphates. The trade in the latter staple is the nucleus of Charleston's commercial greatness, and its development affords curious illustration of the compensation which nature brings for man's failure or man's injustice. Ruined by the war, with all the ante-bellum industries wrecked, Charleston found in the unsuspected deposits of bones of antediluvian animals a new source of wealth. The phosphate mines of South Carolina are now her chiefest source of wealth. With them, with rice-fields, and with cotton-fields in her back yard, Charleston will ever stand in the forefront of the exporting cities of the United States. Perhaps a little Western insistence or Northern push might not be amiss in this most picturesque of American cities. But in all essentials Charleston is a city in which the beauties of yesterday mingle with the possibilities of to-day.

* * *

A Prayer

By Mary F. Butts

Thou who see'st the tender shoot
  From the plant that seemeth dead,
Thou who nourishest the root
  Pining and uncomforted,
Brightening every dreary place
With the shining of Thy face,

O forbid that we should doubt
  Spirits that seem dead in sin,
Shutting the sweet sunshine out
  From the hearts that love might win.
False to love, we cannot be
Followers, dear Lord, of Thee.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

Carmichael's aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of a severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Maister MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what wes pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot withoot tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their jidgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an', though a' say it as sudna, Maister MacWheep wud hae made a puir job o' the business himsel'. The pairish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" inquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"'Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, and the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemen"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite hersel' oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He lat oot that the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great management for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.

"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nichts, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naething passed; but that wes the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle, simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort which was beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt, one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate though ostentatiously veiled curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfadyen would be at the disposal of the kirkyaird, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfadyen called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was received with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill-made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin', haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything out o' her or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak'. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles o' the Disruption for an 'oor, givin' oot that he wes comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claithes."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half a croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes graund on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"'The minister is at dinner,' says she, 'and can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"'It's reeligion a'm come aboot,' says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"'It's more likely to be whisky from your breath, and you will find a public-house in the village; we give nothing to vagrants here.' Then she closed the door on his foot, and the language he used in the yard wesna connectit wi' reeligion."

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

Drumtochty admitted that this showed a woman of vigor—although our conventions did not allow us to treat Clockie or any known wastrel so masterfully—and there was an evident anxiety to hear more.

"Her dress wes black an' fittit like a glove, an' wes set aff wi' a collar an' cuffs, an' a' saw she hedna come frae the country, so that wes ae thing settled; yon's either a toon dress or maybe her ain makin' frae patterns.

"It micht be Edinburgh or Glesgie, but a' began tae jalouse England aifter hearin' her hannel Clockie, sae a' watchit for a word tae try her tongue."

"Wurk is a gude handy test," suggested Jamie; "the English hae barely ae r, and the Scotch hae aboot sax in't."

"She wudna say't, Jamie, though a' gied her a chance, speakin' aboot ae wumman daein' a'thing in the manse, sae a' fell back on church, an' that brocht oot the truth. She didna say 'chich,' so she's no English born, and she didna say 'churrrch,' so she's been oot o' Scotland. It wes half and between, and so a' said it wud be pleasant for her tae be in her ain country again, aifter livin' in the sooth."

Her hearers indicated that Elspeth had not fallen beneath herself, and began to wonder how a London woman would fit into Drumtochty.

"What div ye think she said tae me?" Then Drumtochty understood that there had been an incident, and that Elspeth as a conversationalist, if not as a raconteur, had found her equal.

"'You are very kind to think of my movements, but'"—and here Mrs. Macfadyen spoke very slowly—"'I'm afraid they don't teach home geography at your school. Paisley is not out of Scotland.'"

"Ye've met yir match, Elspeth," said Jamie, with a hoarse chuckle, and the situation was apparent to all. It was evident that the new housekeeper was minded to hide her past, and the choice of her last residence was a stroke of diabolical genius. Paisley is an ancient town inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, who used to make shawls and now spin thread, and the atmosphere is so literary that it is believed every tenth man is a poet. Yet no one boasts of having been born there, and natives will pretend they came from Greenock. No one can mention Paisley without a smile, and yet no one can say what amused him. Certain names are the source of perennial laughter, in which their inhabitants join doubtfully, as persons not sure whether to be proud or angry. They generally end in an apology, while the public, grasping vaguely at the purpose of such a place, settle on it every good tale that is going about the world unprovided for and fatherless. So a name comes to be bathed in the ridiculous, and a mere reference to it passes for a stroke of supreme felicity.

"Paisley"—Jamie again tasted the idea—"she 'ill be an acqueesition tae the Glen."

It was Sarah's first stroke of character to arrive without notice—having utterly baffled Peter at the Junction—and to be in complete possession of the manse on the return of Carmichael and his aunt from pastoral visits.

"Sarah," cried the old lady in amazement at the sight of the housekeeper in full uniform, calm and self-possessed, as one having been years in this place, "when did ye come?"

"Two hours ago, ma'am, and I think I understand the house. Shall I bring tea into the dining-room, or would you rather have it in the study?" But she did not once glance past his aunt to Carmichael, who was gazing in silence at this composed young woman in the doorway.

"This is Sarah, John, who hes come to keep yir house," and his aunt stepped back. "Sarah, this is my dear laddie, the minister."

Perhaps because her eyes were of a flashing black that pierced one like a steel blade, Sarah usually looked down in speaking to you, but now she gave Carmichael one swift, comprehensive look that judged him soul and body, then her eyes fell, and her face, always too hard and keen, softened.

"I will try, sir, to make you comfortable, and you will tell me anything that is wrong."

"You took us by surprise, Sarah," and Carmichael, after his hearty fashion, seized his housekeeper's hand; "let me bid you welcome to the manse. I hope you will be happy here, and not feel lonely."

But the housekeeper only bowed, and turned to his aunt.

"Dinner at six? As you were not in, and it did not seem any use consulting the woman that was here, I am preparing for that hour."

"Well, ye see, Sarah, we have just been taking tea, with something to it, but if—"

"Gentlemen prefer evening dinner, ma'am."

"Quite right, Sarah," burst in Carmichael in great glee; "tea-dinner is the most loathsome meal ever invented, and we 'ill never have it in the Free manse."

"That is an admirable woman, auntie," as Sarah disappeared, "with sound views on important subjects. I'll never ask again where she came from; she is her own testimonial."

"You maunna be extravagant, John; Sarah hes never seen a manse before, and I must tell her not to—"

"Ruin me, do you mean, by ten courses every evening, like the dinners West-end philanthropists used to give our men to show them how to behave at table? We 'ill be very economical, only having meat twice a week—salt fish the other days—but it will always be dinner."

"What ails you at tea-dinner, John? it's very tasty and homely."

"It's wicked, auntie, and has done more injury to religion than drinking. No, I'm not joking—that is a childish habit—but giving utterance to profound truth, which ought to be proclaimed on the housetops, or perhaps in the kitchens.

"Let me explain, and I'll make it as plain as day: All heresy is just bad thinking, and that comes from bad health, and the foundation of health is food. A certain number of tea-dinners would make a man into a Plymouth Brother. It's a mere question of time.

"You see, if a man's digestion is good he takes a cheerful view of things; but if he is full of bile, then he is sure that everybody is going to be lost except himself and his little set, and that's heresy. Apologetics is just dietetics; now there's an epigram made for you on the spot, and you don't know what it means, so we 'ill have a walk instead."

His aunt knew what was coming, but was too late to resist, so she was twice taken round the room for exercise till she cried for mercy and was left to rest, while Carmichael went out to get an appetite for that dinner.

Nothing was said during its progress, but when Sarah had finally departed after her first triumph, won under every adverse circumstance of strangeness and limited resources, Carmichael took his aunt's hand and kissed it.

"It is an illuminated address you deserve, auntie, for such a paragon; as it is, I shall be the benefactor of a Presbytery, asking the men up by turns on fast-days, and sending them home speechless with satisfaction."

"Sarah was always a clever woman; if she had only—"
But Carmichael heard not, in his boyish excitement of householding.

"Clever is a cold word for such genius. Mark my words, there is not a manse in Perthshire that shall not sound with the praise of Sarah. I vow perpetual celibacy on the spot. No man would dream of marrying that had the privilege of such a housekeeper."

"Ye're a silly laddie, John; but some day a fair face will change a' yir life, an' if she be a good wumman like your mother, I'll thank God."

"No woman can be compared with her," and the minister sobered. "You and she have spoiled me for other women, and now you have placed me beyond temptation with such a cook."

So it came to pass that Carmichael, who knew nothing about fine cooking till Sarah formed his palate with her cunning sauces, and, after all, cared as little what he ate as any other healthy young man, boasted of his housekeeper continually by skillful allusions, till the honest wives of his fathers and brethren were outraged and grew feline, as any natural woman will if a servant is flung in her face in this aggravating fashion.

"I'm glad to hear you're so well pleased, Mr. Carmichael," Mrs. MacGuffie would say, who was full of advice, and fed visitors on the produce of her garden, "but no man knows comfort till he marries. It's a chop one day and a steak the next all the year round—nothing tasty or appetizing; and as for his shirts, most bachelors have to sew on their own buttons. Ah, you all pretend to be comfortable, but I know better, for Mr. MacGuffie has often told me what he suffered."

Whereat Carmichael would rage furiously, and then, catching sight of MacGuffie, would bethink him of a Christian revenge. MacGuffie is invited up to a day of humiliation—Sarah receiving for once *carte blanche*—and after he has powerfully exhorted the people from the words, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke," he was conducted to the manse in an appropriately mournful condition, and set down at the table. He was inclined to dwell on the decadence of Disruption principles during soup, but as the dinner advanced grew wonderfully cheerful, and, being installed in an armchair with a cup of decent coffee beside him, sighed peacefully, and said, "Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness." Mr. MacGuffie had not come to the age of sixty, however, without learning something, and he only gave his curious spouse to understand that Carmichael had done all in his power to make his guest comfortable, and was not responsible for his servant's defects.

Ladies coming with their husbands to visit the manse conceived a prejudice against Sarah on the general ground of dislike to all housekeepers as a class of servants outside of any mistress's control, and therefore apt to give themselves airs, and especially because this one had a subtle suggestion of independent personality that was all the more irritating because it could not be made plain to the dull male intelligence, which was sadly deceived.

"What a lucky man Carmichael is on his first venture!" Even Dr. Dowbiggin, of St. Columba's, Muirtown, grew enthusiastic to his wife in the privacy of their bedchamber on a sacramental visit, and every one knows that the Doctor was a responsible man, ministering to four Bailies and making "overtures" to the Assembly, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with "Venerable House." "I am extremely pleased to see . . . everything so nice."

"You mean, James, that you have had a good dinner, far too ambitious for a young minister's table. Did you ever see an entrée on a Disruption table, or dessert with finger-glasses? I call it sinful—for the minister of Drumtochty, at least; and I don't believe he was ever accustomed to such ways. If she attended to his clothes, it would set her better than cooking French dishes. Did you see the coat he was wearing at the station?—just like a gamekeeper. But it is easy for a woman to satisfy a man; give him something nice to eat, and he 'ill ask no more."

"So far as my recollection serves me, Maria"—the Doctor was ruffled, and fell into his public style—"I made no reference to food, cooked or uncooked, and perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a subject one thinks of . . . at such seasons. What gave me much satisfaction was to see one of our manses so presentable; as regards the housekeeper, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, she seemed a very capable woman indeed," and the Doctor gave one of his coughs, which were found most conclusive in debate.

"It's easy to be a man's servant," retorted Mrs. Dowbiggin, removing a vase of flowers from the dressing-table with contempt, "for they never look below the surface. Did you notice her hands, as white and smooth as a lady's? You may be sure there's little scrubbing and brushing goes on in this manse."

"How do you know, Maria?"—the Doctor was weakening. "You have never been in the house before."

"We 'ill soon see that, James, though I daresay it would never occur to a man to do such a thing. Did you ever look below the bed?"

"Never," replied the Doctor, promptly, who was not constructed to stoop, "and I am not going to begin after that . . . ah . . . this evening, with work before me to-morrow. But I would be glad to see you.

"I have done so every night of my life for fear of robbers, and the dust I've seen in strange houses—it's there you can tell a good servant," and Mrs. Dowbiggin nodded with an air of great sagacity.

"Well," demanded the Doctor, anxiously watching the operation, "guilty or not guilty?"

"She knew what I would do. I hate those sharp women;" and then the Doctor grew so eloquent over uncharitable judgments and unreasonable prejudices that his wife denounced Sarah bitterly as a "cunning woman who got on the blind side of gentlemen."

Her popularity with Carmichael's friends was beyond question, for though she was a reserved woman, with no voluntary conversation, they all sent messages to her, inquired for her well-being at Fast-days, and brought her gifts of handkerchiefs, gloves, and such like. When they met at Theologicals and Synods they used to talk of Sarah with unction—till married men were green with envy—being simple fellows and helpless in the hands of elderly females of the Meiklewham genus. For there are various arts by which a woman in Sarah's place wins a man's gratitude, and it may be admitted that one is skillful cooking. Sensible and book-reading men do not hunger for six courses, but they are critical about their toast and . . . nothing more, for that is the pulse. Then a man also hates to have any fixed hour for breakfast—never thinking of houses where they have prayers at 7:50 without a shudder—but a man hates to be kept waiting five minutes for dinner. If a woman will find his belongings, which he has scattered over three rooms and the hall, he invests her with many virtues; and if she packs his portmanteau, he will associate her with St. Theresa. But if his hostess be inclined to discuss problems with him, he will receive her name with marked coldness; and if she follow up this trial with evil food, he will conceive a rooted dislike for her, and will flee her house. So simple is a man.

When Sarah proposed to Carmichael that she should prepare breakfast when he rung for his hot water, and when he never caught a hint of reproach on her face though he sat up to three and came down at eleven, he was lifted, hardly believing that such humanity could be found among women, who always seemed to have a time-table they were carrying out the livelong day.

"The millennium is near at hand," said MacQueen, when the morning arrangements of the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty were made known to him—MacQueen, who used to arrive without so much as a nightshirt, having left a trail of luggage behind him at various junctions, and has written books so learned that no one dares to say that he has not read them. Then he placed an ounce of shag handy, and Carmichael stoked the fire, and they sat down, with Beaton, who could refer to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas from beginning to end, and they discussed the Doctrine of Scripture in the Fathers, and the formation of the Canon, and the authorship of the Pentateuch till two in the study. Afterward they went to MacQueen's room to hear him on the Talmud, and next adjourned to Beaton's room, who offered a series of twelve preliminary observations on the Theology of Rupert of Deutz, whereupon his host promptly put out his candle, leaving that man of supernatural memory to go to bed in the dark; and as Carmichael pulled up the blind in his own room, the day was breaking and a blackbird had begun to sing. Next afternoon Beaton had resumed his observations on Rupert, but now they were lying among the heather on the side of Glen Urtach, and Carmichael was asleep, while MacQueen was thinking that they would have a good appetite for dinner that evening.

Sarah had only one fault to find with her master, and that was his Bohemian dress; but since it pleased him to go one button less through studied carelessness, she let him have his way; and as for everything else, she kept her word to his aunt, and saw that he wanted for nothing, serving him with perpetual thoughtfulness and swift capacity.

Little passed between them except a good-natured word or two from him and her courteous answer, but she could read him as a book, and when he came home that day from Muirtowm she saw he was changed. He was slightly flushed, and he could not sit still, wandering in and out his study till dinner-time. He allowed the soup to cool, and when she came in with sweets he had barely touched his cutlet.

"It is the sauce you like, sir," with some reproach in her voice.

"So it is, Sarah—and first rate." Then he added, suddenly, "Can you put a button on this coat to-night, and give it a good brush?"

In the evening Sarah went down to post a letter, and heard the talk, how Miss Carnegie had come home with the General, and was worthy of her house; how the minister also had driven up with her from Muirtown; and on her return she did her best by the coat, handling it very kindly, and singing softly to herself "Robin Adair."

Next morning he came down in his blacks—the worst-made suit ever seen on a man, ordered to help a village tailor at his home—and announced his intention of starting after lunch for Saunderson's manse, beyond Tochty woods, where he would stay all night.

"He will call on the way down, and, if he can, coming back," Sarah said to herself, as she watched him go, "but it's a pity he should go in such a coat; it might have been put together with a pitchfork. It only makes the difference greater, and 'tis wider than he knows already. And yet a woman can marry beneath her without loss; but for a man it is ruin."

She went up to his room and made it neat, which was ever in disorder on his leaving, and then she went to a western window and looked into the far distance.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WOMAN OF THE FORMER DISPENSATION

Every Sabbath at eleven o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the people were seated—consideration was always shown to distant figures coming down from the high glen—Carmichael held what might be called High Mass in the Free Kirk. Nothing was used in praise but the Psalms of David, with an occasional Paraphrase sanctioned by usage and sound teaching. The prayers were expected to be elaborate in expression and careful in statement, and it was then that they prayed for the Queen and Houses of Parliament. And the sermon was the event to which the efforts of the minister and the thoughts of the people had been moving for the whole week. No person was absent except through sore sickness or urgent farm duty; nor did rain or snow reduce the congregation by more than ten people, very old or very young. Carmichael is now minister of a West End kirk, and, it is freely rumored in Drumtochty, has preached before Lords of Session; but he has never been more nervous than facing that handful of quiet, impenetrable, critical faces in his first kirk. When the service was over, the people broke into little bands that disappeared along the west road, and over the moor, and across the Tochty. Carmichael knew each one was reviewing his sermon head by head, and, pacing his garden, he remembered the missing points with dismay.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk minister to go far afield of a summer evening, and to hold informal services in distant parts of the parish. This was the joy of the day to him, who was really very young and hated all conventionalities even unto affectation. He was never weary of complaining that he had to wear a gown, which was continually falling back and being hitched over with impatient motions, and the bands, which he could never tie, and were, he explained to a horrified beadle in Muirtown, an invention of Satan to disturb the preacher's soul before his work. Once, indeed, he dared to appear without his trappings, on the plea of heat, but the visible dismay and sorrow of the people was so great—some failing to find the Psalm till the first verse had been sung—that he perspired freely and forgot the middle head of his discourse.

"It's a mercy," remarked Mrs. Macfadyen to Burnbrae afterward, "that he didna play that trick when there wes a bairn tae be baptized. It wudna hae been lichtsome for its fouk; a'body wants a properly ordained minister. Ye 'ill gie him a hint, Burnbrae, for he's young and fordersome (rash), but gude stuff for a' his pliskies (frolics)."

No one would have liked to see the sacred robes in the places of evening worship, and Carmichael threw all forms to the winds—only drawing the line, with great regret and some searchings of heart, at his tweed jacket. His address for these summer evening gatherings he studied as he went through the fragrant pine woods or over the moor by springy paths that twisted through the heather, or along near cuts that meant leaping little burns and climbing of dykes whose top stones were apt to follow your heels with embarrassing attachment. Here and there the minister would stop as a trout leapt in a pool, or a flock of wild duck crossed the sky to Loch Sheuchie, or the cattle thrust inquisitive noses through some hedge, as a student snatches a mouthful from some book in passing. For these walks were his best study; when thinking of his people in their goodness and simplicity, and touched by nature at her gentlest, he was freed from many vain ideas of the schools and from artificial learning, and heard the Galilean speak as He used to do among the fields of corn. He came on people going in the same direction, but they only saluted, refraining even from the weather, since the minister's thoughts must not be disturbed, and they were amazed to notice that he stooped to pluck a violet in the wood. His host would come a little way to meet him and explain the arrangements that had been made for a kirk. Sometimes the meeting-place was the granary of the farm, with floor swept clean and the wooden shutters opened for light, where the minister preached against a mixed background of fanners, corn measures, piles of sacks, and spare implements of the finer sort: and the congregation, who had come up a ladder cautiously, like hens going to roost—being severally warned about the second highest step—sat on bags stuffed with straw, boards resting on upturned pails, while a few older folk were accommodated with chairs, and some youngsters disdained not the floor. It was pleasanter in the barn, a cool, lofty, not unimpressive place of worship, with its mass of golden straw and its open door through which various kindly sounds of farm life came in and strange visitors entered. The collies, most sociable of animals, would saunter in and make friendly advances to Carmichael reading a chapter; then, catching their master's eye and detecting no encouragement, would suddenly realize that they were at kirk, and compose themselves to sleep—"juist like ony Christian," as Hillocks once remarked with envy, his own plank allowing no liberties—and never taking any part except in a hymn like

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on,

which they regarded as recreation rather than worship.

It was also recalled for years that a pet lamb came into Donald Menzies' barn and wandered about for a while, and Carmichael told that pretty legend of St. Francis, how he saw a white lamb among the kids, and burst into tears at the sight, because it reminded him of Jesus among the sinners. Indeed, these services were very extemporaneous, with hymns instead of psalms, and sermons without divisions. Carmichael also allowed himself illustrations from the life around, and even an anecdote at a time, which was all the more keenly relished that it would have been considered a confession of weakness in a regular sermon. He has been heard to say that he came nearer the heart of things once or twice in the barns than he has ever done since, not even excepting that famous course of sermons every one talked about last year, "The Analysis of Doubt," which almost converted two professors to Christianity, and were heard by the editor of the "Caledonian" in the disguise of a street preacher. It was also pleasantly remembered for long in the parish that Dr. Davidson appeared one evening in Donald Menzies' barn and joined affably in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Afterward, being supplied with a large armchair, he heard the address with much attention—nodding approval four times, if not five—and pronouncing the benediction with such impressiveness that Donald felt some hesitation in threshing his last stack in the place next day. The Doctor followed up this visit with an exhortation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in which he carefully distinguished such services by an ordained minister, although held in a barn, from unlicensed Plymouthistic gatherings held in corn-rooms—this at Milton's amateur efforts—and advised his people in each district to avail themselves of "my friend Mr. Carmichael's excellent ministrations," which Papal Bull, being distributed to the farthest corner of the parish before nightfall, greatly lifted the Free Kirk and sweetened the blood of the Glen for years. It seemed to me, watching things in Drumtochty during those days with an impartial mind, that the Doctor, with his care for the poor, his sympathy for the oppressed, his interest in everything human, his shrewd practical wisdom, and his wide toleration, was the very ideal of the parish clergyman. He showed me much courtesy while I lived in the Cottage, although I did not belong to his communion, and as my imagination reconstructs the old parish of a winter night by the fire, I miss him as he used to be on the road, in the people's homes, in his pulpit, among his books, and ever an honorable and kind-hearted gentleman.

One evening a woman came into Donald Menzies' barn just before the hour of service, elderly, most careful in her widow's dress, somewhat austere in expression, but very courteous in her manner. No one recognized her at the time, but she was suspected to be the forerunner of the Carnegie household, and Donald offered her a front seat. She thanked him for his good will, but asked for a lower place, greatly delighting him by a reference to the parable wherein the Master rebuked the ambitious Pharisees who scrambled for chief seats. Their accent showed of what blood they both were, and that their Gaelic had still been mercifully left them, but they did not use it because of their perfect breeding, which taught them not to speak a foreign tongue in this place. So the people saw Donald offer her a hymn-book and heard her reply:

"It iss not a book that I will be using, and it will be a peety to take it from other people;" nor would she stand at the singing, but sat very rigid and with closed lips. When Carmichael, who had a pleasant tenor voice and a good ear, sang a solo, then much tasted in such meetings, she arose and left the place, and the minister thought he had never seen anything more uncompromising than her pale set face.

It was evident that she was Free Kirk and of the Highland persuasion, which was once over-praised and then has been over-blamed, but is never understood by the Lowland mind; and as Carmichael found that she had come to live in the cottage at the entrance to the Lodge, he looked in on his way home. She was sitting at a table reading the Bible, and her face was more hostile than in the meeting; but she received him with much politeness, dusting a chair and praying him to be seated.

"You have just come to the district to reside, I think? I hope you will like our glen."

"It wass here that I lived long ago, but I hef been married and away with my mistress many years, and there are not many that will know me."

"But you are not of Drumtochty blood?" inquired the minister.

"There iss not one drop of Sassenach blood in my veins"—this with a sudden flash. "I am a Macpherson and my husband wass a Macpherson; but we hef served the house of Carnegie for three generations."

"You are a widow, I think, Mrs. Macpherson?" and Carmichael's voice took a tone of sympathy. "Have you any children?"

"My husband iss dead, and I had one son, and he iss dead also; that iss all, and I am alone;" but in her voice there was no weakening.

"Will you let me say how sorry I am?" pleaded Carmichael; "this is a great grief, but I hope you have consolations."

"Yes, I will be having many consolations; they both died like brave men, with their face to the enemy. There were six that did not feel fery well before Ian fell; he could do good work with the sword as well as the bayonet, and he wass not bad with the dirk at a time."

Neither this woman nor her house were like anything in Drumtochty, for in it there was a buffet for dishes, and a carved chest and a large chair, all of old black oak; and above the mantelpiece two broadswords were crossed, with a circle of war medals beneath on a velvet ground, flanked by two old pistols.

"I suppose those arms have belonged to your people, Mrs. Macpherson; may I look at them?"

"They are not anything to be admiring, and it wass not manners that I should hef been boasting of my men. It iss a pleasant evening and good for walking."

"You were at the meeting, I think?" and Carmichael tried to get nearer this iron woman. "We were sorry you had to go out before the end. Did you not feel at home?"

"I will not be accustomed to the theater, and I am not liking it instead of the church."

"But surely there was nothing worse in my singing alone than praying alone?" and Carmichael began to argue like a Scotchman, who always fancies that people can be convinced by logic, and forgets that many people, Celts in especial, are ruled by their heart and not by their head; "do you see anything wrong in one praising God aloud in a hymn, as the Virgin Mary did?"

"It iss the Virgin Mary you will be coming to next, no doubt, and the Cross and the Mass, like the Catholics, although I am not saying anything against them, for my mother's cousins four times removed were Catholics, and fery good people. But I am a Presbyterian, and do not want the Virgin Mary."

Carmichael learned at that moment what it was to argue with a woman, and he was to make more discoveries in that department before he came to terms with the sex, and would have left in despair had it not been for an inspiration of his good angel.

"Well, Mrs. Macpherson, I didn't come to argue about hymns, but to bid you welcome to the Glen and to ask for a glass of water, for preaching is thirsty work."

"It iss black shame I am crying on myself for sitting here and offering you neither meat nor drink," and she was stung with regret in an instant. "It iss a little spirits you will be tasting, and this iss Talisker which I will be keeping for a friend, for whisky iss not for women."

She was full of attention, but when Carmichael took milk instead of whisky her suspicions revived, and she eyed him again.

"You are not one of those new people I am hearing of in the Lowlands that are wiser than the fery Apostles?"

"What people?" and Carmichael trembled for his new position.

"'Total abstainers' they will call themselves," and the contempt in her accent was wonderful.

"No, I am not," Carmichael hastened to reassure his hostess; "but there are worse people than abstainers in the world. I will stick to the milk, if you please."

"You will take what you please," and she was again mollified; "but the great ministers always had their tasting after preaching; and I hef heard one of them say that it wass a sin to despise the Lord's mercies. You will be taking another glass of milk and resting a little."

"This hospitality reminds me of my mother, Mrs. Macpherson." Carmichael was still inspired, and was, indeed, now in full sail. "She was a Highland woman, and had the Gaelic. She sometimes called me Ian instead of John."

"When you wass preaching about the shepherd finding the sheep, I wass wondering how you had the way to the heart, and I might have been thinking, oh yes, I might have known"—all the time Janet was ever bringing something new out of the cupboard, though Carmichael only sipped the milk. "And what wass your mother's name?"

"Farquharson; her people came from Braemar; but they are all dead now, and I am the last of the race."

"A good clan," cried Janet, in great spirits, "and a loyal; they were out with the Macphersons in the '45.

Will you happen to know whether your ancestor suffered?"

"That he did, for he shot an English officer dead on his doorstep, and had to flee the country; it was not a pretty deed."

"Had the officer broken bread with him?" inquired Janet, anxiously,

"No, he had come to quarter himself and his men on him, and said something rude about the Prince."

"Your ancestor gave him back his word like a gentleman; but he would maybe hef to stay away for a while. Wass he of the chief's blood?"

"Oh no, just a little laird, and he lost his bit of land, and we never saw the place again."

"He would be a Dunniewassal, and proud it iss I am to see you in my house; and the Gaelic, will you hef some words?"

"Just the sound of it, Mrs. Macpherson," and he repeated his three sentences, all that he had learned of his mother, who had become a Scotchwoman in her speech.

"Call me Janet, my dear; and it iss the good Gaelic your mother must have had, and it makes my heart glad to think my minister iss a Farquharson, by the mother's side."

"We sing nothing but Psalms at church, Mrs. . . . Janet, so you will be pleased, and we stand to pray and sit to sing."

"Tuts, tuts, I am not minding about a bit hymn at a time from a friend, but it iss those Lowlanders meddling with everything I do not like, and I am hoping to hear you sing again, for it wass a fery pretty tune;" and the smith, passing along the road when Carmichael left that evening, heard Janet call him "my dear," and invoke a thousand blessings on his head.

When he called again in the end of the week to cement the alliance and secure her presence on Sabbath, Janet was polishing the swords, and was willing enough to give their history.

"This wass my great-grandfather's, and these two nicks in the blade were made on the dragoons at Prestonpans; and this wass my husband's sword, for he wass sergeant-major before he died, a fery brave man, good at the fighting, and the praying too.

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it wass maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing; they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk.

"It wass fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it wass a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear.

"It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for his Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful?"

"There wass a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief.

"Thirty pieces of silver wass a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and him one of the Chief's tail, too; it wass a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men.

"There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident—"that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much to-day, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson—to all traitors."

As they got more confidential, Janet began to speak of signs and dreams, and Carmichael asked her if she had the second sight.

"No; it iss not a lie I will be telling you, my dear, nor will I be boasting. I have not got it, nor had my mother, but she heard sounds, oh yes, and knew what wass coming to pass.

"'Janet,' she would say, 'I have heard the knock three times at the head of the bed; it will be your Uncle Alister, and I must go to see him before he dies.'"

"And was she—"

"Oh, yes, she wass in time, and he wass expecting her; and once she saw the shroud begin to rise on her sister, but no more; it never covered the face before her eyes; but the knock, oh yes, many times."

"Have you known any one that could tell what was happening at a distance and gave warning of danger?" for the latent Celt was awakening in Carmichael, with his love of mystery and his sense of the unseen.

"Listen, my dear"—Janet lowered her voice as one speaking of sacred things—"and I will tell you of Ina Macpherson, who lived to a hundred and two, and had the vision clear and sure.

"In the great war with Russia I wass staying in the clachan of my people, and then seven lads of our blood were with the Black Watch, and every Sabbath the minister would pray for them and the rest of the lads from Badenoch that were away at the fighting.

"One day Ina came into my sister's house, and she said, 'It is danger that I am seeing,' and my heart stood still in my bosom for fear that it wass my own man Hamish.

"'No,' and she looked at me, 'not yet, and not to-day,' but more she would not say about him. 'Is it my son Ronald?' my sister cried, and Ina only looked before her. 'It's a sore travail, and round a few black tartans I see many men in gray, pressing them hard; ochone, ochone!'

"'It's time to pray,' I said, and there wass a man in the clachan that wass mighty in prayer, and we gathered into his kitchen, four and twenty women and four men, and every one had a kinsman in the field.

"It iss this minute that I hear Dugald crying to the Almighty, 'Remember our lads, and be their help in the day of battle, and give them the necks of their enemies,' and he might be wrestling for half an hour, when Ina rose from her knees and said, 'The prayer is answered, for the tartans have the field, and I see blood on Ronald, but it is not his own.'"

"And did you ever hear—"

"Wait, my dear, and I will tell you, for the letter came from my nephew, and this is what he wrote:

"'It wass three to one, and the gloom came on me, for I thought that I would never see Glenfeshie again, nor the water of the loch, nor the deer on the side of the hill. Then I wass suddenly strengthened with all might in the inner man, and it iss five Russians that I hef killed to my own hands.'

"And so it wass, and a letter came from his captain, who wass of Cluny's blood, and it will be read in church, and a fery proud woman wass my sister."

These were the stories that Janet told to her minister in the days before the Carnegies came home, as well as afterward, and so she prepared him to be an easier prey to a soldier's daughter.

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The way of life is by no means smooth, but let us not make it rougher than it is. The world is not all we could wish; but, if it goes wrong, let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather, let us make it a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners, and deeds. If men in general are out of sorts, there is the more need of *our* being *in* sorts.—*John Learned.*

For the Little People

The Doll's Washing

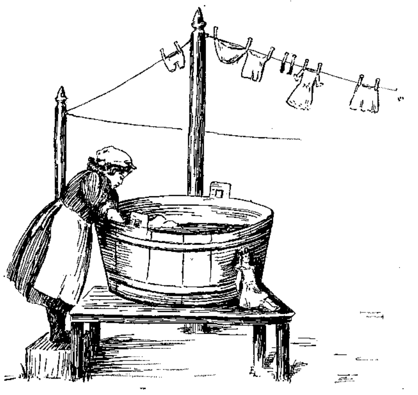
By Mary F. Butts

Earth-fairies bring the water
From pond and marshy dell—
Drop by drop, all day, all night,
And fill the deep, deep well.

Down goes the graceful well-sweep
Along the mossy sides.
Brimful of sparkling water,
Up the bucket rides.

The blazing fire is ready
To help the work along;
The steam goes puffing, puffing
In a soft and cozy song.

Now comes the washerwoman,
Her dimpled arms are bare;



A cap of snowy muslin
Holds all her curly hair.

Ah, see the suds a-foaming!
And—what a pretty sight!—
A rainbow in a bubble
For a little girl's delight!

Into the tub she plunges—
Rub-a-dub! swish-swash!
Soon upon the clothes-line
Will hang the dolly's wash.

Blankets for Baby Leaves

By Mary Mann Miller

Did you ever wonder what is packed away inside the buds you see on most trees and shrubs in winter? And did you ever try to find out? There are two ways of finding out. The first is the easier, but the second is the more interesting. You can open the bud carefully and take out what you find inside—you'll probably need a magnifying-glass to make out what they are; or you can put the twig in water and keep it there till the buds open of their own accord. On the whole, I advise you to try both ways. A small magnifying-glass does not cost much. You can get one for about fifty cents, I think. The folding linen-glasses are good, for they show just how far the object must be from the lens.

I am going to tell you about some tulip-tree buds I found one day, besides showing you some pictures of what was in them. You can see the same sort of thing in any winter bud; and sometimes you will find other things—I won't tell you all of them. Some buds are very gummy—*so* sticky! Then others are all woolly inside. If you think *hard*, I am sure you can discover the use of this wool and gum. Then if you take a branch a foot long you can find out how old it is, and which years were best for growth! You hardly believe me? Well, look at the branch very sharply, beginning at the bud end, and see if you can't find out. If you don't succeed, perhaps I will tell you next week. I advise you to take a maple branch, for the tulip-tree might puzzle you at first, but the maple has it all written out plainly.

But about the tulip buds. Last spring, when I was walking in the woods one day, I found some nice large brownish-green buds that looked very promising. They were rounded and blunt at the end, instead of pointed as so many are. Fig. 1 shows how the buds looked. I did not know what the tree was, but I expected to find out when I opened the buds. How? Why, I expected to find the baby leaves for the early spring growth, that had been packed away snug and warm all winter in the buds. There were just two outside scales (as they are called), and they were almost grown together. No cold winds could get in there, I can tell you! When I had taken off the first pair very carefully, I found—nothing but another pair just like the first, only greener. But when these were opened I saw what you see at A in Fig. 2—a tiny, dainty fairy leaf doubled together along its midrib and then bent downward at the top of its long stem. I knew at once from its shape that it was the tulip leaf. It was the most beautiful delicate pea-green color. I took it off carefully and laid it on white paper while I removed the next pair of scales. There were six or seven leaves in all, with a pair of scales outside each one and an extra pair for the outside. Isn't it wonderful to think that these delicate leaves had been packed away all winter waiting for the warm sunshine of spring to make them grow? Now you see why it is that spring comes with such a burst.

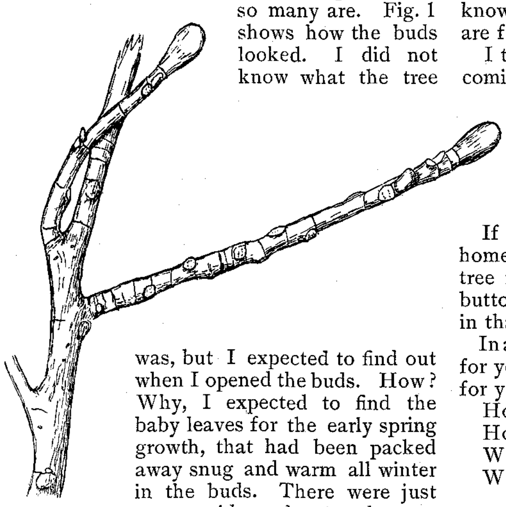


Fig. 1

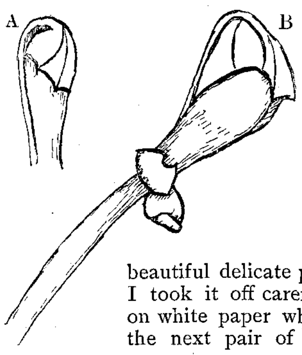


Fig. 2

I took a twig six or eight inches long, and put it in water in my room. I thought I should like to have a little spring of my own before the real spring outside had begun. I had to be patient, for the buds did not open right away. In Fig. 2 B you can see what first happened. The outside scales, you see, turned back and curled up. Then the second pair parted, and the leaf began to straighten out its stem. Two or three had come out before any of them opened the flat part of the leaf or blade. After a few days these opened, and the buds looked as in Fig. 3. The stem had grown ever so much, you see, as well as the whole leaf. They were much slower about it, however, than they are out-of-doors when they once begin. There you hardly know the buds are opening before the leaves are full-grown.

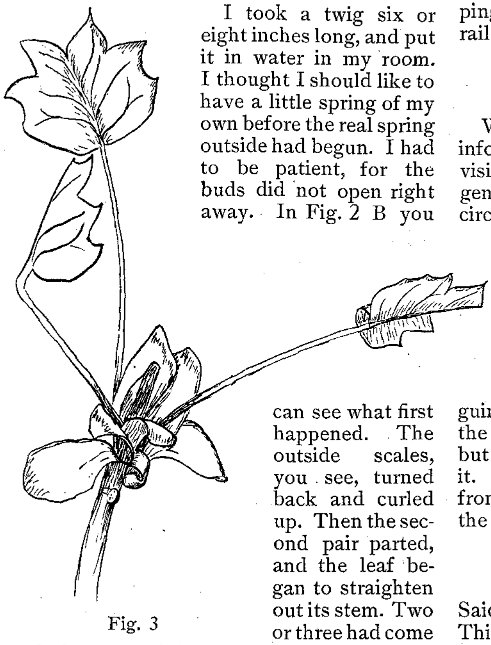


Fig. 3

I tried my best to catch a leaf just as it was coming out, but I never could. Once I almost did. I had been looking and looking at the bud for ever so long, and at last I turned away for just a minute, and when I turned back—there it was! It almost seemed as if it had tried to elude me.

If you can find a tulip-tree, do take a branch home to watch. A branch of apple or cherry tree is interesting, too, and so is one from the buttonball-tree. I won't tell what you will find in that.

In another article I will answer these questions for you, if you haven't already answered them for yourselves—which I should like better:

How old is your branch?
How do you know?
Which was the best year?
What is the use of the wool and gum?

A Happy Family

Doubtless you have heard of the "Happy Family" at the cat show recently held in New York. Tom was the head of the family. Tom is a big tabby cat. He is handsome, but looks sleepy. When the other members of his family ran to him for protection, or to caress him, he was so indifferent to them that you wondered why they were so devoted to him. The family live in a wire cage about five feet square. There are Tom, six guinea-pigs, two white mice, three white rats, ring-doves, Australian paroquets, indigo-birds, Java sparrows, six German canaries, and one English canary in the family. There are perches, drinking and feeding cups, and all possible provision for the comfort of this strange family. A gentleman dropped his cane. It struck against the cage, and at once every animal in the cage ran to Tom as if to protect him. The mice really kissed Tom. It was quite pretty to see how affectionate they were. The birds feed at Tom's feet. When I first saw the family Tom was dozing, with three canaries hopping on his side, as if it were a fur rug. The pigs and the mice did not seem at all intimate, but the birds were intimate with all. There were some performing cats at the show. One cat walked on a narrow rail carrying two mice on her back, and stepping over about a dozen white mice on the rail about four inches apart.

The Informal Reception

Would it not be delightful to visit the circus informally? That is, see the animals at home, visit them in their schools? Some New York gentlemen last week visited the animals of the circus in their winter home at Bridgeport, Conn. The schoolmaster had some of the animals recite their lessons; he called it performing. He sat on a white horse on a platform, and made the horses, all gayly dressed, gallop in the ring in four circles, moving first in one and then in the other direction. Each horse answered to his name. The elephants showed great fear of rats and guinea-pigs that were put in their house. When the lions were fed, they tore the meat to pieces, but the tigers licked the meat before they ate it. Johanna, the chimpanzee, drank cocoa from a bowl, and wrote her autograph for the visitors.

How it Strikes a Boy

Said little Johnny Green,
This is the funniest world I ever seen;
A fellow is sent off to bed
When he hain't got a bit of sleep in his head,
And he's hustled out of it, don't you see,
When he's just as sleepy as he can be!
—*Boston Transcript.*

The Religious World

The American University

The American University is a new institution which has been founded in the city of Washington. Its chief patrons belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its chief promoter is Bishop John F. Hurst. The object is to establish in that city a post-graduate institution of the highest grade, and Washington has been selected as the best location because of its incomparable advantages for scientific and literary investigation in the collections and institutions of the general Government. These have cost about $35,000,000, and about $3,500,000 are expended on them annually. They would all be open to students. An effort has been undertaken to raise $10,000,000 for this new University, and towards this something over $1,000,000 has already been given or pledged. The ground for the College of History in connection with this University was broken on March 9. Representatives of various churches and institutions took part in the services. Bishop Hurst stated that six denominations are represented in the gifts thus far received. The Hall of History is to be 176 feet long, 70 feet wide, two and one-half stories high, and will be of marble, in Doric style. When the various plans of the National Government and of religious denominations for educational institutions in Washington are completed, that city will perhaps be the educational center, as it is already the political center, of the United States.

The Young Women's Christian Association

A large audience was gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of March 9, in the interests of the Young Women's Christian Association, which then celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The weather was bad, but that did not serve to dampen the enthusiasm. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presided, and in his opening address traced the growth of the Association to its present position of power and influence, and its many and various forms of Christian service. The other speakers were the Rev. Dr. Burrill, of the Collegiate Church; the Rev. Dr. John Hall, whose topic was "The Relation of the Association to the Church;" General Wager Swayne, who spoke of the "Self-Respect of the Self-Supporting Woman;" the Rev. Dr. Greer, who spoke of "The Amusements of the Association," and Colonel Waring, who made a fine address on "The Association in its Relation to Health." After the addresses Mr. Mabie made an earnest appeal in behalf of the $250,000 which the Association desires to raise in commemoration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. The occasion was one of much interest, and promises well for the future of the Association, which has already proved its usefulness in the community.

A Fitting Appointment

We are informed through the daily press that the Rev. B. W. Bacon, D.D., of Oswego, N. Y., has been appointed instructor in New Testament Exegesis in the Theological Department of Yale University. The late occupant of that chair, Professor George B. Stevens, has been made Professor of Systematic Theology. The appointment of Dr. Bacon, which means, we doubt not, his succession in due time to the full professorship, is peculiarly fitting. He is one of the finest Biblical scholars in the United States, and by his work has already proved himself worthy of the position. He has had experience as a pastor, and will therefore know how to adjust his attainments as a scholar to the needs of those preparing for the ministry. Dr. Bacon is a grandson of Leonard Bacon, who served fifty years as pastor of the Center Church of New Haven, and whose long association with Yale is a part of the traditions of that University. We believe that no better appointment could have been made.

United Work in New York

The Federation of Christian Workers in New York City is a movement worthy of attention and commendation. It is the longest step in the direction of the real unity of the Church which has ever been taken in New York. It is a sad commentary on the Christian character of the ministers and the vitality of the churches that in all the history of this great city there has never been one gathering which has been thoroughly representative for consideration of the interests common to all the denominations. There have been hints of such gatherings, but only hints. Never have Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, Congregationalists and Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, Universalists and Unitarians, without regard to name or creed, united in one body for the consideration of the work common to all. This Federation of Churches is not ideal; it is only the beginning of what we hope will sometime be a real federation of all the Churches. Surely there is work enough in common for all to lay aside their differences while they strive to bring to the people moral ideals and help them to realize a better social and religious life. In this Federation the unit of membership is the individual Church. At present it numbers over one hundred churches and twelve societies for Christian work. There are about three hundred representatives of churches and societies in the Federation, and about thirty-six different denominations and societies are represented. We may best state what it will try to do in the words of its Constitution: "The object of the Federation is to bring the organized intelligence and love of our churches to bear upon the material, social, economic, civic, and spiritual interests of the family life of our city, and, through interdenominational conference and co-operation, to meet its every religious and moral need." That object ought to command the allegiance of all the Christian people in this great city, and this organization should make itself felt in many and most vital ways in the advancement of civic righteousness and individual morality.

A Woman's Meeting

The women of the Congregational churches of New York and vicinity have organized a prayer-meeting in the interests of Congregational missions, home and foreign. It is held every Friday morning from eleven to twelve o'clock in the manager's room of the Bible House, New York City. Similar meetings are held in other cities, and other denominations have held similar meetings in New York. The plan is to have the meetings for home and foreign missions alternate. There are many strong and efficient workers among the women of the Congregational churches of New York and vicinity. They have made their influence felt in the various Boards of the churches in the past, and no doubt this meeting will be the beginning of a more positive influence in the missionary cause in the vicinity of New York. All women interested in the home and foreign work of the Congregational churches are cordially invited to attend.

Building Up a Down-Town Church

The Central Metropolitan Temple at Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street, this city, has recently been reopened after extensive enlargement and renovation. It has a seating capacity of 1,300, and during the past ten months has built up a large congregation and has added 500 members to its roll. The services of the church cover 365 days a year, and a large corps of assistants, under the direction of the pastor, the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, is continually at work. There are lectures on history, literature, and travel every Tuesday, a free concert every Saturday, and a sociological and ethical discussion on Fridays, in addition to the regular religious meetings of the church. The character of the work is generic and broad, though the church is not an institutional one. In one room may be seen a bevy of girls discussing "In Memoriam;" in another a cadet corps drilling; in a third a lady of social and intellectual position conducting a conference on some spiritual theme. The church maintains a labor and a musical bureau, a large Sunday afternoon Bible-class, many circles of King's Daughters, and a Ladies' Aid Society holding all-day sessions. The building is a striking one, and in the evening is brilliantly illuminated. The success of Mr. Cadman in this work, in which he has in a year built up a down-town church which was formerly practically deserted, shows that it is possible for a Protestant church to lead a growing and broadening life south of Fourteenth Street, notwithstanding the popular notion to the contrary.

Governors and Religion

One of our daily papers has recently taken the pains to make inquiry concerning the religious affiliations of the forty-four State Governors of the American Union. The result showed that thirty-nine are avowed believers in religion and twenty-nine are professed Christians, and most of them are regular attendants at some place of worship. In response to the inquiries sent out, forty-three State Governors and three Territorial Governors returned answer. The Governor of Texas declined to state his position, while the Governor of South Carolina did not respond. A study of the returns shows that ten of the number are Presbyterians, five Congregationalists, five Unitarians, one Baptist, one Christian, and sixteen are unconnected with church organizations. Several of those who made answer are regarded as conspicuous enough to be possible candidates for the Presidency in the ensuing election. Little can be determined by a simple profession of religion, but this census shows at least that many of the ablest and most practical men of our time are Christians and interested in a Christian administration of public affairs.

The Men's Club

The Men's Club is becoming almost as prominent an agent of aggressive Christianity as the Christian Endeavor Society and the institutional church. If we remember correctly, it owes its origin to the Rev. John Faville, of Appleton, Wis. It is a simple association, with a single aim—to increase the interest and effectiveness of the Sunday evening service. The methods are to enlist all men in the community who are not identified with other churches and who are willing to help in making the Sunday evening service one which will be useful and helpful to the people. The club in Appleton, Wis., is perhaps the most successful of any in the country, and has an enrolled membership of 560. It has extended its activity to other departments of work—maintaining a lecture course and assisting in various charitable and philanthropic enterprises. A programme of the fourth anniversary of the club in Appleton indicates a vigorous and vital activity on the part of its members. The order of service under the auspices of the club is made up of music, both vocal and orchestral, of responsive readings, and altogether indicates a work which is "brief, bright, and brotherly." In some respects this movement resembles the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" so common in the churches of England.

Princely Knights of Character Castle

One of the most perplexing questions for the Church to answer is, How can we help the boys? Many efforts have been made toward this end within recent years, and while many of our young people's societies have been wonderfully successful, the fact remains that we lose a large percentage of our boys *between* Sunday-school and church. In order to meet this difficulty, and, if possible, redeem the boys, morally, socially, and spiritually, the Rev. Messrs. D. R. Lucas, A. W. and S. M. Conner, and the Hon. W. D. Owen, all prominent members of the Church of the Disciples of Christ in Indianapolis, have instituted a new order known as Princely Knights of Character Castle. Its purpose is to provide pleasing and profitable instruction for boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, by which they will be helped to form good habits; to provide reading and meeting rooms, courses of reading and lectures, and means of entertainment suited to this end; to assist those who need it to secure employment; and in every possible and lawful way to be a boys' friend, and to co-operate with parents and guardians in the work of forming a good character in the boys. The plan of work is to associate the boys with men of good character, who, by means of the ritual and courses of reading, lectures, and entertainments, will be enabled, it is hoped, to win the boys' attention and keep them under good influence in Castle (or Lodge) work until good habits are formed in them. The unique feature about it is its secret character, and it is perhaps the first to enter this field of work —a secret order for the moral and spiritual culture of boys. The founders of the order claim that it is so conducted as to appeal to the boy's desire to learn secrets and for entertainment, and to his love of banners and regalia. By these he is held and taught the great lessons of heroism, endurance, purity, patriotism, and love. It is claimed that the rites of initiation are administered in a manner that will forever fasten their lessons upon the minds and hearts of the boys. There are seven degrees in the order, one for each year of the boy's age from twelve to eighteen. The last degree is that of "The Princely Knight," and all who take it become the friends and helpers of the younger boys.

Reform of the Sunday-School

A recent series of articles in the "Christian World," of London, by Professor W. F. Adeney, on "The Reform of the Sunday-School," has attracted wide attention, and been made the subject of a symposium in that journal. It should be remembered that the Sunday-school in England hardly occupies the place that it does in America. More attention is given there to the religious training of the children in the homes of the well-to-do, and the Sunday-school is more largely devoted to those without such training among the poorer classes. This, however, is only relative. Among the suggestions which have been elicited by Professor Adeney's articles are the following: Dr. John Clifford, the most eminent Baptist of London, reports that he notices an increasing reticence on the part of the teachers. They are more content than formerly to say that they do not know. "They are not positive where Jesus is silent." The suggestion had been made that the teaching in the Sunday-school is antiquated, but Dr. Clifford says that, so far as he can hear, it "is not the school but the pulpit which is the lazy or timid patron of traditionalism." It should be said that knowledge of the Bible is more common in England than in this country, and also that it has there been studied more critically. Dr. Clifford's testimony is that in the schools with which he is acquainted the teaching is encouraging to those who desire thorough work. Dr. George S. Barrett, an eminent Congregationalist of Norwich, England, does not agree with Professor Adeney that large classes are most desirable. The distinctive characteristic of his paper, however, is what he says concerning the service, which he thinks should be a liturgical one composed of praise and prayer in which the whole school takes part. He would have "free prayer" offered at the beginning of the school and a responsive service at the end, with special attention given to music. The Rev. Alfred Rowland, London, advocates a training-class for teachers to be held on Sunday, and that especial care should be taken to secure for its teacher a broad-minded and experienced man. In regard to the subjects studied he uses these words: "By all means let us add to Bible study more attention to the biographies of typical Christian men and women, especially with a view to expounding the history of missions—which is essentially the Acts of the Apostles brought up to date." Dr. Goodrich, of Manchester, rejoices that the emphasis is no longer on the period of the Exodus, but rather on the teaching of Christ. He says: "In the syllabus of a senior class I find such subjects as 'The Book of Job,' 'Citizenship,' 'Foreign Missions Policy,' 'Sesame and Lilies,' etc.; and from a school of about nine hundred and fifty, I find in one year thirty-two became members of the church." He thinks that our greatest wants are a thoroughly valuable course of lessons on the life of Jesus Christ, and more teachers of ability, scholarship, and experience. Other contributors to this symposium are the Revs. J. M. Gibbon, Joseph Halsey, Silvester Horne, and H. W. Horwill, all of whom write intelligently on the subject. The articles by Professor Adeney and the symposium on them cannot fail to do great good.

The Subject in This Country

Nearly if not quite everything which we have mentioned as spoken of in the symposium applies equally to our own country. Far too much attention, relatively, has been given to sermonettes to the children and far too little to an intelligent and discriminating study of the Bible itself. Our systems of lessons have often been compiled on the homiletic plan. In many localities, doubtless, that is best, but we record our conviction that the first duty of the Sunday-school, as such, is not the conversion of the child but his instruction in the things of the spirit. We do not mean that the decision for Christ should be overlooked, but that, as society is now constituted, very little systematic teaching is done in the home, and if children are ever trained in a knowledge of the Bible it must be in the Sunday-school. The majority of people are lamentably ignorant of what the Bible contains. The first duty, therefore, is careful training in a knowledge of its contents; and the second the application of its teachings to the life of the pupil. In that others besides teachers will have a part; the pastor, the Christian Endeavor Society, and individual Christians inevitably will influence the children toward individual consecration to the Master. We join our English friends in pleading for a more intelligent study of the Word of God in the light of the most recent and reliable science.

The Gambling Habit in Great Britain

An appeal to the English nation against the growing and most pernicious habit of betting and gambling has been issued by representatives of various Christian bodies in that country. We make a few extracts. The manifesto says: "We believe that the public morals are being seriously affected in every class of society, while the national sports, especially horse-racing, are degraded by the development of betting and book-making, which are steadily increasing. The increase to a great extent is to be traced to the trade of the professional betting man. . . . To the enforcement of the law must be added strenuous efforts in every direction to influence public opinion by that moral suasion which alone can be used in dealing with individuals and their action." The appeal is temperate and strong, and is signed by such men as the Bishops of London and Durham, the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, Chairman of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Richard Leitch, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, the Chairmen of the Baptist and Methodist Churches, Mr. Thomas Hughes, J. P., and other men equally prominent. One of the most encouraging things about this appeal is that it indicates a realization of responsibility on the part of those prominent in the Church, not only for the welfare of the Church as an institution, but also for the morals of the community. It is only another sign that the Church is every day coming to realize more keenly its power as a social and political force.

Brief Mention

The Council of Congregational Churches which has been examining the charges made against the Rev. Charles O. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, has found him guiltless.

The Rev. W. Hay Aitkin attracted large congregations last week at a noonday service in old Trinity Church, New York. The weather was unpropitious, but the crowds in attendance proved that the men of Wall Street are interested in something besides the acquisition of wealth. This is the second or third time that Mr. Aitkin has conducted these services.

As there is a Students' Volunteer Movement in behalf of foreign missions among non-Episcopal churches, so there is a Church Students' Missionary Association for the promotion of similar objects among Episcopalians. Its affairs are in the hands of a committee consisting of five bishops, five presbyters, and fifteen laymen, ten of whom are students preparing for ordination.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston, has been invited by Principal Fairbairn to preach and lecture before Mansfield College, Oxford, during the month of May. He has accepted the invitation. Other Americans who have been previously invited by Principal Fairbairn to occupy the pulpit of Mansfield College Chapel are the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, D.D., who was present at the opening of the institution; the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., who was invited to preach in the Commencement week of 1891; and the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., who occupied the pulpit during the summer meetings two years ago. Dr. Gordon has once before been the preacher in the chapel.

Books and Authors

A Prince of the Church[1]

Cardinal Manning was the greatest ecclesiastical statesman that England has seen since Cardinal Wolsey. Other Englishmen have doubtless had his ability, but none of them his opportunity. This came to him unsought, through his conscientious secession from the Church of England, in which the highest place might have been his, to the Church of Rome, in which he chanced upon a time peculiarly favorable for the free play of his remarkable powers. To him, called by his opponents in the Vatican Council *Diabolus Concilii*, its adoption of the dogma of papal infallibility was mainly due.

Whatever fault be found with Mr. Purcell's exhibition of the great Cardinal on the score of unnecessary candor, it is probably as truthful as the delineation of so complicated a life can be. Manning himself intended it so to be. For this he put into his chosen biographer's hands all his diaries, journals, correspondence, and autobiographical notes. For this the two spent many hours in personal conversation. For this the biographer declares he has supremely endeavored—to manifest Manning's heart and soul and character "in the fullness and simplicity of truth." Another biography may be written with intent on more prudent reserve or the suppression of unedifying material, but Mr. Purcell's work will have the advantage of Manning's virtual *imprimatur*.

Manning and his great contemporary, Cardinal Newman, were the most notable individual products of the religious revival in the Church of England known as the "Oxford Movement," dating from 1833, when the first of its ninety "Tracts for the Times" appeared, and aiming, under the influence of the priestly rather than the prophetic spirit, to restore the ante-papal Catholicism. Manning, cut off from his hope of a Parliamentary career by the ruin of his father's fortune, had come under evangelical influences, became thoroughly religious, and took holy orders in 1832. While faithful and laborious in his rural charge, his genius for administration so displayed itself in wider interests that only eight years later he became Archdeacon of Chichester. Meanwhile he had early gone over from the Evangelical to the High Church party, and his parish at Lavington, says his biographer, became his "half-way house to Rome." From the time of her separation from the Church of Rome two principles, as variant as Rebecca's struggling twins, have contended within the Church of England—the principle of authority, appealing to the traditions of the Fathers and the corporate voice of the Church in the dogmas of councils, and the principle of liberty, appealing to the unchartered freedom of the days of the Son of man, and the testimony of the Spirit in the Scriptures to the Christian consciousness. Manning, by nature despotic and intolerant of doubt, was wholly in affinity with the principle of authority. The first question in his mind on beginning work as a parish priest was, "By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door . . . and begin to instruct or correct him?" His first sermon before the clergy of the diocese, two years later, maintained the thesis, "Our commission to witness for Christ hangs on this question, Are the bishops of our Church the successors in lineal descent of the Lord's apostles?" For a few years he was satisfied of the validity of "the title-deeds of the Church of England." But in 1836 the "Tracts for the Times" were taking hold of him. In 1839, when he began to receive auricular confession, he was already puzzled how to satisfy his penitents, while keeping them from going over to Rome. For the next twelve years he was in a state of continual and increasing disquiet, until in 1851 he found rest to his soul in the Papal Church.

But of this inward turmoil, abundantly evinced by his letters and diaries, no outward sign appeared. It is, as his biographer says, "a curious difficulty, almost startling at first," to find "Manning speaking concurrently for years with a double voice," publicly proclaiming an unqualified Protestantism, but privately confessing the weakness of his position. Manning's diary records against the years 1843-1846, "Declension—three and a half years—secularity, vanity, and anger." There is no need, says Mr. Purcell, to suppress or to gloss it over; "it was followed by repentance and change of heart."

We hesitate, however, to agree with Mr. Purcell that Manning's difficulty was "not intellectual but moral," in an opposition of his will to reasoned conclusions. Only a year before his submission to Rome he writes that, while logically convinced, he fears to "rest on intellectual convictions alone;" while the argument may be logical, "the premises may be disputable." Easy as it is to censure Manning for hypocrisy, repugnant to a candid mind as his inconsistency appears at this remove from that time of party passion, a just judgment of his case is not an easy problem. Allowance must be made for a man in a position of public trust, whose decision is to affect many others besides himself, who is involved in a question that admits of no neutrality—a question, however, of an intellectual rather than a moral kind, concerning a historical claim to authority—if, being also a man naturally dogmatic and tenacious of prejudice, he stubbornly resists the adverse probabilities which he frankly recognizes, and surrenders only when all is lost. To such considerations, rather than to subsequent "repentance," Manning's biographer might justly have pointed. But he is so anxious to be impartial as to seem now and then inadequately fair.

As early as 1839 Newman had written to Manning: "Nothing but *patience* and dutifulness can keep us in the Church of England—and remaining in it is a test whether we have these graces." After this Newman held out about six years, and Manning about twelve. The Gorham Judgment in 1850, interpreting the Royal Supremacy as covering matters of doctrine, a claim which Manning had steadfastly resisted throughout his Anglican ministry, cut his last standing-ground from under him. Unable to evoke any effective protest against this subordination of spiritual to civil power, he abandoned all that he held most dear, feeling that now he should "sink to the bottom and disappear."

But the closed way speedily became an open way. Such a man, abounding in energy, fertile in resource, tactful, conciliatory, persevering, intimate with chief men, a born diplomatist, Pius IX. soon recognized at his full worth for the promotion of Catholic interests in England. Twelve years later, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, he made Manning Archbishop of Westminster. Ten years subsequently, in recognition of his supreme efficiency in the Vatican Council, he made him Cardinal. This crowning honor was not given to Newman till four years later, in 1879, after the accession of Leo XIII. But Newman was the lonely thinker, Manning the privileged counselor of Piux IX., with whose decease Manning's influence at the Vatican largely disappeared.

That Newman was until then under a cloud at Rome was due to Manning. It was misliked by most Catholics in England. It is misliked by his biographer, who does not gloss over what he deems discreditable. In 1867 their correspondence came practically to an end, each professing inability to understand the other. In Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" Manning's name alone is unmentioned of all the friends of his Anglican or Catholic days. Yet Manning's address in 1890, at the time of Newman's death, speaks of him as "my brother and friend of more than sixty years." This Mr. Purcell characterizes as a "falsification of history," due to the illusion of overwrought feeling in fond regret for what might have been.

Whether this frank judgment is too severe it is not easy to pronounce with certainty. Manning was a thorough ultramontane, standing for the infallibility and temporal power of the Holy See as vital to the welfare of the Church. In this Newman disagreed with him. Manning's correspondence with his intimate at Rome, Monsignor Talbot, the Pope's chamberlain, censures Newman's opinions as "anti-Roman and anti-Papal," tending to minimize Catholic doctrine and hinder its spread in England. But it is not expected of statesmen to consult the interests of the party in opposition; nor that the confidant of a jealous pontiff will compromise himself by an intimacy that might expose him to suspicion. Whether Manning's natural intolerance and reluctance to brook any competitor co-operated with his views of public interest no one can say. He himself discountenances the idea in an autobiographical note dated in 1887. None the less, this suppressed "friendship" is one of the painful and unlovely passages of his life.

Until the accession of the Oxford converts English Catholics had dwelt among their countrymen as a peculiar people, in a social isolation resulting from the old penal laws. Newman, Manning, and their followers put new life into the atrophied limb, and made it once more an active member of the social body. It was Manning, however, true Englishman as well as Catholic, who, with his active interest in public concerns, successfully broke down the barriers which had long separated Catholics from the social movement of England. It is for this, and for his zeal and public spirit in philanthropy and social reform, that the present generation chiefly remembers him.

His first care on becoming Archbishop was to postpone, in spite of much resentment, the building of a cathedral in memory of Cardinal Wiseman, that the children of poor Catholics might first be provided with schools, orphanages, and reformatories. From 1871, when the victims of the Paris Commune appealed for relief, he represented his Church in all the co-operative undertakings of philanthropy, and was in constant demand for public platforms, where his ready and impressive eloquence gained popular esteem. He was especially efficient in temperance work, even taking the pledge himself, against medical advice, to promote the cause among the Irish poor. The motley crowd o agitators, hobbyists, and faddists who resorted to his house to gain his sympathy gave grief to those who were jealous for his reputation. His greatest success was the settlement of the Dockers' Strike in 1889, when the Anglican Bishop of London had given it up in despair. In recent politics he was for Home Rule in Ireland, that "martyr nation," as he called it, in a renewed cordiality with Mr. Gladstone, his friend in his Anglican days. Singularly, it was he, of all men, who had carried the infallibility dogma through the Vatican Council, who now pointed out its limits, and declared it inapplicable to Leo XIII.'s decree condemning the Irish "Plan of Campaign" against the landlords.

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[1] *Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Macmillan & Co., New York. 2 Vols. $6.

But Manning said of himself, "From the beginning I was a priest, and a priest only." He was also a great preacher. In the confessional, at the altar, in the pulpit, he found his most congenial work, and endeared himself to a multitude as their spiritual father. If, as his biographer says, he had "somewhat unscrupulous methods of attack," the inconsistency of these with the introspective and sensitive conscience to which his diaries bear witness may in charity be imputed to the false dogmatic system in which he was involved. While religion was to him much more than politics, churchmanship was quite too near it, with a moral obliquity which could even attribute the results of intrigue and wirepulling to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Charitable judgment is conciliated by the manifest candor in which the great Cardinal and his biographer are at one in opening to the world the very thoughts of his heart—though this has not been without inexcusable neglect of the rights of still living men to the veil of privacy. But whatever favorable impression this ingenuous exhibition may produce must be offset in many minds by a fresh and deep aversion to the evil genius of sacerdotalism, which history shows, in all ages and every form of religion, invariably inimical to the soundness of ethical life.

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An admirable book is Mr. Karl Károly's *A Guide to the Paintings of Venice.* (Macmillan & Co., New York.) We have here a historical and critical account of all the pictures in Venice, quotations of criticism from the best authorities, and short lives of the Venetian masters. The author of this little book is already favorably known through his "Raphael's Madonnas" and "A Guide to the Paintings of Florence." Undoubtedly the deserved success of the latter volume induced him to prepare this on Venice. We predict for it an equal popularity. The volume's delightful size—it is the most admirable of pocket companions—its flexible cover, thin but good paper, clear type, and memory-awakening photographic reproductions are excellent features, but its greatest value lies in the practical information so concisely and yet so adequately told. In the Academy there are about seven hundred pictures; these are described in alphabetical order; in the churches there are about five hundred "chief" paintings; these are treated in the order in which they are hung. Prefacing the actual matter in hand, Mr. Károly gives us a short history of Venice, followed by essays on Venetian painting, its characteristics and manner, on the schools of North Italy, on oil painting and tempera painting, on glazing, scumbling, and impasting, and on art terms. Then come the pictures—first those of the Academy, of course, then the frescoes in the Doge's Palace, then those in the Scuola di San Rocco, then the collections of the Cower Museum, the Seminario Patriarchale, the Royal Palace and Library, the Layard Collection, the Giovanelli Palace, and finally the pictures in the churches. Part II. is taken up with a narration of the lives of the principal painters of North Italy, and of the chief events in the reigns of the Doges. An ample index is added.

Dr. James Baldwin has published through the Werner Company (Chicago) *A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica.* This is a valuable book to any possessor of that Encyclopædia, for without it the full value of the Encyclopædia can hardly be recognized. The Britannica is not only a repository of general information, it is also an educational agent. In consulting it one is constantly drawn from point to point, finding something new and suggestive about the subject in which one is especially interested. If this is true in the hints which are thrown out in the Encyclopædia itself, how much more is it in a book specially prepared for that purpose. Three classes of people are addressed by Dr. Baldwin: first, boys and girls; second, students; third, the busy world. Boys and girls are told about home readings and history, biography, science, games, sports, and pastimes. For instance, they may supplement the school history of early America with readings from articles in the Britannica. Three courses of reading in history and five in the history of literature are indicated to the student. There are also indications how to read about philology and the history of language, astronomy, zoölogy, botany, geography, mathematics, the study of man, philosophy, the Bible, mythology, and the study of the supernatural.

We infer that the Rev. A. H. Hore means by the term "Catholic Church" the Church of England; for his *History of the Church Catholic* gives a detailed account of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times of the Christian Church. The account then proceeds to the great schism, and then the Eastern portion of Christendom is dismissed almost entirely from any mention. What follows is an account of Latin Christianity up to what he describes as the "Three Reformations," the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Catholic (the English Reformation). After the separation of the English Church from the Roman obedience, the author confines his narrative strictly to the Church of England. This is nothing more than the narrowest kind of insularity, and seriously impairs the usefulness of the book. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Noah Brooks has published through Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) *The Mediterranean Trip: A Short Guide to the Principal Points on the Shores of the Western Mediterranean and the Levant.* We have short, too short, descriptions of the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Monte Carlo, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens. The little volume contains a number of fairly good maps and illustrations, but the text is very incomplete.

Literary Notes

—Mme. Octave Feuillet has written a continuation of her "Quelques Années de Ma Vie," with the title of "Souvenirs et Correspondances."

—Recent reports from Bombay contradict the rumors of Mr Clemens's (Mark Twain's) dangerous illness, and say that he is about to resume his lecture tour.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next fall a new edition in sixteen volumes of the works of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with notes and bibliographical introductions and portraits.

—It is proposed to restore the stone that marks the grave of Dr. Samuel Johnson in Westminster Abbey. The surface of the present stone is so decayed that the inscription is half obliterated.

—It is somewhat remarkable, says the "Bookman," that Mrs. Oliphant invented the name "Thrums" and used it in one of her early novels. Mr. Barrie reinvented it in total ignorance of his predecessor's book. His first choice of a fictitious name for Kirriemuir was "Whins."

—Sir E. Maunde Thompson has prepared some interesting statistics of the library of the British Museum. The number of volumes which it contains is, he says, 1,750,000, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating. The shelving of the library exceeds thirty-nine miles in length.

—The splendid Semitic library of the late Professor Christian Dillman, of the University of Berlin, which was given to Johns Hopkins University, will soon be put in place in a special room in the University library provided for it.

—The London "Athenæum" tells us that the late Mr. Murray had for many years collected materials for a complete edition of Byron's works in prose and verse. Mr. Murray had in his possession a considerable number of letters to various persons, including those to his father, some of which were not shown to Moore, as well as many documents and papers of interest. He had also acquired Lord Byron's own continuation of "Don Juan" and several other unpublished poems and fragments. With the aid of these materials it is hoped that a final edition of Byron's works may be given to the world at no very distant date.

—A dispatch from Athens to the London "Times" tells of the recent unveiling by the King of Greece of the statue to Byron executed by the French sculptors Chapu and Falguière at the expense of the late M. Demetrius Skylitsis, of London. The Minister of the Interior accepted the statue on behalf of the Government, and uttered an enthusiastic eulogy of Byron's talents and the sacrifices which he made for Greece. The statue, which is of Carrara marble, represents Greece crowning Byron with a laurel branch, while a young Greek below stretches his arms in newly found liberty. On the pedestal is the inscription, "Hellas to Byron."

—Among letters of Thomas Carlyle sold at an autograph auction in London lately is one in which he talks wisely of high-priced books. The London "Chronicle" quotes and comments as follows:

> "One title-page," he says, with much sound wisdom, "read well is worth many volumes carelessly run over." The average bibliographer, indeed, does not pretend to read farther than the title-page of the book. Carlyle was not a bibliographer, scarcely perhaps a bibliophile, and his books he regarded rather as necessary tools than as intellectual companions. "My reverence for books," he says, "does not increase with my years," a sweeping assertion which may have been written under the influence of dyspepsia. Although Carlyle reverenced books less and less as he grew older, his "reverence for earnest reflection and meditation . . . does go on increasing," and he ascribes "clearness of vision" as the great source of "honest, manful conduct."

—An exceedingly choice and beautiful example of the art of typography is shown in the specimen pages and circular announcement of "The Altar Book" (containing the order of the Holy Eucharist according to the use of the American Church, with collects, epistles, gospels, etc.). The publisher, Mr. D. P. Updike, has been over two years engaged in the preparation, and the result is not only sumptuous but fit and consistent in purpose and effect. The type was specially designed and has been set at the Merrymount Press of Boston, while the presswork is done by DeVinne, of New York. The full-page illustrations are by Mr. Robert A. Bell; Mr. B. G. Goodhue furnishes elaborate borders and initials. The music in the book was arranged by Sir John Stainer, who has edited Merbecke's adaptation of the ancient English plain-song; an interesting sentence quoted from an address by Sir John Stainer recalls the fact that the plain-song as sung in St. Paul's to-day is note for note the music that was heard in Salisbury Cathedral eight hundred years ago. The edition of the Altar Book is limited to three hundred and fifty copies, to be sold at $75 each.

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

THE SILVER QUESTION

A trifle trite, does the reader think, and prepare to turn the leaf? Wait a moment. We are not going to talk about "free coinage," "16 to 1," or "Coin's School." Almost every one who has any opinion on that phase of the silver question knows all about it, and is not looking for new light. But perhaps we can supply the reader of inquiring mind with some new information on another aspect of the silver question. We propose to give some facts about the use of this precious metal in the arts, past and present, the means of judging as to the fineness of silver in England and America, etc., etc., and shall try to make this worth any one's reading and remembering.

"The white metal" has been a favorite with the artist metal-workers and jewelers of all ages. The skilled artificers of Phœnicia and Palestine, equally with those of India and Assyria, were called upon for "vessels of silver" for the use of the wealthy, and particularly for ecclesiastical purposes. In the Old Testament we read of the "offerings of the princes" at the dedication of the tabernacle by Moses (see Numbers vii., 19), when "Nethaneel the son of Zuar, prince of Issachar, did offer one silver charger, the weight whereof was an hundred and thirty shekels, one silver bowl of seventy shekels, both of them full of fine flour mingled with oil for a meat offering;" of Joseph commanding his steward to "put my cup, my silver cup, in the sack's mouth," and how, when the cup was found in the sack of Benjamin, the brethren "rent their clothes," well knowing the value of such an article when belonging to a great personage. In more modern times, the costliest church ever erected in Christendom, the "Sancta Sophia" of Constantinople, built in 532–8 by Justinian, at an estimated cost of sixty-four millions of dollars, was distinguished for the splendor of its silver decorations. Not only were there priceless vessels and candelabra of solid silver, but the "canopy over the altar was vaulted with sheets of" that metal, and "rested on four silver columns." The splendor of silver work in later times is sufficiently set forth in the following condensed passage from Chaffers, descriptive of some of the silverware of Louis XIV.:

"On each side of the royal buffet was elevated on a portico, 10 feet high, a grand silver guéridon bearing a silver girandole, which lighted the buffet, accompanied by numerous large silver vases; on the table and steps of this buffet, which reached the altitude of not less than 25 feet, were shown, beautifully arranged, twenty-four massive bowls of marvelous workmanship; these were separated by as many large vases, cassolettes, and girandoles of equal beauty. On the table of the buffet were the gold Nef and the silver gilt vessels for the King's use; these shone forth from among twenty-four large silver jardinières full of flowers; in front of the table was a grand silver cistern shaped like a shell; at the two extremities were four guéridons, six feet high, surmounted by silver girandoles. . . . All this chased and modeled silver work was of the estimated weight of more than 100,000 marcs of metal (800,000 ounces)."

Silver has thus been a favorite material for art workers, from Demetrius to Cellini, not only because of its beauty, its value, and its susceptibility of high finish, but because of its ductility, rendering it easy to cast and shape, and its durability when properly treated. In order to give it strength and hardness, it is necessary, however, to mix it with some one of the so-called baser metals, both in its use as coin and for decorative and practical purposes. "Debasing the coinage" was for many centuries a favorite device of unscrupulous rulers; by mixing the precious metal with an undue quantity of cheaper alloy they were enabled to issue larger quantities of coin and thus "scale their debts." In our own times this action on the part of Governments is almost unknown; and "debasing the coinage" by private individuals is called by the disagreeable term "counterfeiting," and is severely punished when detected. In the province of manufacture, also, there has always existed, among dishonest workers, this practice of deceiving the public by decreasing the quantity of silver and increasing that of the baser metal used for alloy. From time to time great abuses have crept into the business in this respect. The evil is an old one. We read that in the seventeenth century in England "divers small wares, both of gold and silver, are frequently wrought and put to sale by divers goldsmiths and others, worse than standard, to the great abuse of his Majesty's good subjects, and great discredit of that manufacture, and reproach in foreign parts to the English goldsmiths."

In England, however, there has been devised and perfected an effectual guarantee that the silversmith's product shall be of a certain grade of fineness. This is known as the system of *hall-marks* (from the *Hall* of the Goldsmiths' Company or guild). All silverware is tested and then stamped by guild assayers with certain characters which are everywhere recognized as a guarantee of quality. The London Goldsmiths' Company, for instance, have adopted a method, which has been in vogue for centuries, of stamping silver so that not only can the fineness be known, but the date of manufacture as well. Its hall-mark consists of a leopard's head (denoting the assay), a lion passant (denoting the standard), a letter (showing the date), the maker's mark, and the head of the sovereign (indicating payment of duty). Every twentieth year is signalized by a new alphabetical cycle. Thus all silverware made in the year of Queen Victoria's coronation is stamped with the letter 𝔄, in the style known as black letter. In the next year, 1838, a 𝔅 is used. This continues till twenty letters of the alphabet (omitting J) have been used, when a new series, with a different style of letter, begins. The unusually long reign of Victoria is now bringing the third alphabetical cycle to a close with the use of the heavy Roman letter U, and next year may see the unprecedented introduction of a fourth cycle of date-letters for a single reign. Similar systems of hall-marks are also in vogue in the cities of Great Britain and on the Continent.

By the various systems of hall-marks, therefore, English buyers are rendered absolutely secure, in their purchase of silverware, that they are getting *sterling* silver, *sterling* silver consisting of 925 parts of pure silver to 75 of alloy—generally copper. There is therefore no "silver question," in this sense, in the land which gives us the word *sterling*. How about the question in America?

In America there is probably a larger use of and demand for articles of silver than in any other country of the world. Silverware is no longer restricted to the use of the very wealthy. In ancient and mediæval times the use of silverware was thus restricted, either by reason of the great cost of the metal or by sumptuary laws which were designed to prevent the withdrawal of silver from its use for coinage. But in this age and land of the democracy of wealth and luxury, the families are few which do not possess some articles at least of table silverware. The humble housewife's heart is gladdened, as she goes about her daily duties, by the sight of the shining spoon or fork or sugar-bowl marked "sterling," and this she fondly believes to be equivalent to a "hall-mark." Alas for the trustful housewife! The recent developments in regard to the sale of silver in some of the dry-goods stores in New York have served to throw suspicion on most of the articles thus labeled.

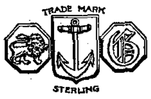
The majority of the reputable manufacturers of silverware in the United States have refused to use the dry-goods stores as a medium for introducing their goods to the public, recognizing the fact that silverware, which is peculiarly an art product, ought not to be subjected to the demoralizing methods and representations of the "bargain counter." The fact, however, that silverware has been procured by these houses and advertised at prices less than those current in the market for the bullion alone of which they were supposed to be composed, led to an investigation, not long since, on the part of leading jewelers and silversmiths. The investigation was initiated by the Connecticut Jewelers' Association, and resulted in an astonishing discovery. Out of thirty-two articles purchased at random in New York dry-goods stores, and purporting to be of "sterling" or "coin" silver ("coin" silver is 900–1,000 fine), only one was genuine, actually what was represented, as proved at the United States Assay Office. The others were "brummagem"—mere shells, in most instances, of silver, the only "solid" metal being the base of solder or pewter.

This deplorable condition of things in the silverware trade has come about in direct contravention of law. While there is no general statute in the United States for the protection of purchasers of silverware, there is such a law on the statute-books of the State of New York, which is in part as follows:

"Section I. A person who makes or sells, or offers to sell or dispose of, or has in his possession with intent to sell or dispose of, any article of merchandise marked, stamped, or branded with the words "sterling" or "sterling silver," or incased or inclosed in any box, package cover or wrapper, or other thing in or by which the said article is packed, inclosed, or otherwise prepared for sale or disposition, having thereupon any engraving or printed label, stamp, imprint, mark, or trade-mark, indicating or denoting by such marking, stamping, branding, engraving, or printing that such article is silver, sterling silver, or solid silver, unless $\frac{925}{1000}$ of the component parts of the metal of which the said article is manufactured is pure silver, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Notwithstanding this statute, the market has been full of these fraudulent "sterling" goods. The sellers of "dry-goods" silver, as it is termed, when brought to book, blamed the manufacturers for the deception; the manufacturers asserted that they made the goods to order, and stamped them "sterling" to order; and so the merry war of crimination and recrimination, charge and counter-charge, goes on; the only certain result so far being that the purchaser of "dry-goods silver" has paid an excessive price for a comparatively valueless article.

What now is the moral? It seems sufficiently obvious. In a sentence, it is: Put your money into silver that has a "*hall-mark*" on it—in other words, an indubitable guarantee of genuineness. Is there any firm of silversmiths in America whose guarantee is the equivalent of an English "*hall-mark*"? There is such a firm. It is the Gorham Mfg. Co., and this is its "*hall-mark*": Any reputable smelter will inform the person who needs further assurance on this point that a piece of silver which bears the device of the Lion, the Anchor, and the letter 𝕲 is of genuine sterling quality, $\frac{925}{1000}$ fine, and that its bullion value is in strict accordance with its net weight and the current price of silver bullion.



How has the stamp of the Gorham Manufacturing Company obtained this reputation as a "*hall-mark*"? By reason of the Company's long and honorable record, from the small beginnings of a little workroom over sixty years ago to the present great business, probably the largest of its kind in the world. Starting in a most modest way in a little town in Rhode Island, in the year 1831, the Gorham Manufacturing Company has steadily built up its business and its reputation until now its workrooms occupy a floor-space of over six acres, and it is known, and honorably known, throughout the world. In no one particular in the work of its great establishment is more care exercised than in the methodical maintenance of its "sterling" standard. Competent assayers are employed in every process and department to test the metal that goes into the hundreds of thousands of useful and elegant articles that every year go forth from the Gorham establishment. Large capital and intelligent organization have combined to insure the maintenance of an unvarying standard in the quality of its "sterling" goods.

As to the art quality of Gorham work, it is sufficiently known to connoisseurs. To others it will be advisable to call attention to the fact that many of the first designers and executants known to the profession are included in the Gorham Manufacturing Company's staff. The Company's interest in stimulating the artistic activity of its corps of workers is shown in the rare and costly library and museum which are provided for their study and inspiration. And the fertility of its designers is shown, not only in the multiplicity of designs which come pouring forth from its establishment—embracing an endless variety of articles for household, personal, ecclesiastical, and decorative use, from a butterfly pin to a statue of Columbus—but in the steadily growing popularity of Gorham work among the people of the most cultivated taste. But the best way of informing one's self, after all, of the artistic quality of Gorham ware is to see it. And this, fortunately, one can do by calling on almost any reputable jeweler or silversmith throughout the country, as well as at the principal salesroom in New York.

Who does not admire and covet beautiful silverware? It forms at once the most prized, the handsomest, and the most permanent of articles of luxury combined with utility. As to the durability of silver that has been skillfully wrought and properly cared for, take the following striking instance from Mons. Burty's work on the Industrial Arts:

"We have seen on the neck and arms of a young girl who had been educated in India silver necklaces and bracelets that were actually as fine and supple as a thread of silk; yet not a single one of these threads, in themselves so fine as hardly to be discernible to the naked eye, had given way in the twenty years that she had had them in her possession."

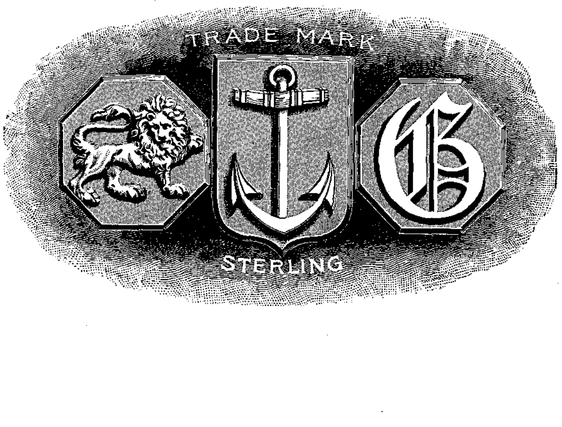
It is true that we do not now, as in the times of Byzantine glory described by Gibbon—when "every wealthy man possessed a semicircular table of massive silver, such as two men could scarcely lift"—use silver merely as a means of locking up wealth or of gratifying vanity by pompous show; nevertheless the "family heirlooms" that are most prized are the articles of silver that have been in daily use for generations. But even if one is content to leave future generations to care for themselves, one needs these beautiful art-objects about him for his own satisfaction and delight. And no small part of the satisfaction comes from the consideration that there is no doubt as to the character of his possession.

The "silver question," then, resolves itself into this, it being presumed that the purchase of silverware is contemplated:

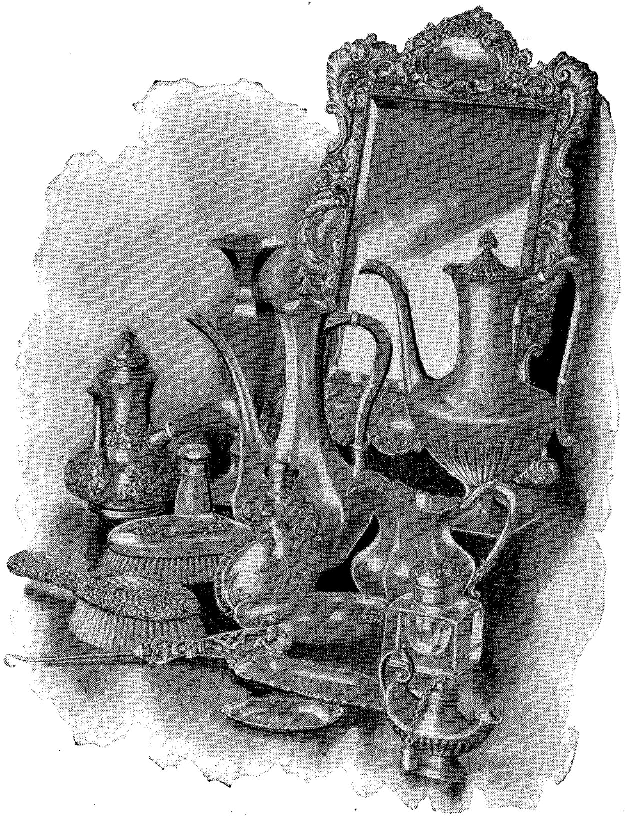
(1) Where can absolutely reliable sterling silverware, of the highest artistic character, be bought, and (2) how can it be known as such?

The answer:

(1) At Broadway and 19th St., New York, or of first-class jewelers throughout the country, upon request that Gorham Sterling Silverware be shown. (2) By the presence of the following stamp:



Reed & Barton
Silversmiths
Trade Mark
Sterling
Salesrooms
37 Union Square and
13 Maiden Lane N.Y.
34 Washington St. Chicago
Factory and Offices
Taunton Mass
Our goods are for sale by all the leading Jewelers



Notes and Queries

1. If you have read "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood, of Boston, what do you think of views therein expressed? 2. What books besides "Science and Health," by Mrs. Eddy, are considered authorities on Christian Science? 3. What is known as the "Western School of Christian Science"? SUBSCRIBER.

1. We have not read it; but general knowledge of Mr. Wood's position enables us to say that it is based upon a valid principle. To what extent his deductions are valid is now the subject of discussion. 2. We are reliably informed that there is no book of equal authority among Christian Scientists with Mrs. Eddy's work. It is read in their churches side by side with the Bible. Other works, well esteemed by persons who are mistakenly classed with Christian Scientists, are: "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," by Dr. Dewey; "The Mental Cure," by Dr. Evans; "Practical Metaphysics," by Mrs. Barnet, a book for beginners; "What Shall Make Us Whole?" by Mrs. Merriam; "The Gospel of Healing," by Dr. Simpson. 3. We are not able to say. There are several societies of some prominence in different parts of the West, but they are described to us as "much broader" than what is strictly called Christian Science.

1. What is the best comprehensive discussion of the single and double monetary standard—a book for a candid, intelligent inquirer? 2. Also, will you give me some information concerning the Brotherhood of Andrew and Stephen? S. G.

1. The best comprehensive discussion of the single and double standard to which we can refer you is the report of the Brussels Conference. You can probably secure a copy on application to your Congressman. Professor F. W. Taussig's "Silver Situation in the United States," published by the Putnams, presents the monometallist's side of the question, and Mr. Charles A. Towne's recent speech in Congress presents compactly the free-coinage side of the question. Mr. Towne's speech can doubtless be had on application. 2. The headquarters of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Stephen is in the Church House, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, this city. At least that is where the "St. Andrew's Cross" is published.

1. Please give me reliable and recent books of reference concerning the folk-lore of the Bible. 2. Is Fredenburgh's method of seeing in most of the Old Testament stories of the J and E writers a sun myth approved of by scholars? 3. Please name any works treating of prophecy of the Old Testament, also any work treating the Old Testament simply as a literary product. 4. Could you suggest any broad line of treatment or underlying unification for a paper in which folk-lore, prophecy, and the Talmud had to be taken up together? M. O.

1. We refer this to any specialist in that line among our readers. 2. The sun-myth hypothesis is discredited. 3. Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston), and "The Bible as Literature" (in press by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). 4. We cannot.

I am very much in need of a book of organ voluntaries from composers like Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Handel, and others. Please tell me of a book full of short selections, also its price, and where it may be purchased.
E. B. G.

For cabinet or church organ, Shelley's "Gems for the Organ," $2, retail; for church organ only, Shelley's "The Modern Organist," $2.50, retail; more difficult, "A Collection of Organ Arrangements," H. W. Parker, $2; "The Junior Church Organist," Charles H. Morse. These books may be ordered direct from the John Church Company, Cincinnati, O., or from G. Schirmer, 35 Union Square, New York City.

Kindly inform me: (1) Whether there are apocryphal books of the New as well as of the Old Testament, and where they can be obtained. (2) What is the best history of the Council of Nice?
W. L. W.

1. A translation of Tischendorf's edition of the New Testament Apocrypha, reprinted from Clark's (Edinburgh) Ante-Nicene Library, and edited by Professor Riddle, is published by the Christian Literature Company, New York. 2. What you will find in Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church" is as good as any.

Please tell me if the terms King of Israel and Judah are used interchangeably, or rather if Israel is ever used (after the division of the kingdom) as applying to either kingdom. Otherwise I cannot understand why, in 2 Chron. xxviii., 19, Ahaz is called King of Israel, and again, in 2 Chron. xxi., 2, Jehoshaphat is mentioned as King of Israel? M. E. J.

The distinction between Israel and Judah is made even before the permanent division of the kingdoms. See 2 Sam. ii., 9, 10. The terms you quote are, as a rule, not used interchangeably, but the texts you refer to show that this rule, like others, has its exceptions.

H. E. B.—The title of the poem by Dr. J. Addison Alexander is "The Doomed Man." The sixth verse of this awful hymn was suppressed by the author, as an old friend who originally inserted it in the "Sunday-School Journal" of April 5, 1837, thought it was "too horrible;" it runs thus:

> "But angels know the fatal sign,
> And tremble at the sight;
> And devils trace each livid line
> With desperate delight."

C. K. J.

The title of the poem asked for by "H. E. B.," in The Outlook of March 14, is "The Spirit Quenched," by the Rev. James Alexander. The verse quoted is the first of ten verses. M. D. E.

R. G.—The lines asked for in The Outlook of March 14,

> "Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest,
> Read me the poem that never was penned," etc.,

are part of a poem by Mary H. C. Booth, beginning:

> "There are poems unwritten and songs unsung
> Sweeter than any that ever were heard."

It may be found in the book called "Sunshine in Life: Poems for King's Daughters," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
E. G. T.

Can any one supply the two words missing from the following verse which appeared in one of the monthlies of some three or four summers ago:

> "He smote his brother, and slew him;
> He scorned his wife, and she died;
> And then — — threw him
> Over the sea-cliff's side."

I would like also to know the author's name.
F. F.

J. S. B.—In the "Kindergarten News" of February, 1896, published by Milton Bradley, Springfield, Mass. (single copy of magazine 5 cents), "J. S. B." will find on page 54 a poem, "Kind Acts," by Cyrus J. Cole, which may be what she desires, though the lines are slightly different from her verse.
V. E. G.

Can some one give name of Building Association organized on the plan of life insurance, making the value of property purchased the policy of insurance, so that at death or on making a certain number of payments, the purchaser or policy-holder shall become entitled to a deed? F. H.

The author of quotation asked for by "H. C. P." is James Jeffrey Roche, and it is from a poem printed in "Scribner's" some years ago. The title is "Sir Hugo's Choice." I can furnish your correspondent with a copy if desired. J. E. S.

Margaret Sangster is the author of "The Sin of Omission," in regard to which "J. S. B." inquires. My copy of the poem, which is clipped from a newspaper, is entitled "Left Undone." L. P. Y.

Correspondence

"Ought All to be Paid Alike?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"M. B.," in your March 7 number, is easily answered, on the foundation of natural—therefore inevitable—law. Things are of value, that is priceable, in proportion to their rarity. Muscle-pay must always be inferior to brain-pay, because brawn is more plentiful than brain. There is no help for it. Custom did not make it so, nor could Socialism or any other ism unmake it. "M. B." himself shapes himself by it, as he will see if he narrowly scrutinize his estimates and practices.

WM. CURTIS TAYLOR.

Canon Gore and George Romanes

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Those of your readers who have known George Romanes, the English biologist, through his books will be interested in the accompanying letters from Canon Gore, of Westminster Abbey. It may not be generally known that early in life Romanes published a book in which he stated that, as the result of scientific study, he was constrained by loyalty to truth, although it cost him keen suffering to do so, to affirm his belief that all the phenomena of nature could be adequately accounted for without assuming the existence of a personal God. Towards the close of his life his views were completely changed, and he was preparing for publication a treatise in which he appears as a sincere supporter of Christianity, when he sickened and died. The notes for this work which he left were carefully edited by Canon Gore and published in 1895, together with extracts from his earlier writings, under the title of "Thoughts on Religion."[1] The volume is extremely valuable as a contribution to Christian apologetics. But its influence for good has been qualified by the statement made in high scientific circles in this country that none of Romanes's later works were worthy of confidence because during his later years he suffered from softening of the brain. I wrote to Canon Gore inquiring concerning this statement, and I have received the following letter in reply:

4 Little Cloisters, Westminster, S. W.
March 7, 1896.

My Dear Sir:

The report you refer to is a malignant slander. The best refutation of it is to be found in the statement made by Dr. Burdon Saunderson, who is an acknowledged authority of the first class on biological subjects, made before the British Association the year before last, shortly after George Romanes's death, that he had retained his intellectual energies up to the last unimpaired. This is fully and absolutely true. I will see to Dr. Burdon Saunderson's statement being published.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES GORE.

Canon Gore also writes in a letter just received:

I send you the following passage from an obituary notice of George Romanes by Dr. Burdon Saunderson which appears in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," Vol. LVII., page 8: "Up to the end he preserved not only his mental vigor, but the keenest interest in his scientific pursuits." No one could possibly speak with greater impartiality or more scientific authority than he. I should be very grateful if you would give it circulation on your side of the Atlantic.

Yours truly, GEORGE S. PAYSON.
New York.

Immigrants and Immigrants

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an article on "Crime in the United States" printed in The Outlook lately there are some conclusions which seem to me not sufficiently well considered. The fact commonly enough stated by penologists, that our foreign population furnishes a proportion of crime largely in excess of their numbers, ought to be more carefully analyzed. The facts will be found, I think, to be differentiated by race, by occupation, and by environment. It is a loose form of statement to say that our people of foreign birth are predisposed to crime when among the various elements of that population a very wide difference may be noted. The term foreign is too general, and there must be a study of the Irish, German, Italian, and Scandinavian to procure valuable results. Again, it will be found that the bulk of crime in this country is among urban populations. Now, while it is true that our great cities are largely made up of foreigners, is the crime due to the foreign parentage or to the urban life? A marked difference between city and rural population in this particular must be noted. Then how much crime is individual and how much is social must be weighed in connection with the notorious misgovernment of our cities. Municipal misrule is conspicuously and unfortunately American. What is the relation of the gambling-house, the saloon, the brothel, and political corruption to criminal statistics?

The same scrutiny is obviously necessary with reference to the statistics of pauperism. The paupers of the country are largely foreign-born, but they are largely found in cities, and if the paupers are foreign-born, it will be found that the people who pay the taxes for their support are largely foreign-born also.

Again, it must be noted that we need an instrument a little more delicate than any statistical inquiry yet instituted to judge with entire accuracy the facts with reference to the prevalence of crime. Unfortunately, we are compelled to build upon the number of persons convicted of crime rather than the number of persons who commit crime. Other things being equal, the more rigid the administration of law, the worse the statistics. As a very pointed example of the value of these suggestions, it may be said that while the blacks of the South undoubtedly commit more than their proportion of crime, no intelligent person believes the convictions secured in Southern States indicate the real relation between the white and the black races with respect to crime. A careful scrutiny of police administration is evidently necessary in comparing the criminal statistics of various cities and communities.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL G. SMITH,
Lecturer on Sociology, University of Minnesota.

We concur with most of these criticisms, but would recall the fact that our contributor could present only the main outlines of the subject within the space-limits assigned him. We dissent, however, from our correspondent's declaration that "municipal misrule is conspicuously and unfortunately American." It would be nearer the truth to say that municipal misrule varies directly with the proportion of immigrant citizens. The rule is that wherever a majority of the population is of native white parentage "the gambling-house, the saloon, and the brothel" are suppressed in a way not even attempted on the Continent of Europe.—THE EDITORS.

A Critic Criticised

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The reviewer of Dr. Tiffany's "History of the Episcopal Church" has been less careful in his statement of a fact than the historian reviewed. The reviewer states: "The effort made by Dr. Coke in behalf of the Methodists, and also the advances made by the Lutherans to receive Holy Orders from the bishops of the Episcopal Church, are mentioned." I am quite sure that the reader of the above sentence would be led to believe that the prime motive of certain Lutherans in making their overture was the securing of Episcopal ordination. On the other hand, no reader of Dr. Tiffany's reference would be led to such a conclusion. The careful author of the history thus states it: "There was a movement of the Lutherans in the State of New York to *join* the Episcopal Church in 1797; but the convention to which the proposition was referred was unfortunately delayed by prevalence of the yellow fever, and would not meet until 1801. After Bishop Moore was consecrated, Zion Church, the first English Lutheran Church in New York City, became (rector, officers, and congregation) Episcopal, having previously sent out an offshoot in St. Stephen's Church to the same communion. Such movements were, however, due more to the attractiveness of the Church, as possessed of an English liturgy, than to the solicitation or interest of the members of the Episcopal communion." There was no hankering on the part of these churches after "Holy Orders," but an out-and-out joining of the Episcopal Church by reason of its attractive English liturgy. The two communions were on the most friendly terms. The Ministerium of New York resolved to "never acknowledge a newly erected Lutheran church in places where members may partake of the services of the said English Episcopal Church." Negotiations were actually in progress for a union of the two Churches, with a perfect willingness to receive ordination from the hands of an English Bishop. But this was due more to the prevalent rationalism in many churches, and to an unwillingness to build up English-speaking Lutheran churches, than to any desire for "Holy Orders." Dr. Jacobs, in the same series of Church Histories, makes this whole matter quite clear. The truth of the matter is that, in the search for "Holy Orders," the Episcopal Church in America made overtures to the Danish Government for this much-disputed distinction. (See Penna. Archives, 1783-1786, Vol. X., p. 433.) If the Lutheran Church in America shall ever feel the necessity for such ordination, she will look to the Swedish "succession" rather than to the Anglican. Good Bishop White, referring to certain Americans in England seeking ordination, who were doubtful of securing it until they learned of John Adams that it could be had from "the Danish Church, by signing the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England with the exception of the political parts of them," adds: "This conduct is here all the more cheerfully mentioned to the honor of the Danish Church, as it is reasonable to presume that there would have been an equal readiness to the consecration of bishops had necessity required recourse to any other source than English Episcopacy, under which the American churches had been planted."

EDWIN HEYL DELK.

Hagerstown, Md.

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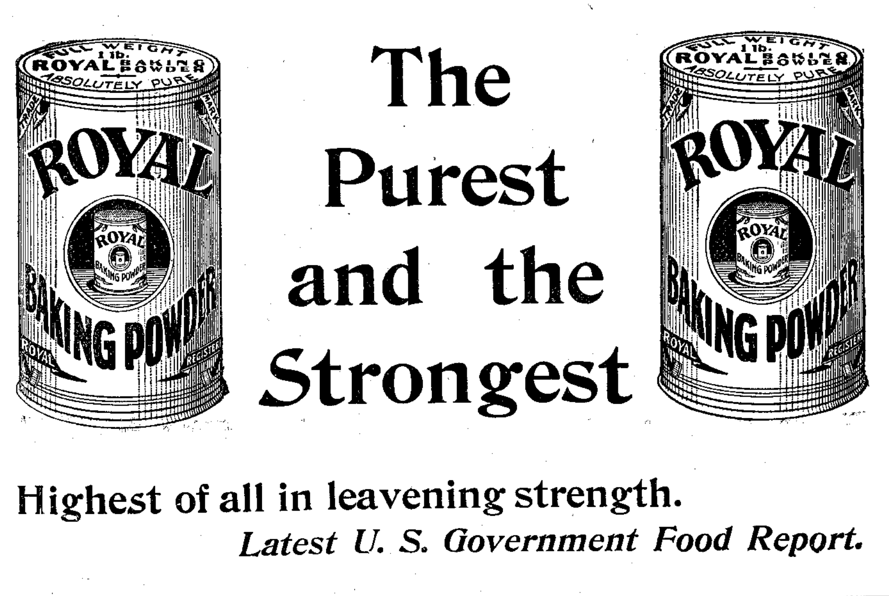
[1] Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.



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[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

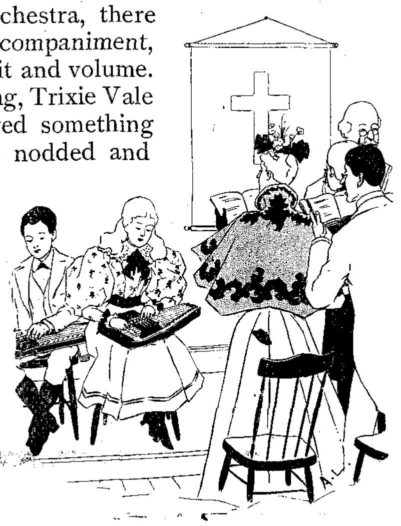
Easter at "Crossby's Corners"

The Sunday-school at "Crossby's Corners" had experienced a great many ups and downs in its long but attenuated existence; a comparison, however, would have shown a most decided majority on the downs side. But, after many struggles and discouragements, within the last few months signs of improvement began to appear, and things seemed to brighten up with the "Salem School," as it was sometimes called, and the red-letter day of its existence came when the record showed a total attendance—teachers, scholars, and visitors—of fifty-three. When the school reached this unprecedented stage of prosperity it was decided that there must be some kind of demonstration made to celebrate its flourishing condition; so it was determined to have a grand Easter celebration. It was to consist of recitations by the scholars, addresses by the teachers and friends of the school, and, above all, music—music was to make itself heard and felt all through the day; for if there was one thing that the "Salem School" did pride itself upon, it was its singing; so music was to occupy a very prominent place on the programme for this particular Easter Sunday. And, to make it still more prominent, an orchestra of five pieces—two violins, a violoncello, a double bass, and a cornet—had been engaged to come from the city to accompany all the singing and add to its tone and volume.

Among the active and interested members of the school were Trixie Vale and her brother Ned. Both were very much interested, especially in the music, for both had a decided fondness for it.

Easter would come unusually early that year, before the last of March, and some of the members of the school felt a little despondent when it began to snow very hard about five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the day before Easter; all night long the snow fell and the March wind blew, but Sunday morning it cleared off beautifully, and while the temperature was pretty low, still the sleighing was good, and long before ten o'clock the sleigh-bells began to jingle toward Crossby's Corners. At ten o'clock the superintendent began to have a slightly troubled look on his face, and glanced very often through the window in the direction of the railroad station where the train from the city was expected to deposit the members of the much-talked-of orchestra in time for them to reach the school-house before ten o'clock. Ten-fifteen came, but the orchestra did not, and things began to look serious. Just then a man drove up in a sleigh from the direction of the station; he came in, made his way to the superintendent and said a few words to him; the latter turned with a dejected countenance to the roomful of people and told them that not one train had been able to get through the snowdrifts that morning, and the eagerly-hoped-for orchestra could not possibly get there. Of course everybody was disappointed, and some feared the Salem School might lose its reputation as a musical success; they tried the opening song, but as the little organ that usually accompanied them had been moved out to make room for the orchestra, there was no instrumental accompaniment, and the song lacked spirit and volume.

While it was being sung, Trixie Vale went over and whispered something to her brother Ned; he nodded and smiled, pulled on his overcoat and went out, and the jingle of his sleigh-bells was soon heard as he drove off toward home. While Ned was gone, the superintendent made a short address in which he urged them all not to feel too much disappointment on account of the failure of the music, but to remember that the biggest and finest Sunday-school in the world could not regulate the weather. Just as he finished, Ned Vale's sleigh-bells were heard coming back, and in a minute he walked into the room with two flat, queer-shaped boxes under his arm. Trixie met him, took one of the boxes, and together they walked up to the platform, opened the boxes, and took out two beautiful Autoharps. All the people were intensely interested in watching Trixie and Ned; many of them had never seen an Autoharp before, but some had and smiled at each other in happy anticipation of what they knew would follow.



The next song was announced, and Trixie and Ned, in perfect unison, struck full, strong chords that brought every one to his feet and inspired every singing soul in the crowded room with a new musical fire. The song sounded as it never had before, and above all the voices could be heard the clear notes of the Autoharps leading and controlling all. Never had the Salem School sung as it did that day, and the last hymn seemed to express the sentiment of all present—

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!

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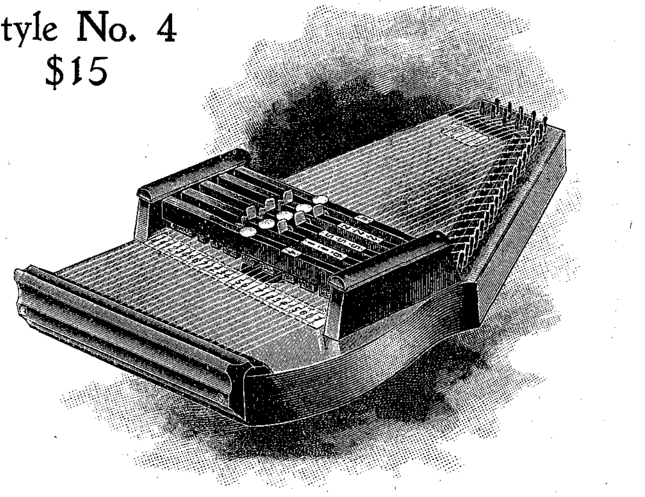

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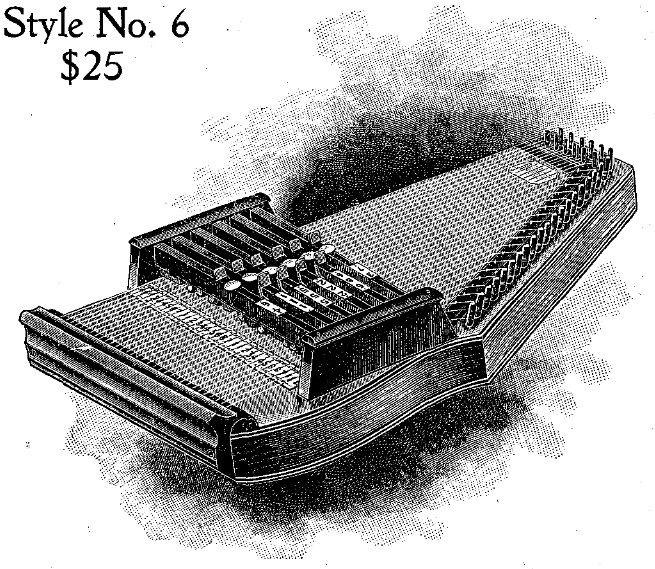

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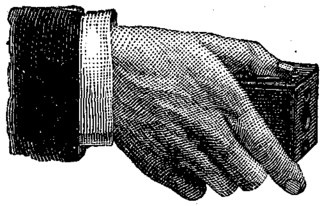

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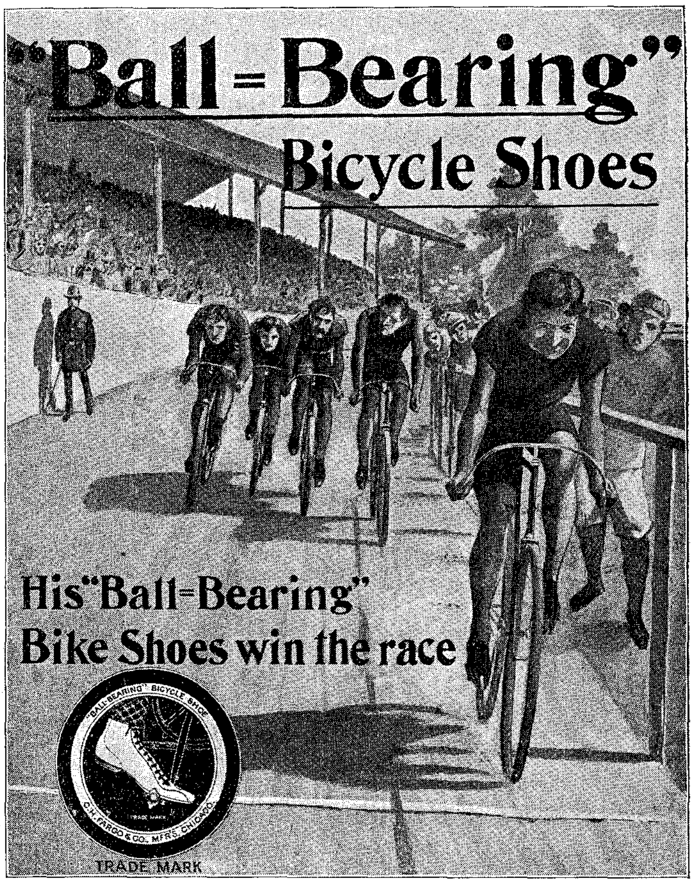
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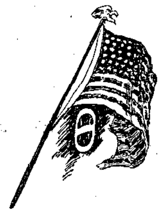

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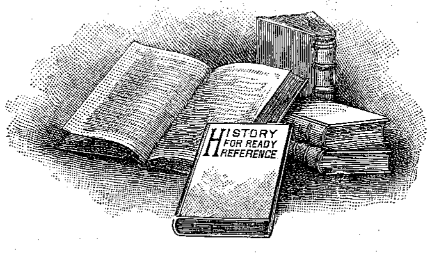

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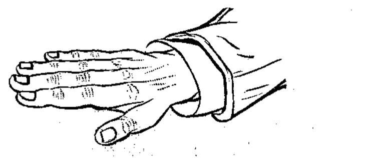

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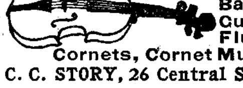

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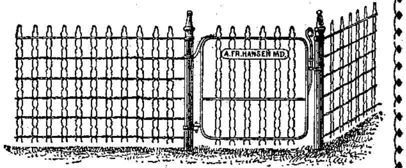
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The Business World

The State of Trade

The general survey of the condition of business given by the mercantile agency reports is not encouraging. "Bradstreet's" says that the trade for the first quarter of the year is disappointing, and notes a continued falling off in demand in the iron, steel, cotton, woolen, shoes, and clothing industries. "Dun's Review" says that improvement is still the exception. Business failures for the week are reported by Bradstreet as 300 (48 more than for the corresponding week last year), by Dun as 261 (17 less than last year). A peculiar condition in the state of trade last week was a continued advance in the price of cotton, while cotton manufactures fell in price; the supply of cotton was small, but the prospect for a large new crop is good. Speculators in cotton on the short side lost heavily last week. Of the falling off in the cotton supply the "Tribune" says:

> During the seven days of the commercial week ending Friday night the visible supply of cotton in the world decreased 115,160 bales, the total declining to 3,484,767 bales. The visible supply of American cotton lost 120,163 bales during the week, and the total visible supply of this country's product is now down to 2,981,567. The available visible supply of cotton in America, consisting of stocks at the ports and interior towns, lost 83,000 bales during the week, and the total stocks of this character are now down to 1,017,000 bales, or 281,000 less than were in sight at this time last year. These heavy losses show that there is an enormous demand for actual cotton in the world to-day. The visible supply of cotton in the world for the corresponding week last year decreased only 67,000 bales—little more than half of the withdrawals for trade purposes that took place last week.

Textile Fabrics

While France claims 40 per cent of the total silk goods export, it will surprise many to learn that, according to the statistics published in Berlin, Germany comes next, with 28½ per cent. The Fatherland sends out only 3 per cent. of linen yarn, against Austria's 14 per cent., Great Britain's 28 per cent., and Belgium's 34 per cent. Germany's export of linen and jute fabrics is so famous that one expects to find it a higher proportion than that given by the Berlin figures—14 per cent. in each case. Great Britain exports the lion's share, 61 per cent. of linens and 87 per cent. of jutes. In woolen yarn, too, Great Britain leads the way with nearly 50 per cent., as against Belgium's 21 per cent. and Germany's 17 per cent. In cotton yarn Great Britain again leads with 84 per cent., as compared with Germany's 7 per cent.; and in total exports of textile fabrics, 52 per cent. are British, 17 per cent. French, and 17 per cent. German.

Northern Pacific Reorganization

The plan for the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railway Company made public the first of last week has received the sanction of the majority of the creditors, and now awaits the approval or disapproval of the stockholders. The plan is for an entirely independent organization of the Northern Pacific, without regard to the Great Northern system. The scheme proposed originated with the German bondholders, and is now supported by a strong combination of creditors and bankers. For two years and a half the Northern Pacific has been in a bankrupt state, and for five years its earnings have been about three millions less than its fixed charges. A radical scaling of securities was obviously necessary. We find the following summary of the plan proposed in the New York "Sun:"

> The plan accomplishes, in brief, a reduction of 44½ per cent. in the annual fixed charges of the company to $6,052,660. The amount required for dividends upon the preferred stock is increased 2⅞ per cent., making the total amount to be paid prior to dividends upon the common stock $8,952,660, a decrease, as compared with the interest and dividend charges of the present company, of 34¾ per cent. The policy of the reorganization is to reduce the classes of securities upon the entire system to four issues, two of bonds and two of stocks. This cannot be absolutely accomplished for some years to come; still, it is confidently believed that the voluntary conversion of bonds not in default will take place to an extent that will reduce fixed charges to an amount safely within the earning capacity of the rehabilitated property. The lines upon which the reorganization has been formulated may be briefly stated as follows: The abandonment of Chicago as the Eastern terminus of the system and the limitation of the railway on the East to the Mississippi River and the great lakes; the ultimate consolidation of the main line, branches, and terminal properties in a single company; the reduction of fixed charges to less than the minimum earnings under probable conditions; and, finally, ample provision for additional capital for the development of the property, and for increased facilities necessitated by the growth of the company's business. Of the amount required for this last purpose the stockholders are called upon to furnish $10,874,074, for which they will properly receive no new security. The amount of cash they are called upon to supply, if they wish to retain their interest in the property, is obviously much smaller than the sacrifices that the majority in interest of their creditors have been compelled to make.

How Sugar is Refined

The recent discussions with regard to the sugar industry have deepened a popular interest in sugar-refining. Next to flour, sugar is the most important article of food. The per capita requirement in this country is sixty-four pounds annually, and the United States consumes over one-fourth of the total supply. The first object of refining is to cleanse the sugar from dirt and from animalcules. The dark-colored raw material is emptied into a huge tank in which is turning a cylinder with long teeth, and which is filled with hot water. After the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, the liquid is pumped to another tank and tested by an instrument which shows the density of the mixture. It is generally about 55 per cent. sugar to 45 per cent. water. By means of pumps this mixture is lifted to the very top of the tall refinery and sent into great tanks heated by steam coils. The mixture is now tested for acetic acid, which, if present, is corrected by the use of lime. The mixture is then heated to about 200 degrees Fahrenheit. It is now carried to the floor below to be filtered. This floor is a series of squares about which are foot-walks. By pipes the mixture is conveyed to a cradle from which it flows through feeders into the boxes. Each of these boxes contains many double bags, and through these bags the sugar mixture filters. The cleaned solution is again tested. The mixture is now passed through charcoal which is contained in iron cylinders with double bottoms, the inner ones being perforated with small holes over which blankets are placed. As the liquid runs out of these cylinders it is again tested. The liquid is now colorless, and is allowed to run until a slight yellow tinge is apparent. The mixture is now reduced in a vacuum-pan, which is a huge iron retort like a bell-glass. As it boils it is watched through several glass bull's-eye places on the side of the pan. The air has been removed from the inside and the vapor drawn off. The sugar is heated, and will boil at 130 degrees Fahrenheit, but were it in the open air it would require 212 degrees. When the proper consistency has been reached, the sugar is ready for the centrifugal machines. These are cylinders within which there revolve copper sieves. About one barrel of sugar, or three hundred pounds, is put into the sieve, and is immediately in motion at the rate of a thousand revolutions a minute. The sugar flies to the sides, the syrup is driven through the sieve, and in five minutes, all the liquid being gone, the sugar is ready for packing.

A Canal Connecting Winnipeg with Hudson Bay

The latest deep waterway to be proposed is that which shall connect Winnipeg with Hudson Bay. The Canadian Government has taken up the project to build a railway thither, and rails have already been laid on forty miles of the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay road; but the Manitoba people are not satisfied with that alone, and have now become enthusiastic on the subject of a canal. The lakes and streams connecting Winnipeg with Hudson Bay have long been known to be navigable by light craft; indeed, the Hudson Bay Company used them for a century in transporting its furs and other goods, and it is now proposed to utilize them for the carriage of wheat and live stock. The terminus of the canal would be at Churchill Harbor on Hudson Bay, and Mr. Henry Lefroy, President of the Geographical Section of the British Association, even thinks that the harbor would become the shipping port for the agricultural products of the northern Territory, and the route by which emigrants will enter that country. The total distance from Winnipeg to Churchill by rail will be 750 miles, but by the canal about 900 miles. There will be but 43 miles of canals proper. The maze of lakes in that country between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay is connected by many streams, all flowing northeasterly and all emptying into Hudson Bay. The great drawbacks, of course, are the questions of climate and the length of the seasons of navigation.

The Production of Coal

It may not be generally known that coal was first discovered in the United States in Rhode Island, but coal-mining was begun in Pennsylvania before it was tried in the first-named State. The close relation between the coal and manufacturing interests is the secret of Pennsylvania's success. We are not yet at the head of all the coal-producing countries, however; Great Britain has that position, with a yearly average of about 180,000,000 tons. Our position is second, and our yearly average is about 140,000,000 tons. The third place is occupied by Germany, with a production of 100,000,000 tons a year. France comes fourth and Russia fifth. In no country has the increase in production been more noticeable than in Russia. From 1875 to 1885 it doubled, and nearly doubled during the last decade. Great Britain is also at the head of all countries using steam power for purposes other than railway traction, and we occupy the second place; Germany, France, and Russia follow in order. One reason why there are so few manufactories in Italy and Spain is on account of the dearth of coal in those countries. Though in the latter land there is much coal, it is required for home consumption rather than for manufactures.

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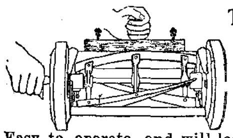
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The Home Club

The Child Supreme

In spite of the constantly increasing knowledge on the subject of education, of the development of the mind, the children of the rich and poor are taught under systems that are not based on scientific knowledge. Teachers rarely, even in private schools of the best class, maintain a system in the primary department that considers the child's whole nature. Parents object to paying the amount for the education of a child at the beginning that its importance demands. Because of this false economy many proprietors of schools are forced to reduce expenses in the primary departments, and meet the deficiencies of the income of the primary departments from the profits of the higher grades. There is no economy in the end for the parent. The child who does not receive the attention his needs demand from the age of four to fourteen, costs more to educate from fourteen to twenty—more in time as well as money. The rights of children are many, and are too rarely protected. Too often they are considered pieces of private property to be administered on general principles, and not on the basis of individual rights. This habit of considering the first years of a child's school life as of comparatively little importance is responsible to a great degree for the overwork and worry that come in the last years of preparatory and of college work.

Too often teachers and parents do not stand in the dual relation on the co-operative platform. Either there is indifference, or a fear of loss on the part of the teacher if she uses her knowledge independently, if she insists on certain rules and regulations for some particular child because that child will be most and best helped by these rules. No parent calls in a physician to a sick child unless he has absolute confidence in the ability of the physician. Yet parents, in absolute ignorance of the laws of mind or development, with vague ideas of education, dare dictate to the physician and trainer of the mind. This is due in part to a misconception of a teacher's position, and the social misconception of the relation of the teacher. He is not a servant, but a trained professor. If he is not that, the parent is guilty of criminal negligence in placing his child's education in the keeping of those he thinks incompetent to fulfill the trust.

There are two inalienable rights of childhood—happiness, and freedom from worry. Not even wealth secures these for the children if their rights are not perfectly protected.

A little boy of nervous temperament is a pupil in a large and expensive school. He has suffered from a form of dyspepsia since he was born. From the moment of entering school he has been struggling for honor-marks that result in certain cards which in time bring a book. This system is no test of the intellect, because if he is absent, even because of illness, it counts against him. During his illness, which is enough to bear in itself, there was the, to him, awful anxiety of losing the prize. Multiply this boy by thousands. Is it not the perfection of cruelty to allow an honest-hearted, ambitious boy to be subjected to this at nine years of age? Who is to blame? The parents into whose keeping these immortal souls are intrusted. "A little child shall lead them" is a command. He is the important object for contemplation, and the only true guide. He is more important than any theory or system; his preservation far more desirable than the preservation of the dignity of parent, teacher, or school.

A little girl of nine was given, *as work for home out of school hours*, the drawing of the map of New England. She was fond of drawing; had shown gift in the use of a pencil since her babyhood. Geography she does not like. Poor baby! why should she, as it is taught in the majority of schools? This connection with geography through the medium that she loved was a happy event. Her box of crayons was brought into use. Monday morning she handed her gayly colored map to the teacher, perfectly conscious that it was a good piece of work. "You need not have done that. I only wanted it in pencil," was the comment to the radiant little artist. The child refuses to study geography. She should not, nor anything else, under that woman. Multiply this little girl by thousands and you have the number of children whose very souls are insulted by the blind ignorance and stupid arrogance of so-called teachers—teachers who are educated, and whose education seems to justify that they should be put in charge of that class of children in which there is reasonable hope for opportunities of culture. Culture begins in the cradle, it ends at the grave, if the mind is not paralyzed or dwarfed by the influences that bear upon it during the formative period. The teacher cannot say to the parent, "I have no need of thee," nor the parent to the teacher, "I have no need of thee," for between them stands a little child asking for guidance along the path they have walked.

The Schools and Libraries

In the issue of February 29 we referred to the work that has been done in some parts of the country in making a connection between the schools and the public libraries, asking that readers who had had experience in this work tell our readers of that experience. The following letter is from the School Superintendent of Dedham, Mass.:

Dear Outlook: I send with this copies of the school report of Dedham for 1895 and 1896. This will, I think, answer the questions asked in The Outlook of February 27 in regard to the distribution of library books through the schools. About two years ago the children's books then in the public library were classified according to the grade to which they were adapted. These lists were placed in the hands of teachers and children in all grades above the third. Scholars' cards were then issued to the pupils, who place the numbers of the books wanted on their cards, guided by the printed lists, lists placed on the blackboard, or by the suggestions of the teacher. The books are collected every week and carried to and from the library, at the expense of the School Department. Children over fourteen are allowed to draw books on the regular cards. Before new books are placed on the shelves a brief review of each, noting grade to which it is adapted, and containing references to history, geography, etc., is printed and sent to the schools.

I have usually reviewed the books, and the printing of the lists for the children has been done by the School Department. The circulation on scholars' cards last year was about eight thousand, or two hundred per week. The books are drawn mainly by the pupils of grades four, five, six, seven, and eight, numbering about five hundred; these figures would indicate that each pupil has read at least sixteen books in the course of the year. The following returns show in some degree the results of two years' work. Very few of the pupils in one of these rooms would have read the books if they had not been placed before them through the schools:

School	x	y
Grade	5	6
Number present	43	45
Robinson Crusoe	20	23
Swiss Family Robinson	10	10
Arabian Nights	12	16
Uncle Tom's Cabin	11	16
Little Lord Fauntleroy	19	13
Alice in Wonderland	25	24
Through the Looking-Glass	21	12
Little Men	6	1
Little Women	5	2
One of Jules Verne's books	1	5
Tom Brown at Rugby	6	7
Story of a Bad Boy	1	1

This work is entirely outside of the course in literature. The free text-book law enables us to place in the hands of each child three or four works of some standard author every year.

The town and library committee have been more than generous.

As the greater part of the children of the third grade are now able to read, and are interested in books, we hope to extend the distribution to these.

Yours truly,
RODERICK W. HINE.

Can The Outlook tell me where Miss Wiltse's pamphlet, "A Preliminary Sketch of the History of Child Study in America," may be obtained?

M. P. S.

The pamphlet is a reprint from the "Pedagogical Seminary," and can be obtained at the publishing office, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; price, 25 cents.

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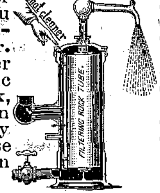

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General Howard Roll of Honor

The following is a supplementary list of names that have been entered upon the General Howard Roll of Honor of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. There have been previously reported 735. The number of shares included in the accompanying list is 22, making a total of 757:

The First Congregational Church, West Hartford, Conn.
"M. E. C.," Bloomfield, N. J.
Rev. H. L. Chase, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ladies' Union Meeting, First Church of Christ, New London, Conn.
First Church, Albany, N. Y.
Florida East Conference.
Woman's Home Missionary Society, First Church, Keene, N. H.
Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, by Ladies' Home Missionary Society, Franklin Street Church, Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Peter McCartee, by Woman's Home Missionary Society of Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ladies' Benevolent Society of South Church, New Britain, Conn.
Ellen Tyler Chapman, New London, Conn.
Sunday-School of South Church, Middletown, Conn.
Mrs. Arthur E. Childs, Boston, Mass.
Old South Church, South Weymouth, Mass.
First Congregational Church, Great Barrington, Mass. Two shares.
In Memory of Mrs. Maria H. Clark, by High Street Church, Lowell, Mass.
Plymouth Church Sunday-School, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. Cynthia S. Campbell, Hartford, Conn.
First Congregational Church, Keene, N. H.
William S. Carter, Lebanon, N. H.
Westfield Congregational Church, Danielson, Conn.

And

Among many sins of the lazy and shiftless penman the most flagrant is the overworking of that humble but indispensable word *and.* This abuse is growing rapidly, even with some who might otherwise claim to be good writers. Nothing is gained by it, of course, and a great deal is lost. There is neither sense nor humanity in breaking the back of a harmless and helpful beast of burden, so that it becomes an object of horror to the fastidious and of commiseration to the charitable. For such cases another Bergh should arise and form a new society, which might protect the injured and prosecute the offenders. A critical journal, noticing the last amusing work of a popular novelist, pointed out a sentence containing twenty-two (or was it twenty-seven?) inflictions of this mild connective. The proof-reader was evidently in abeyance here, or he would have suppressed most of the *ands,* displaced the commas by periods or colons, and cut the overgrown sentence into six, or perhaps thirteen. This way of writing is like that of the preacher who does not know when to stop, or of the magazinist who exceeds his limits because he had no time to make the article shorter. Any of these calls to mind the youth of six feet and twelve years only, all whose strength had gone into his length. Compression, with consideration, is a good way to gain force, and inconsiderate expansion and repetition, even of the mere copula, a sure way to lose it. When Mr. Fields was editing the "Atlantic," he once offered Dr. Holmes one hundred dollars for an article of six pages (or thereabouts), and less if it was longer. Yet Dr. Holmes could never have indited a sentence like this:

"He rang the bell and was admitted and entered the parlor, and took a chair and waited some time, and at length Clarinda came down and apologized for the delay, and he invited her to ride, and she agreed, and they started, and the horse ran away and they were both thrown out, and she was killed and he badly hurt, and—" so on *ad infinitum,* through details of the funeral and his subsequent career.

Nobody, it may be presumed, writes this way on purpose; it is because, like the majority of juvenile delinquents, they "didn't think."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—The Czar of Russia has set aside $100,000 to be distributed among the charitable institutions of Moscow in honor of his coronation. His Majesty is taking great interest in the preparations for the ceremony. Among other things, the famous old Kremlin is to be lighted with 500,000 lanterns, and 14,000 small electric lights are to illumine the tower.

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About People

—Rain-in-the-Face, who was a leader in the Custer massacre, is now a policeman at the Standing Rock Agency, and is looked upon as a valuable man.

—President Faure's particular fad is said to be the collection of autographs. His collection is said to embrace the signature of every living sovereign, author, inventor, and actor of importance.

—The family of the late Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," while not objecting to the placing of a bust of Dr. Smith in the Boston Public Library, oppose the suggestion of a national monument. They believe that his "America" and "Poems of Home and Country" should be his best memorial.

—George Meredith, writes a newspaper correspondent, is often ambiguous in his novels, but nobody can fail to understand the following sentence in one of his recent letters: "Since the benignant conclusion of the greatest of civil wars, I have looked upon the American people as the leaders of our civilization."

—The Rev. William I. Nichols has taken the post of Secretary to the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, made vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. George B. Safford. Mr. Nichols's experience in Philadelphia, while minister of the Spring Garden (Unitarian) Society, conjoined with love of the work and superior administrative ability, amply qualify him for his laborious office.

—A Christiania correspondent says that Mme. Eva Nansen, the wife of the explorer, is at the present hour indisputably the principal concert-singer in Norway. Mme. Nansen is not a brilliant prima donna, but her graceful, refined, and intelligent art never fails to charm Norwegian audiences, assisted as it is by a fine presence and a melodious voice. Mme. Nansen recently achieved great success at Stockholm and Copenhagen.

—The late Monsieur Drury, an eminent French historian, served, when sixty years old, during the siege of Paris, as a private in the National Guard. One day Monsieur Jules Simon, a member of the administration, caught sight of a familiar face belonging to one doing sentry-go in the uniform of a private soldier. "Is that you, Drury?" he cried. "To be sure," gruffly. "And a private!" "Why not?" said the other, laconically. "We can't all be Prime Ministers."

—Sir John Millais, the new President of the Royal Academy, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and prefers fishing above all other diversions. When he makes a noteworthy catch, it is said, he is fond of having himself and his trophies photographed. It is related of him that when as a boy he took his first prize for drawing he had to stand on a chair to make himself visible to the audience. He was asked what he would like to have as a special favor, and answered: "Permission to fish in the Serpentine."

—Ambroise Thomas had at Argenteuil a palace which he named Elsinore, in enthusiastic reminiscence of Hamlet. The King of Hanover made a present to him of an iron gate which had been at Elsinore. After the siege of Paris Ambroise Thomas rushed anxiously to Argenteuil, expecting to find his palace in ruins, but its Elsinore gate even was intact, and under the door was a Prussian Lieutenant's visiting-card, on which was written in pencil, as an explanation of Ambroise Thomas's good fortune, "I am Meyerbeer's nephew."

—Le Menestrel tells an amusing story of the late General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was for many years Queen Victoria's private secretary. The General was noted for his politeness, and whenever an artist performed at court he always telegraphed the following day to inquire after the performer's health. If a complete troupe performed at the Castle, the General employed a formula, always the same, which included the various members of the company. A short time ago Rogers Prat was sent to court to exhibit his educated geese before Queen Victoria's grandchildren. The day following, the "artist" received the traditional telegram from General Ponsonby, written in the following immutable terms: "Her Gracious Majesty would be delighted to know if the members of your troupe are well, and if they have had an agreeable journey. For my own part I beg you to convey to them the expression of my esteem."

—Donizetti is to have a monument. It will be set up in the little public square of Bergamo, upon which looks the Conservatoire, the nursery of his genius from the age of eight. The great composer, in addition to his musical gifts, possessed a phenomenal memory. In his youth he applied to Mayr, the director of the theater at Bologna, for the score of an opera that was then being played. This request was refused, so Donizetti attended the performance twice, and then wrote out the whole from overture to finish. Another anecdote illustrates the maestro's susceptibility and quick wit. During his long stay at St. Petersburg he played by command before the Czar Nicholas, who entered into conversation with a bystander in the course of the piece. Donizetti at once broke off the performance. "Why have you stopped?" asked the Autocrat. "Sire," was the reply, "when the Czar is speaking, everybody else should be silent."

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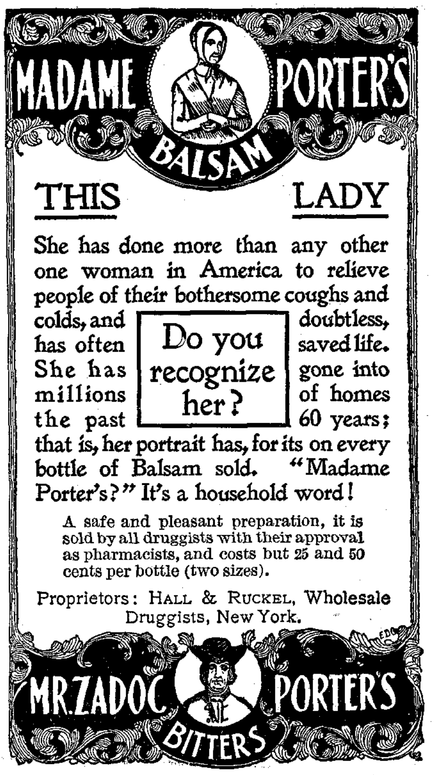

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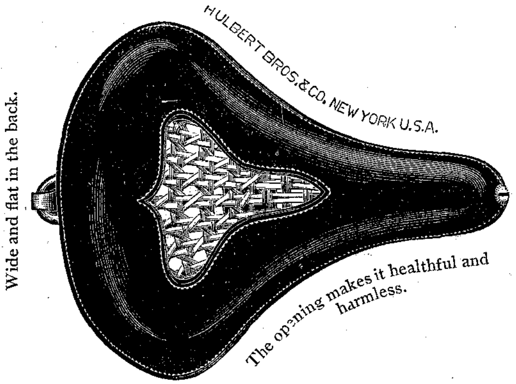
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SAPOLIO

A Thankful Soul

By Frank L. Stanton

I take life jest as I find it.
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin', why—I go,
Jest go a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;
That jest 'livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it, he
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throw in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by days and stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's a sunshiny day,
Hot or cold, I never mind it—
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A Scholar in Disguise

A correspondent of the "Canada Presbyterian," who was a student in Scotland in 1865, tells a story of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie which well illustrates the way in which this famous teacher, who could sometimes be very severe, could also be cordial when he came in contact with serious students.

The correspondent was preparing for his degree in classics, and was spending a little time at Braemar. He had gone up to a great rock called the Lion's Face, and was lying beside a path reading the third book of Virgil's "Æneid" aloud. Suddenly he felt the touch of a stick on his shoulder, and, turning about, saw a man by his side.

It was a tall, lean man, with a shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around his shoulders. In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook, and on his head was a "wide-awake" hat, almost as wide of brim as the cowboy hat of the American plains.

"Ye're reading Virgil, laddie," said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear ye translate this," he continued; and in a wonderful way he rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen at random.

The young man did his best to render it into English, and then parsed and scanned the lines, in a faulty way he thought. But the unknown man in the guise of a shepherd was pleased to commend the student's effort.

Then the two walked together down to Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently and most instructively of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. When their ways parted the man said:

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," answered the student.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. I dare say you have heard of me."

"Oh, very often indeed."

"Aye, aye," said the Professor, slowly and thoughtfully. "And I dare say ye've heard that many folk think I'm a wee bit cracked," tapping his forehead with his finger; "but never forget, laddie, that, as Tam Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in the light!"

Why Latin is Used

"Why doesn't the doctor write his prescription in English instead of Latin?" asked a man of a druggist, whose reply the New York "Herald" publishes:

In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodide of potassium, and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him.

That's an extreme case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently does not try to remember.

Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug-store.

We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo, and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection-basket when it comes along. Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em. The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is no room for two at a time. When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one but he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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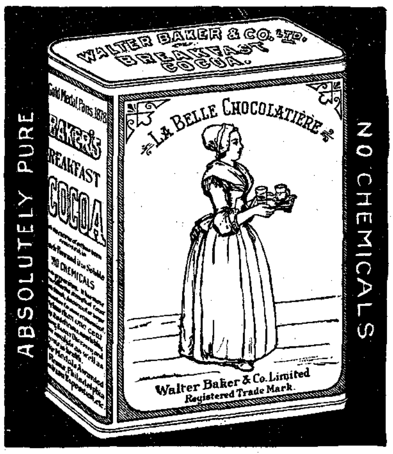

The Uses of Poetry

Poetry, as at present practiced in this country, has several important functions that are not put down in the books. It is very good gymnastics for a young writer, giving him exercise in the choice of words with precision, and in their melodic value and significance. This is invaluable at a time when the young writer has few ideas but abundant energy. Moreover, poetry is a very safe outlet for youthful sentiment. You can say almost anything to a young woman in rhyme, without entangling yourself in a promise of matrimony. It is as safe a present as a box of candy. Then, too, in the modern magazine, poetry is an indispensable gap-filler. It is just as useful as mud in filling up the chinks in a log house. But its most ornamental office of recent years is to furnish material for pretty little books to young publishers, who of course desire to make a good showing on a small investment. Nothing has been discovered that will so handsomely adorn two ounces of hand-made paper and an eccentric book-cover as a sprinkling of verse here and there. Even a pastel does not balance on a page quite so artistically. Chicago has been the leader in what might be called the Deckle-Edge Renascence.

An examination of many of these recent books of poetry shows that hexameters and iambic pentameters are very much out of style. The lines are too long, and eliminate or curtail the wide margins that are the chief delight in book-making. To all young poets who want to be published we say most earnestly, do not make your lines over four feet, and taper them down to a single explosive syllable. Then give them a crescendo ending with a large cap line and three!!! We used to hear of the poetic ear; it has been superseded by the typographic eye.—"*Droch*" *in* "*Life.*"

Two Phases of Home Mission Work in a New Territory

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The story of the beginnings of missionary work by Christian ministers in Oklahoma is one of the most stirring of the many astonishing things which occurred at the successive "openings" in which thousands of men frantically sought and found homes; in which claims were made for almost every 160 acres of land over thousands of square miles of prairie literally in a day. Among the first to come to almost every projected town-site were ministers of the Gospel. In very many cases there were preaching services within a day or two after settlers were permitted to enter the territory. Very soon church organizations were established, church buildings erected, and missionaries began regular, persistent, and energetic work. Most of the funds for the erection of the buildings and for the support of the ministry were supplied by Christian people in other parts of the country. One missionary told me he received only fifty cents "from the field" during his first year of work.

This work was not that of any one denomination. Most Protestant denominations actively participated. Each of the leading denominations has spent money and effort freely. Many thousands of dollars will be expended this year by each of several such denominations. Much good has been done and is being done. The missionary spirit is not dead. Belief in the value of their distinctive principles or practice is not abated among the membership of our churches.

That more good could have been done, that there would be more effective work now and a better prospect for the future, if there had been and were now a wiser distribution of work and less division of the Christian forces in a community, seems evident.

For eight months I have lived in a pleasant county town of twelve to fifteen hundred population, these mainly white, English-speaking Protestants. The town is six years old. It has five church buildings, belonging to orthodox Protestant denominations; another such denomination is preparing to erect a building. It is said there are as many more religious denominations maintaining distinct organizations and holding occasional services. Two of the denominations with church buildings or regularly holding services have the same name—one "North," one "South." Two others are so nearly alike that ministers freely pass from one to the other. Two have "special peculiarities" which tend to keep them separate from other Christians. The total active resident membership is perhaps two hundred. Probably not a larger number have attended all the churches at any one time in months. The six societies do not feel able to give more than $1,000 per year for the support of the ministry.

The condition in this town is not unlike that in others in the Territory, except that there is here a college endowed by the United States. The writer feels a special responsibility for the moral and religious training of the students of this college. Neither for them, for the few Christian people, nor for the irreligious mass of the population does the present condition seem a fortunate one. An effort has been made to secure a consolidation of two of the churches. This has been strongly opposed by the membership of one. It has been suggested that the responsibility does not rest alone on the Christian people here, but on the official representatives of the different denominations, and especially on those who apportion and distribute the money contributed for home mission work. A thoughtful pastor in the Territory recently said: "Each denomination has acted as if there were no other Church to preach the Gospel in Oklahoma."

Is there anything to be done?

G. E. MORROW.

Oklahoma Agricultural College, Stillwater, Okla.

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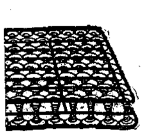

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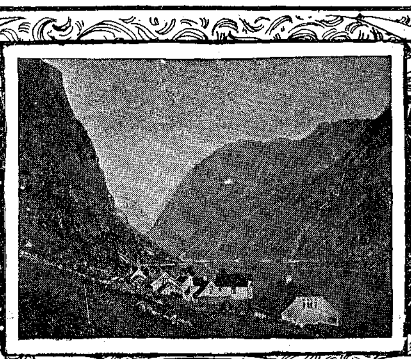
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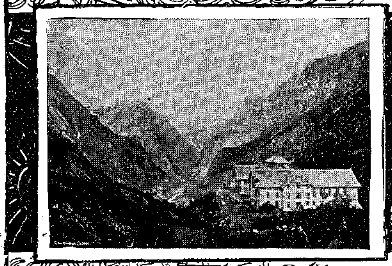
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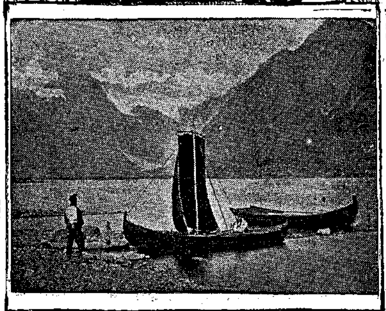
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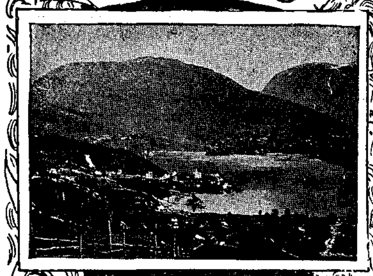
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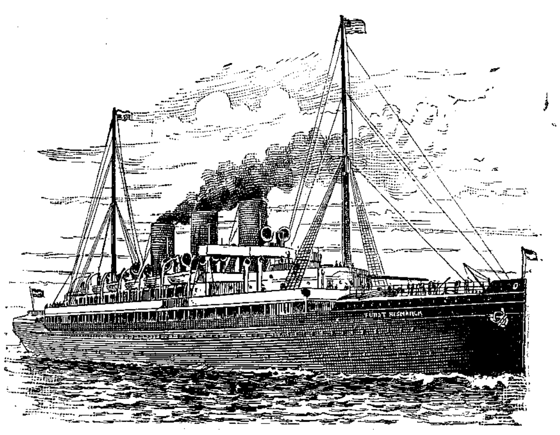

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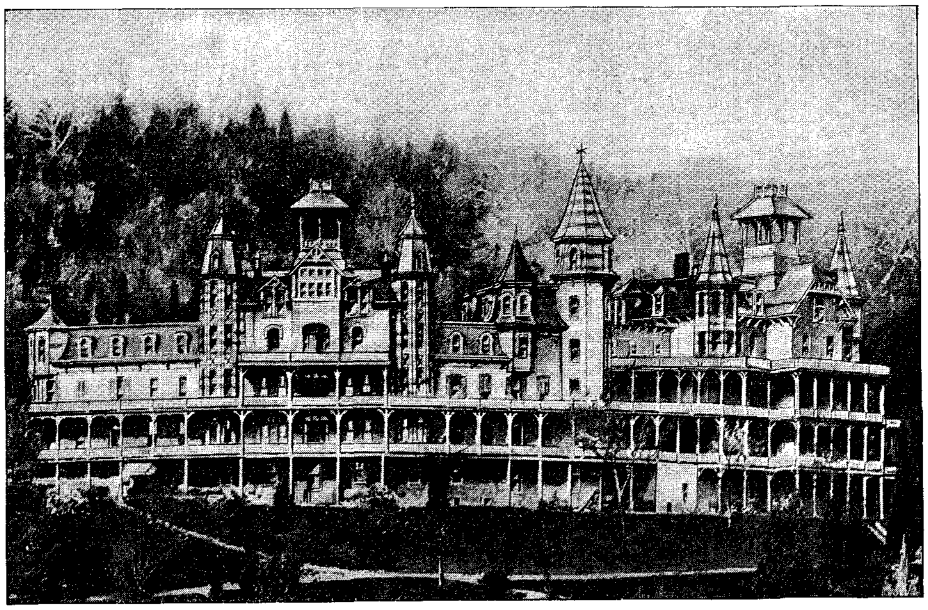

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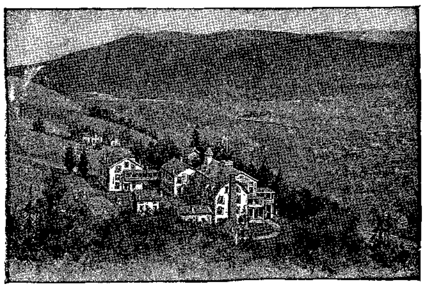

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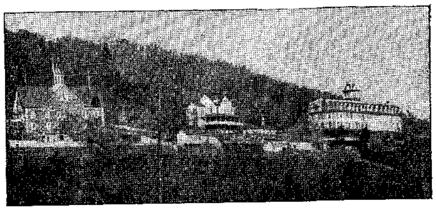

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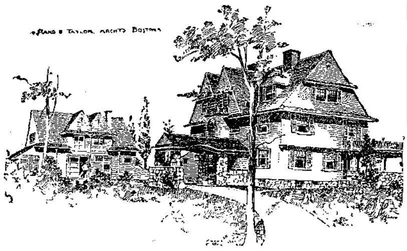
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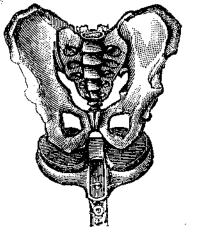
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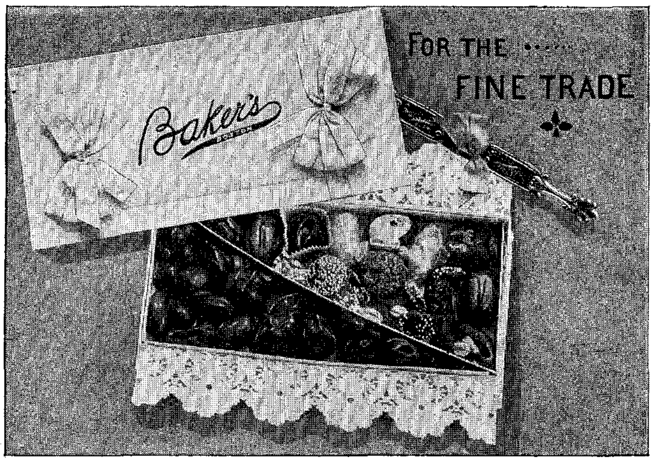

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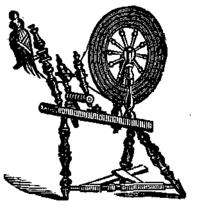

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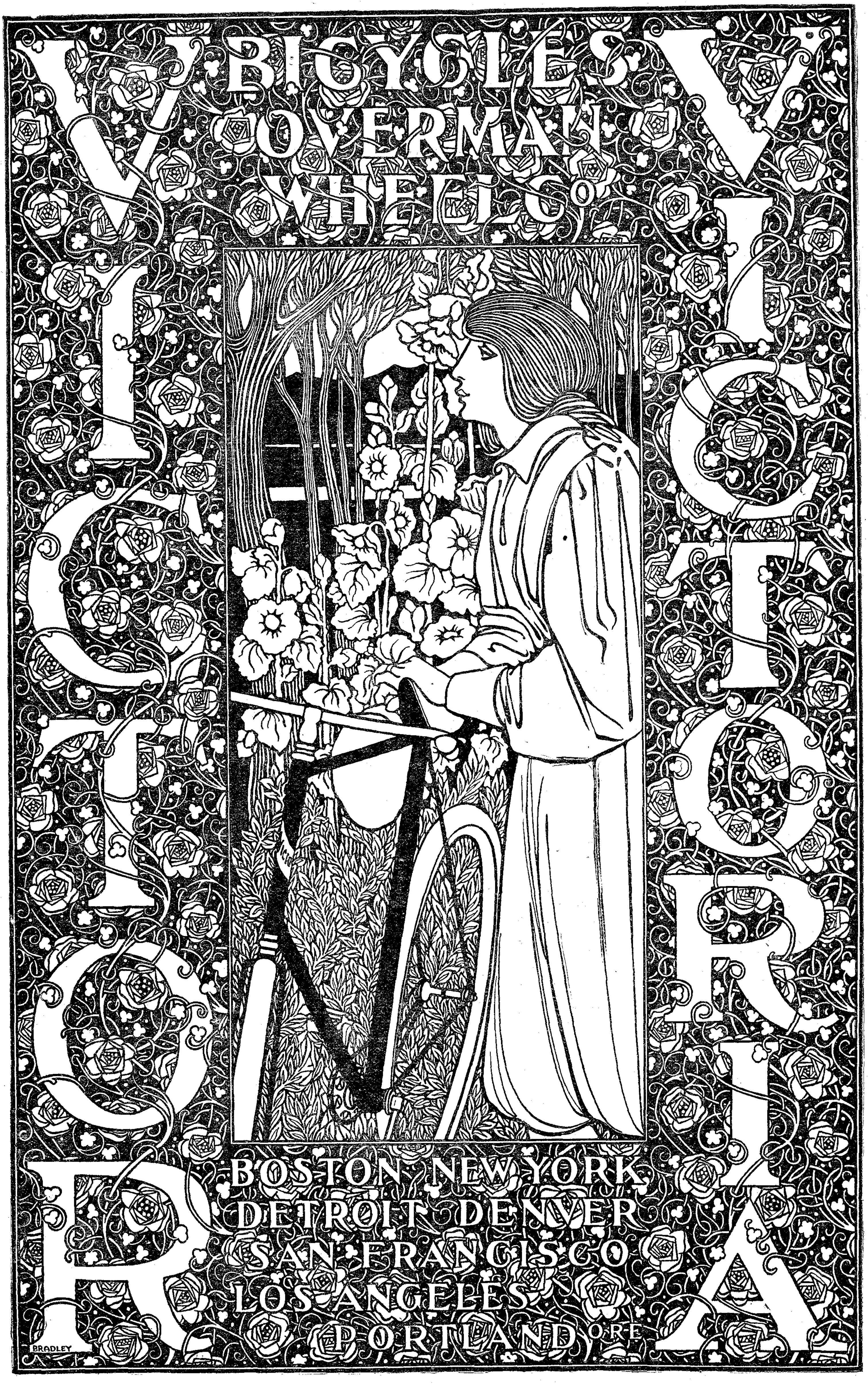
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